MEN'S pictorial

AN AMAZING TRUE STORY

THE CASE OF

THE RUNAWAY CORPSE

The Girl Who Makes Rome Burn

Oct., 25c

THE DAY DEATH TOOK THE WHEEL

RIDE INTO HELL

A GREAT WESTERN STORY

Top Gunny

OCTOBER 1957

MEN'S PICTORIAL

25c

VISIT…

LANZAROTE
Caliente.com

BARGAINS

Buy

Get

F R E E
DIRECTORY

BARGAINS
YOUR OWN MAIL ORDER DISCOUNT BUSINESS!
$19.95

the *only* BIG TABLOID PUBLICATION *that tells you*— WHERE & HOW— *every month . . .*

100,000 Items
WHERE TO
"BUY-IT-WHOLESALE"
BIG 1957 EDITION

"BUY IT WHOLESALE"
Wholesale Buyers Directory
1957

- ★ **Lists HUNDREDS of sources for WHOLESALE bargains!**
- ★ **Lists HUNDREDS OF SURPLUS, CLOSE-OUT, BARGAIN offers!**
- ★ **Special lists of WHOLESALE, CLOSE-OUT JOBBERS!**

THIS DIRECTORY, BEING SOLD EVERYWHERE FOR $1.00 PER COPY, IS YOURS FREE WITH YOUR I YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "BARGAINS"!

- **To Buy Bankrupt, Closeout, Surplus Bargains!**
- **To Buy Items at Wholesale! • Below Wholesale!**
- **To Obtain Details on Rare Money Making Offers!**

TOYS, BOOKS, JEWELRY, GREETING CARDS, COSMETICS, APPLIANCES, TOOLS, HOUSEWARES, ETC. . . *Often as low as 10c-25c on the Retail Dollar!*

ONE issue of this AMAZING NEW magazine can save you MORE MONEY than the cost of the ENTIRE subscription! You'll buy BETTER, NEWER THINGS CHEAPER from every issue. Today, when your every penny must count, you need "BARGAINS" to get the very most from every cent you spend! Each issue has HUNDREDS of bargain offers . . . such EXTRAORDINARY SAVINGS you'll find them hard to believe! Buying BANKRUPT, CLOSEOUT, SURPLUS BARGAINS and at WHOLESALE PRICES can save you from 40% to 80% and more. Impossible? IT IS THE TRUTH!

DON'T TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT

Here's What subscribers say about "BARGAINS" After receiving Their copies!!

". . . As a result of answering one of the ads (in Bargains) it has resulted in extra profits of $40.00 and upwards per month."—J.H., Alabama

". . . Saw your wonderful paper and enjoyed every bit of its reading and adv. It's a Great Paper."—M.S., Vermont

". . . I am very pleased with BARGAINS. I have never seen anything like it and am looking forward to my future copies, especially the Christmas edition."—Mrs. D.M., Maine

". . . Received my first issue of Bargains and may I say it is a great magazine."—M.H.C., Alabama

". . . I think BARGAINS is the best merchandise publication I have ever seen. (And I have seen hundreds.)"—S.P.C., Brooklyn, N.Y.

". . . Received my 1st copy of BARGAINS the other day and am very pleased, the information you publish may be just the 'shot in the arm' my business needs." D.S., St. Albans, N.Y.

". . . I have found your magazine very helpful." —W.A.P., Ogdensburg, N.Y.

". . . Received your paper. Thank you very much. It is one of the finest we have ever seen."—F.D., Iowa

PLUS MANY OTHERS!

THE ABOVE LETTERS WERE NOT SOLICITED IN ANY WAY OR MANNER—ALL ARE IN OUR OFFICE FILES! They are the enthusiastic reaction of subscribers after seeing their first copies of BARGAINS!

YOU can make FANTASTIC, almost UNBELIEVABLE PROFITS buying up bargain merchandise CHEAP and selling it CHEAP!

Thousands of smart agents, salesmen, mail order dealers, store owners subscribe to "BARGAINS." They want to know WHERE TO BUY BEST to sell at LOW prices for BIG PROFITS! YOU CAN DO THE VERY SAME THING! Special feature articles in "BARGAINS" tell you HOW to sell these bargains for BIG PROFITS even if you haven't any experience!

UNIQUE "Subscribers Shopping Service" enables YOU to buy big name merchandise at TREMENDOUS SAVINGS!

Only "BARGAINS" gives you this EXCLUSIVE feature! "BARGAINS" negotiates offers in famous merchandise at LOW WHOLESALE prices then offers it to SUBSCRIBERS (ONLY) at NO PROFIT! You can buy valuable merchandise at the same prices (sometimes lower) than some dealers pay.

NEW! A special Dept. listing Foreign Bargain offers—also firms looking for U.S. dealers. Where to buy Foreign Gifts DIRECT at big savings!

"BARGAINS" is the ONLY type of big tabloid publication in EXISTENCE!

Look high and low, you won't find another publication like "BARGAINS"! Available by subscription ONLY! "BARGAINS" is the ONLY tabloid monthly in existence that lists BANKRUPT, CLOSEOUT, SURPLUS merchandise EVERY MONTH! You'll find such SENSATIONAL BARGAINS that you, too, will feel like those subscribers who have written enthusiastic letters after receiving their first copies. (See testimonials at left!)

SAVE up to $1000 — EARN up to $3000!

We honestly believe that you can earn up to $3000 or more within a year and save up to $1000 on your purchases from "BARGAINS"! Prove this for yourself by subscribing now!

YOUR subscription automatically will include the BIG 1957 DIRECTORY EDITION! PLUS the 1957 "Christmas Special Issue"

This "Buy-It-Wholesale" Directory of BARGAINS includes 100,000 items —tells where and how to buy them at fabulous savings! The Directory, alone, can make and save you many, many times the subscription prices of a whole year of "BARGAINS"! You get this FREE plus the big Christmas Special Issues by time for the big holiday season!

12 BIG ISSUES—only $2. per year!

REGULAR PRICES $3.00

• Special 10-Day Offer to Obtain 10,000 new subscribers • Yes, just $2.00—17¢ per month is all you need pay!

YOU must be delighted with your first issue or you can have your money back!

Here's a FEW of the Many Bargains as Were Published in "BARGAINS"!

- PENCILS, 57½¢ per 144 pencils!
- 25¢ Rudolph Reindeer Brooches, 2¢ each!
- Plastic TOY GUNS, 2¢ each!
- $1 MUFFLERS, SCARFS, 12½¢ each!
- Double edge razor blades, $1.50 per 1000 blades!
- LADIES APRONS, 6¼¢ each!
- $2.50 WALLETS, 30¢ each!
- $1 val. billfolds, 15¢ each!
- $1 Kiddies handbags, 3¢ each!
- CIGARETTE HOLDERS, 1¢ each!
- BUTTONS, 25¢ per 144!
- Brand new phono records, 78 & 45 RPM, 7¢ each!
- 69¢ INSECT REPELLANT, 5¢ each!
- New 20" T.V. Picture tubes, $21.95 each!
- Famous brand $18.75 perfume, $1.00 each!
- 49¢ Xmas window decoration sets, 10¢ per set!
- $1 to $3 hard cover books, 20¢ each!
- $200 Govt. surplus typewriters, $23.00 each!
- 50¢ Everyday greeting cards, 7½¢ per box!
- 25 card asst. Xmas cards, 11¢ per box!
- $1.95 Men's Silk ties, 12½¢ each!
- $1 Value personal name tapes, 72 for 40¢!
- 39¢ Under arm deodorant, 2¢ jar!
- $1.00 automatic card shufflers, 9¢ each!
- NEW HAIRNETS, ½¢ each!
- $1.75 Rudolph kiddies toiletry sets, 35¢ each!
- $15.00 Electric Fercolators, $5.00 each!
- $5.50 Lucite Hairbrushes, 65¢ each!
- New Bobby Pins, 70¢ per 700 pins!
- $10.00 Men's Toiletry sets, 60¢ each!
- Calendar Wrist Watches, $5.00 each!
- POSTAL SCALES, 7½¢ each!
- $2.98 Horserace game records, 30¢ each!
- CHRISTMAS SEALS, 25¢ per 1000!

PLUS HUNDREDS OF OTHER SENSATIONAL BUYS!

(Above list merely illustrates type of bargains usually found in this paper. Lists naturally change from month to month.)

LET'S FACE IT . . . Claims, promises are easy to make on paper. You may or may not believe all that we say here about "Bargains." But can you beat a money back offer AS IRONCLAD, AS STRAIGHT-FORWARD AS THIS . . . YOUR MONEY-BACK IN FULL IF THE FIRST ISSUE THAT YOU RECEIVE DOESN'T PLEASE YOU! No quibbling about it either. YOU MUST BE DELIGHTED WITH YOUR FIRST ISSUE OR YOU CAN HAVE YOUR MONEY BACK IN FULL. That's as FAIR a guarantee as ANY FIRM can make.

Join this pleased and friendly group of subscribers today—by return mail. YOU WON'T REGRET IT!

TOWER PRESS, INC.

P. O. BOX 447 LYNN 803, MASS.

TOWER PRESS, INC.
Box 447, Lynn 803, Mass. **Canada $3.00**

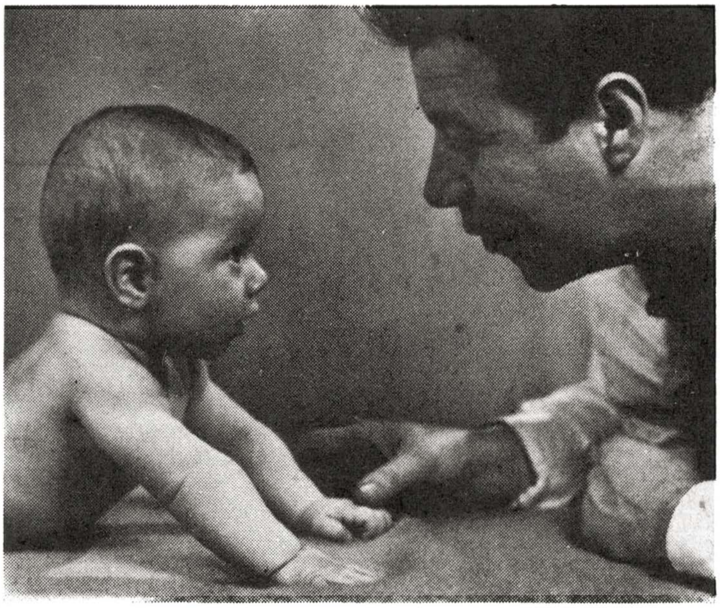
O.K. Here's my $2.00 for 1 year subscription. Rush me first copy! Include MY FREE "BUY-IT-WHOLESALE" Directory!

Name...

Address...

City..................................State...........

Remember! Your Money Back IN FULL if the 1st issue that you receive doesn't please you!



YOUR MOVE, DAD!

The first frantic months of fatherhood are over. You have time now to really enjoy the new baby—and time to really think ahead.

There's plenty to think about. And lots to plan for. What kind of a Dad will you be? What kind of a provider?

One thing's sure: now you've got to earn more money! About $500 a year more, to start with. *But how?*

Try doing what some five thousand new fathers did last year. Start preparing yourself for a better job—at home, in your spare time. *Enroll with I.C.S.*

Most of these new fathers already have job promotions, fat pay boosts. One writes, "I've jumped five years in one." Another reports, "I'm making $125 more a month."

There's no magic in I.C.S. Just sound, practical, step-by-step training. And a *method* that makes it possible to master any subject as rapidly as your time and ability permit.

You have 257 courses to choose from. Business. Technical. Engineering. All job-related. All keyed to everyday problems. Let us send you a *free sample lesson* together with two valuable books—(1) opportunities in your field and (2) "How to Succeed." No obligation—except the new one you have as a father.

The famous I.C.S. coupon is right here. *And it's your move!*

For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma!

I. C. S., Scranton 9, Penna.

Member, National Home Study Council

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

ICS

BOX 06752H, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.

(Partial list of 257 courses)

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW to SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X (plus sample lesson):

ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING CONSTRUCTION
- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Arch. Drawing and Designing
- ☐ Building Contractor
- ☐ Building Estimator
- ☐ Carpentry and Millwork
- ☐ Carpenter Foreman
- ☐ Heating
- ☐ Interior Decoration
- ☐ Painting Contractor
- ☐ Plumbing
- ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints

ART
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Magazine & Book Illus.
- ☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
- ☐ Sketching and Painting

AUTOMOTIVE
- ☐ Automobiles
- ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding and Refinishing
- ☐ Auto Engine Tuneup
- ☐ Auto Technician

AVIATION
- ☐ Aero-Engineering Technology
- ☐ Aircraft & Engine Mechanic

BUSINESS
- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Creative Salesmanship
- ☐ Managing a Small Business
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Salesmanship and Management
- ☐ Traffic Management

CHEMICAL
- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chemical Engineering
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ Elements of Nuclear Energy
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Natural Gas Prod. and Trans.
- ☐ Petroleum Prod. and Engr.
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Chem)
- ☐ Pulp and Paper Making

CIVIL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Construction Engineering
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Civil)
- ☐ Reading Struc. Blueprints
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping

DRAFTING
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Drafting Machine Design
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Sheet Metal Drafting
- ☐ Structural Drafting

ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Elec. Engr. Technician
- ☐ Elec. Light and Power
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Elec)

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Diploma
- ☐ Good English
- ☐ High School Mathematics
- ☐ Short Story Writing

LEADERSHIP
- ☐ Industrial Foremanship
- ☐ Industrial Supervision
- ☐ Personnel-Labor Relations
- ☐ Supervision

MECHANICAL and SHOP
- ☐ Diesel Engines
- ☐ Gas-Elec. Welding
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Industrial Metallurgy
- ☐ Industrial Safety
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Mech)
- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Refrigeration and Air Conditioning
- ☐ Tool Design ☐ Tool Making

RADIO, TELEVISION
- ☐ General Electronics Tech.
- ☐ Industrial Electronics
- ☐ Practical Radio-TV Eng'r'g
- ☐ Practical Telephony
- ☐ Radio-TV Servicing

RAILROAD
- ☐ Car Inspector and Air Brake
- ☐ Diesel Electrician
- ☐ Diesel Engr. and Fireman
- ☐ Diesel Locomotive

STEAM and DIESEL POWER
- ☐ Combustion Engineering
- ☐ Power Plant Engineer
- ☐ Stationary Diesel Engr.
- ☐ Stationary Fireman

TEXTILE
- ☐ Carding and Spinning
- ☐ Cotton Manufacture
- ☐ Cotton Warping and Weaving
- ☐ Loom Fixing Technician
- ☐ Textile Designing
- ☐ Textile Finishing & Dyeing
- ☐ Throwing
- ☐ Warping and Weaving
- ☐ Worsted Manufacturing

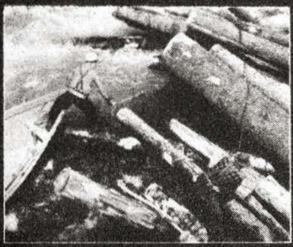
Name ________________ Age ______ Home Address ________________
City ____________ Zone _____ State ____________ Working Hours ______ A.M. to P.M. ______
Occupation ________________

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.

Cover Painting by Tom Beechem

GEORGE MURPHY, Editor
JOHN HOLMES, Managing Editor
HAL STEEGER, Executive Editor
J. P. HOLMES, Non-Fiction Editor
D. GREENBURG, Associate Editor
JACK LEVINE, Art Director
BERNARD WHITE, Executive Art Editor
D. BEIRO, Art Assistant
L. LUCKE, Assistant Editor

There's nothing better to look at. Turn to page 30!



They'll break that jam on Garry's Rocks. See page 24.

He drove to the edge of hell —and over. Page 42.

VOL. 33, NO. 4 OCTOBER, 1957

MEN'S pictorial

THE EXCITING NEW PICTORIAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Articles

I RIDE THE DEVIL'S PATROL .... *Robert Latham* 13
MADMAN OF THE SNOWS .... *Denton R. Moore* 18
CAN HYPNOTISM BE USED IN CRIME? 20
Thorp McClusky

Fiction

TOP GUNNY .... *Richard Ferber* 22

For Men

THE DAY DEATH WAS KING .... *Leif Anderson* 24
THE LAST KILL .... *Paul Brock* 28

Beauty

LASS WITH A DELICATE AIR .... *PIP* 30

Adventure

THE TERROR SHIP .... *R. H. Dillon* 34
THE GIRL WHO MAKES ROME BURN *Dan Jackson* 36

Crime

THE CASE OF THE RUNAWAY CORPSE *Rod Lengle* 38

Sports

HORROR BELOW .... *David Sutton* 40
RIDE INTO HELL .... *David Crewe* 42

Also

THE ERROR THAT SANK A BATTLESHIP 6
Jerome K. Thayer
MEN'S MART 62

Any resemblance between any character in fictional matter and any person, living or dead, is entirely coincidental and unintentional.

Associate Publisher: THOMAS F. HARRAGAN
Research Manager: D. U. MEEHAN
Newsstand Sales Manager: IRA J. MOSHIER
Production Manager: P. J. GLEASON
Promotion Manager: ED DOWNE
Subscription Manager JOSEPH MUCCIGROSSO

ADV. REPRESENTATIVES
Wilson & Stark, 40 East 50th St., New York, N. Y.
Harley L. Ward, Inc., 360 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Houston & Walsh, 111 N. La Cienega Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: POSTMASTER—Please mail Form 3579 notices to: MEN'S PICTORIAL, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Published bi-monthly by New Publications, Inc., at 1250 Camden Avenue, S.W., Canton 6, Ohio. Editorial and Executive Offices, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Henry Steeger, President. John J. McVarish, Treasurer. Entry applied for as second class matter at the Post Office at Canton, Ohio. Copyright 1957, by New Publications, Inc. This issue is published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. Copyright under International Copyright Convention and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction, in whole or in part, in any form. Single copy 25c. Annual subscription for U.S.A., its possessions and Canada, $1.50; other countries 50c additional. Title registered in U.S. and Canadian Patent Offices. Address all correspondence to New Publications, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. When submitting manuscripts, enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for their return, if found unacceptable. The publishers will exercise care in handling of unsolicited manuscripts, but assume no responsibility for their return. Printed in U.S.A.

Top Doctors Answer The Question...

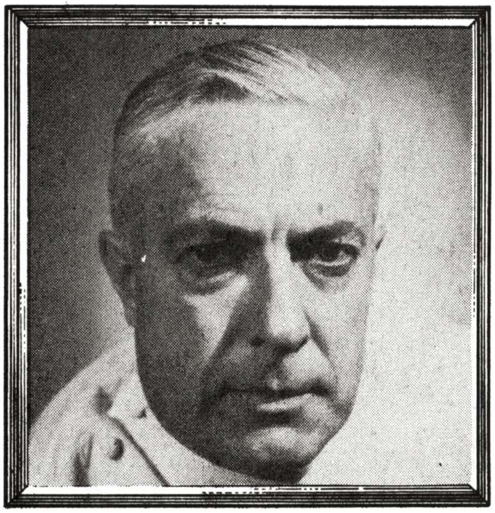
CAN YOU GROW HAIR?

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness—read the rest of this statement carefully, since it may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

But first, let's understand a few facts about hair loss and baldness. Doctors, dermatologists, and top research men in the hair field are not always in complete agreement, but they do agree that there is no such nostrum as a hair grower. No chemical, no electric gadget, no formula can grow hair. What can be done is to stimulate more blood circulation to the scalp thereby supplying more nutrition to the hair follicles, and to keep the scalp healthy and germ free, thereby removing any outside impediment to normal hair growth.

Now, what can be done to prevent the progressive loss of hair? Doctors do not agree on the most significant cause of baldness. Certain facts do stand out, however, in spite of disagreement. There is little or nothing that you can do if your hair loss is hereditary in origin. Recognize the hard fact that if your hair loss is due to factors beyond scientific control, you are going to get bald no matter what you try. And a large body of dermatologists believes that heredity is the largest single factor causing the loss of hair.

That is the black side of the picture. But there is also a hopeful side. Another large group of dermatologists believes that seborrhea (a common scalp disorder) is a common cause of baldness, and that seborrhea should be controlled to prevent the hair loss it causes. The symptoms of seborrhea are easily recognizable. They are: dandruff, dry or oily scalp, scalp itch, head scales—and a progressive loss of hair.



HOW COMATE STOPS HAIR LOSS

A recently developed formula series called Comate effectively controls seborrhea, eliminates dandruff, stops scalp itch, corrects excessively dry or oily scalp, and effectively stops the hair loss caused by seborrhea.

We cannot and do not take sides in this medical controversy over which is a more significant cause of baldness, heredity or seborrhea. But we do know that we sold thousands of bottles of the Comate Formula Series on a money back guarantee, and less than 2% of our customers were dissatisfied with Comate and asked for and received their money back. We received hundreds and hundreds of letters acclaiming the wonderful performance of Comate not only in controlling seborrhea, but in effectively stopping hair loss. We are reprinting in this advertisement excerpts of some of these letters because they so effectively tell of the amazing performance of Comate.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

This is how Comate works: (1) By its rubifacient action, it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp thereby supplying more nutrition to the hair follicles. (2) By its germicidal action, it kills scalp germs on contact, thereby eliminating an outside impediment to normal hair growth. (Comate's germ-killing properties have been proven in a series of scientific tests by a leading testing laboratory—copy of laboratory report on request). (3) Comate controls seborrhea, stops scalp itch. By its keratolitic action, it dissolves dried sebum, head scales, and ugly dandruff. Used as directed, it tends to normalize the secretions of your sebaceous glands, controlling excessive dryness or oiliness. A few treatments and your hair looks more beautiful, more vital and healthier. Today there is no longer any excuse for any man or woman to neglect the warning signals of impending baldness. Comate must help you or it doesn't cost you a penny.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Now, here is our compelling offer. Try Comate in your own home. In only 10 days your hair must look thicker, more attractive and alive. Your dandruff must be gone, your scalp itch must stop. In only 20 days, you must see the remarkable improvement in your scalp condition and the continued improvement in the appearance of your hair. After 30 days you must be completely satisfied with the rapid progress in the condition of your hair and scalp, or return the unused portion of the treatment and we will refund the entire purchase price at once.

You now have the opportunity to increase the life expectancy of your hair at our risk. So don't wait. Delay may cost you your hair.

© COMATE LABORATORIES, INC., 20 W. 45th St., N. Y. C. 36

MEN AND WOMEN COMMEND COMATE

These are a few of the unsolicited testimonials received every day from grateful men and women all over the country. Once you've tried Comate you'll rave about it, too!

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped." —L. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin." —D. W. G., c/o FPO, N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula." —Mrs. R. LeB, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair." —C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it." —Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick." —F. J. K., Chicago, Ill

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much." —Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker." —G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling." —R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it." —L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!" —Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

BALDNESS WON'T WAIT! ACT NOW!

COMATE LABORATORIES Inc., Dept. 3409-C
20 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Please send at once the complete COMATE hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results of the treatment, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund upon return of unused portion of treatment.

☐ Enclosed find $10. (Cash, check, money order). Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman $10 plus postage charges on delivery.

Name__________

Address__________

City__________ Zone_____ State__________

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

This $10.00 SALES KIT IS Free!

SMART STYLES

Puts You in the BIG MONEY Tailoring Business Quick

MAKE UP TO $30 IN A DAY!

If you'd like to make up to $30 in a day, even in spare time, I'll send you this amazing $10.00 Tailoring Kit **absolutely Free!** Contains everything you need to start you in big-pay Made-to-Measure Tailoring Business—over 100 Actual Fabrics, Style Display of smartest new Suits and Coats for men and women, at low prices—plus complete money-making plans and equipment. No experience needed—just show Kit to friends, neighbors, fellow-workers, etc., take easy fast orders, **collect Generous Advance Profit.** We deliver to customers.

YOUR OWN SUITS to Wear Without 1c Cost! Your best-selling ad is your own Made-to-Measure Suit . . . and we'll show you how to get yours without paying 1c! Mail coupon today for Valuable Tailoring Kit and Suit Offer—all sent FREE!

STONE-FIELD CORPORATION
532 S. Throop St., Dept.N-706 Chicago 7, Illinois

STONE-FIELD CORPORATION, Dept.N-706
532 S. Throop St., Chicago 7, Ill.
Rush FREE-and-Postpaid, your valuable $10.00 Tailoring Kit so I can start making good money quickly. Include Actual Fabric Samples, Style Display, money-making plans and details of how I can get my own Suit without a penny of cost.

Name ______________________ Age ______
Address ______________________________
City ______________ Zone ____ State ________

THE ERROR THAT SANK A BATTLESHIP

by

JEROME K. THAYER

■ A MISTAKE of judgment that results in the loss of hundreds of lives holds a morbid fascination all its own. The reader places himself in the position of the unfortunate who made the error and, knowing all the circumstances, asks himself wonderingly, "How could that guy have been so stupid?"

The annals of warfare are full of such instances that, to those in a position of hindsight, appear not only inexcusable but impossible. "My God! Those things couldn't have happened!" is the reaction. Yet they did.

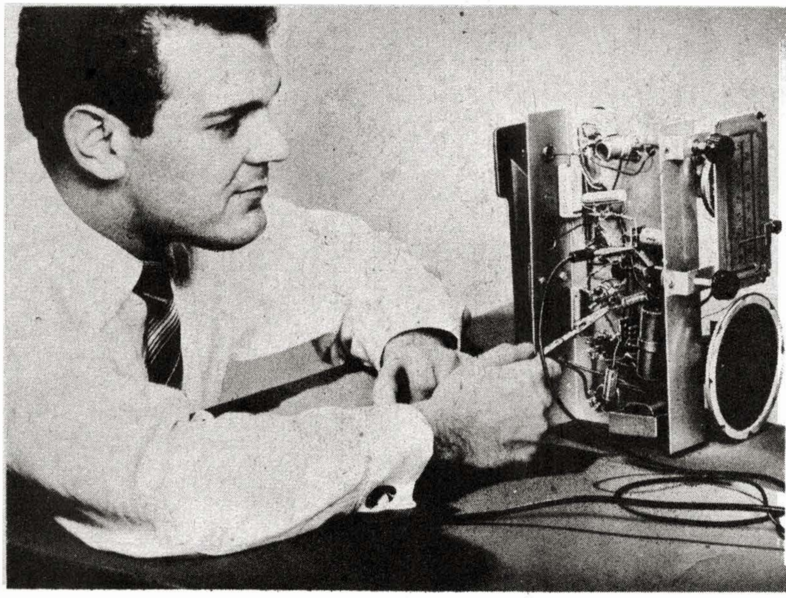
Peacetime boners of this sort seem even more incredible. There is no heat of battle, no urgency in which a considered risk involving the possibility of a great loss of life must be taken. Yet, under such circumstances, the most formidable battleship in the British Navy was sunk, with the loss of hundreds of lives, many of them in a welter of horror unsurpassable in the most gruesome nightmare. And the man who pulled this greatest of peacetime boners held a rank in ironic accordance with the magnitude of his error. He was Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Squadron of the British Royal Navy. And the ship lost was his flagship, the first-class battleship *Victoria,* which had been named in honor of the then Queen of England.

There's an old saw to the effect that it takes a big man to make a really big mistake; the little fellow has neither the authority nor the power. Sir George Tryon certainly proved its truth by committing the most colossal blooper in British naval history, a blooper that even he probably foresaw. Why he did it nobody knows; he'd been warned against it in advance. Maybe he was too arrogant. Maybe his mind wasn't functioning properly that day; he'd been ill of a fever. Whatever the reason, he proved himself a brave man at the end.

H.M.S. Victoria was commissioned in 1887. At the time she was the most powerful warship afloat. She was 370 feet long, had a beam of seventy feet, a tonnage of 10,470, and was driven by triple-expansion engines that delivered up to 14,000 horsepower to the twin screws. She was very heavily armored, her redoubt or fortress which extended fore and aft from amidship being protected by a belt of steel sixteen inches in thickness and her single turret, which was forward, being protected by armor two inches thicker. The turret, which could be rotated through an angle of 150 degrees, housed two monster rifles, sixteen inches in diameter and 110 tons each. Apparently this "dreadnought" was designed to fight only while advancing, for aft she carried but small and medium-sized guns. She was also armed with torpedo tubes and torpedoes of the latest design, rapid-firing machine guns, a heavily armored conning tower, and a foremast of the so-called "fighting" type.

The *Victoria* was actually a precurser of our most modern-type battleships. She was divided into a multitude of watertight compartments, equipped with manually operated doors. Her single turret was an experiment which has since been abandoned in favor of many turrets, and perhaps this one turret with its giant guns caused her to be somewhat overweighted forward. She was also equipped with a powerful ram, another experiment which has since

For a Successful Career in Radio-Television



Train at Home in Spare Time with N. R. I.

OLDEST and LARGEST

Home Study Radio-Television School

N.R.I. Trained These Men

ENGINEER STATION WHPE
"Thanks to NRI, I operated a successful Radio repair shop. Now I am an engineer for WHPE." VAN W. WORKMAN, HIGH POINT, NORTH CAROLINA

QUICK SPARE TIME CASH
"Knew nothing about Radio-TV when I enrolled. After 15 lessons started repairing sets. My future looks bright." DONALD B. ACKERMAN, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

HAS OWN TV BUSINESS
"Quit my job to do Television work full time. I love it and do all right financially." WILLIAM F. KLINE, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Prosperous Fast Growing Industry Offers You

GOOD PAY-BRIGHT FUTURE-SUCCESS

It's the trained man who gets ahead—gets the better job, drives a better car, lives in a better home, is respected for what he knows and can do. For a job with a future—find out how you can train at home for Radio-Television.

TODAY'S OPPORTUNITY FIELD

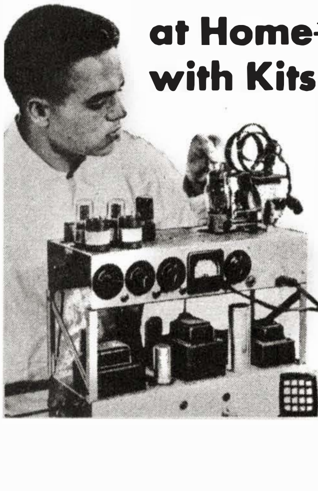
Training PLUS OPPORTUNITY is the ideal combination for success. And today's OPPORTUNITY field is Radio-Television. Over 125 million home Radios plus 30 million sets in cars, plus 40 million TV sets mean big money for trained Technicians. More than 4,000 Radio and TV broadcasting stations offer interesting and important positions. Color television, portable TV sets, Hi-Fi, assure future growth. Find out about NRI. Since 1914—for more than 40 years—NRI has been training ambitious men at home in spare time for Radio-TV. With NRI 50-50 method, you study basic principles AND learn by practicing with actual equipment NRI furnishes. You learn with your hands and your head. You get dependable training, backed up by the reputation of the oldest and largest home study Radio-TV school.

ADD TO YOUR INCOME SOON

$10-$15 A WEEK IN SPARE TIME

Soon after enrolling many start earning extra money fixing sets. Many open their own full time Radio-TV shops after getting NRI Diploma. MAIL COUPON. Get FREE Sample Lesson and 64-page Catalog showing equipment supplied, outlines of courses, opportunities in Radio-TV. Price is low—terms easy. Address: **NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Dept. 7JR4 Washington D. C.**

You Learn Servicing-Broadcasting at Home-By Practicing with Kits N.R.I. Sends



Nothing takes the place of practical experience. That's why NRI training is Learning-by-Doing. With Servicing Course you build Radio shown at top and other equipment. With Communications Course you build Transmitters at left and other equipment. Catalog shows all equipment you get.

Available To
VETERANS
Under G.I. Bills

The ABC's of SERVICING
Job and Career Opportunities for RADIO-TV TECHNICIANS

SAMPLE LESSON AND CATALOG FREE

MAIL COUPON TODAY

National Radio Institute
Dept. 7JR4 Washington 16, D. C.

Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-Page Catalog FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name________________________Age____

Address________________________________

City_______________Zone____State______

ACCREDITED MEMBER, NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

MEN PAST 40

Afflicted With Getting Up Nights, Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness, Tiredness.

If you are a victim of the above symptoms, the trouble may be due to Glandular Dysfunction. A constitutional Disease for which it is futile for sufferers to try to treat themselves at home. Medicines that give temporary relief will not remove the cause of your trouble.

To men of middle age or past this type of dysfunction occurs frequently. It is accompanied by loss of physical vigor, graying of hair, forgetfulness and often increase in weight. Neglect of such dysfunction causes men to grow old before their time—premature senility and possibly incurable conditions.

Most men, if treatment is taken before malignancy has developed, can be successfully NON-SURGICALLY treated for Glandular Dysfunction. If the condition is aggravated by lack of treatment, surgery may be the only chance.

NON-SURGICAL TREATMENTS

The NON-SURGICAL treatments afforded at the Excelsior Institute are the result of 20 years research by scientific Technologists and Competent Doctors.

The War brought many new techniques and drugs. These added to the research already accomplished has produced a new type of treatment that is proving of great benefit to man as he advances in years.

The Excelsior Institute is devoted particularly to the treatment of diseases of men of advancing years. Men from all walks of life and from over 3,000 cities and towns have been successfully treated. They found soothing and comforting relief and new health in life.

EXAMINATION AT LOW COST

On your arrival here, Our Doctors who are experienced specialists, make a complete examination. Your condition is frankly explained to you with the cost of treatment you need. You then decide if you will take the treatments needed. Treatments are so mild that hospitalization is not necessary—a considerable saving in expense.

RECTAL COLON
Are often associated with Glandular Dysfunction. We can treat these for you at the same time.

Write Today for Our ➤ FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK

The Excelsior Institute has published a New FREE Book that deals with diseases peculiar to men. It could prove of utmost importance to your future life. Write today. No obligation.

The Seminal Textbook of DISEASES of MEN

EXCELSIOR INSTITUTE
Dept. 4075
Excelsior Springs, Mo.
Gentlemen. Kindly send at once your New FREE BOOK. I am______years old
NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
TOWN__________
STATE__________

been abandoned. But for her time she was as up-to-date as any battleship in the world.

In the spring of 1893, the Mediterranean Squadron undertook extensive maneuvers. As flagship, the *Victoria* had aboard Vice-Admiral Tryon, although as an individual ship she was under the command of Captain The Honorable Maurice Bourke. All told, she carried a complement of 611 officers, seamen and boys plus 107 marines—a total of 718 persons.

Another giant battleship in the squadron, comparable in size but somewhat inferior in firepower to the *Victoria,* was the *Camperdown.* She also had an admiral in addition to a captain aboard; he was Rear-Admiral Albert H. Markham. When the squadron was broken up into two divisions or columns, as frequently happened, he directed the second division in accordance with the orders he received from the Commander-in-Chief. All this information on precedence of command is important to an understanding of the snafu that sank the *Victoria.*

At various times previously there had been staff conferences that showed how concerned Sir George was over the possibility of collision during maneuvers. In fact, there was a general instruction to the effect that no ship attempt to complete any maneuver at the risk of running into another. On one occasion there was a discussion of the appropriate distance apart of two lines of ships, steaming in the same direction, when attempting a complete turnaround so that they would be steaming in the opposite direction but with the lines much closer together. In this maneuver each ship would start the turn as it reached the point in the line at which the ship ahead of it had started to turn, so that the relative positions of the ships in the two lines would remain unchanged. Sir George, a very able seaman, had suggested that the maneuver be executed with the two lines of ships six cablelengths, or 1200 yards, apart. But when it was pointed out to him that the turning circle of big ships like the *Victoria* was four cablelengths, or 800 yards, he agreed, rather absent-mindedly, to eight cablelengths as a suitable distance. This would not require the vessels of the two lines to "crisscross" each other. British history would soon be written—the hard way!

WHETHER or not Sir George still had the idea of crisscrossing two lines of ships in a complete turnaround, or whether he was merely thinking of having one line circle outside the other, as both turned, is anybody's guess. Certainly maneuvers of such delicacy and coordination are commonplace today. But Sir George was inclined to keep his thoughts to himself. He was not accustomed to being argued with, while physically he was a very impressive man at sixty-one—big, bluff, balding with a fringe of hair around the sides, and flaunting a luxuriant full beard. Even his prominent thick nose and his jutting chin were defiant and stubborn.

At any rate, the Commander-in-Chief, who had undergone a siege of fever, was only discharged from medical surveillance on the morning of June 22. That same afternoon the *Victoria* was at the bottom of the Mediterranean.

The day was beautiful—the sun dazzling, the air balmy, the sky cerulean, the sea azure and smooth as glass. The squadron was maneuvering a few miles off the coast of Tripoli, and because of the calmness the gun ports, armor doors and numerous other openings which would have been closed in heavy seas were open. So were the doors to many of the watertight compartments.

Sir George Tryon was not at his usual post on the after bridge, a position from which the admiral of a fleet can best observe what is going on when his ship is in the lead. Instead, he was on the forward bridge, a custom of his when he personally wanted to give instructions concerning the operation of the engines, as when going to an anchorage. Asked afterward what he would have done had the Commander-in-Chief been at his usual post when collision appeared possible, Captain Bourke replied that, honestly, he didn't know. But he stated that his "feeling" was that he would have taken action earlier than he did.

At 2:20 p.m. the ships were proceeding in a single line about two miles off the Tripolitan coast and five miles from their anchorage when Sir George gave the command to form two columns six cablelengths apart. This was done, and when the maneuver was completed the *Victoria* was heading the column farther offshore and running parallel to shore

Mathematics Made Simple

Yes!... Take it FREE!
Mathematics MADE SIMPLE
MATHEMATICS
Shown Much Smaller Than Actual Size!

FREE

TO INTRODUCE
YOU TO A
NEW DISCOVERY
IN HOME
EDUCATION

Fill the Gaps in Your Family's Education With This Amazing MADE SIMPLE Self-Teaching Program

Covering the following subjects:

Mathematics
English
Chemistry
Physics
Biology
American History
Everyday Law
Spanish
French
Psychology
Business Letter Writing
Bookkeeping
Word Mastery
The Art of Speaking
The Art of Writing
World Literature
World History
Music Appreciation
Art Appreciation
Philosophy
Astronomy
Chess
Contract Bridge

All You Want to Know About Mathematics... in Clear, USABLE FORM!

Do you wish you could use arithmetic, algebra, geometry and trigonometry to save time and money . . . to win job promotions and good grades? Do you wish you could handle a slide rule or solve problems in business math quickly and easily? Do you and your family want to KNOW more about MATHEMATICS because it is the basic cornerstone of modern civilization?

If you answer "yes," this handsome volume is what you're looking for. MATHEMATICS MADE SIMPLE can be worth hundreds of dollars to you this year alone. But it's yours FREE if you act at once. The fascinating contents include:

- "HIGH SPEED" ARITHMETIC. 3 ways to add faster. How to figure profit, loss, interest, percentage, taxes. Short cuts with decimals. Quick multiplication and division methods. Fractions, square roots, etc.
- GEOMETRY AND TRIGONOMETRY Axioms and theorems made simple. How to figure angles, volume, areas. What surveyors do. Longitude and latitude. Sines, cosines, tangents. How logarithms simplify multiplication. Measuring very large or distant objects. Tables of logs and angle functions.
- ALGEBRA. Principles of Algebra. How equations help solve everyday problems quickly. Ratio and proportion. Positive and negative numbers. How to use a slide rule. Square and cube roots, simultaneous equations, etc.
- OTHER PRACTICAL PROBLEMS. Constructing graphs, charts, blueprints, etc. Weights and measures. English money. Board feet. Solve "home handyman" problems. Bushel, cord, metric measure. Calculate acreage, etc.

PLUS hundreds of other topics. There's no confusing language, no complicated diagrams and charts. Anybody can understand the MADE SIMPLE method. To introduce this wonderful new plan, we offer this big book MATHEMATICS MADE SIMPLE absolutely FREE. Simply mail coupon now!

HERE'S YOUR chance to discover the famous, proven MADE SIMPLE method and get this richly-bound volume, MATHEMATICS MADE SIMPLE absolutely free!

This big, handsome book is part of a new, practical, self-teaching program that offersyou and your family a chance to master important up-to-date subjects we use in business, conversation and reading. Your children will find this program invaluable in doing their homework and getting higher grades. WRITING, SPEAKING, PSYCHOLOGY, LAW, LITERATURE, HISTORY, MATHEMATICS, BOOKKEEPING, WORD POWER . . these are only some of the useful; profitable subjects necessary for advancement on the job and socially . . . the Made Simple self-teaching method makes a part of you . in as little as 15 minutes a day!

NO MONEY TO SEND! MAIL COUPON TODAY!

Made Simple Books, Dept. M-327
220 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

Please send me MATHEMATICS MADE SIMPLE absolutely FREE At the same time, send, on approval, the next Self-Teaching volume, ENGLISH MADE SIMPLE. After 7 days examination. If I decide to keep this book, I will pay only the subscriber's special low price of $1.98 plus a few cents postage and handling.

I will be entitled to receive each following deluxe volume of, the Made Simple Self-Teaching Program when ready (2 volumes a month will be released) at the same low price, sending no money in advance.

I may return or will pay for any book within 7 days after receiving it I may cancel my reservation after buying one, two, or as many books as I please and you agree to send me no further volumes after you receive my cancellation. In any case, MATHEMATICS MADE SIMPLE is mine to keep — ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Name____________________
Address__________________
City__________ Zone____ State______

Here's How These New Richly-Bound Made Simple Volumes Use Everyday Situations to Teach Science, Business, Cultural and School Subjects — Assure Complete Mastery for Faster Job Advancement, Better School Grades... Richer, Fuller Living — in 15 Minutes a Day!

You Learn When You Want — Like Having College Instructors in Your Own Home . . . For Only Pennies a Day!

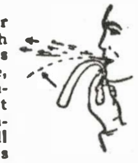
The MADE SIMPLE method teaches you easily and naturally—in a practical, useful manner and not by memorizing lists and rules. Instead of the confused explanations that clutter up most books, MADE SIMPLE uses clear, everyday language that everybody can understand. The "handpicked" expert authors include lawyers, C.P.A.'s, Associate and Full Professors of leading colleges, instructors from Princeton, De Paul, City College of New York, Rutgers and many others.

Best of all, you never have to buy any materials or extra books or outlines to round out your courses. Each MADE SIMPLE volume is complete in itself. They start from the beginning, assume no previous knowledge of the material and lead you quickly and carefully through every phase of the subject.

Complete Explanations, Simple Illustrations Make Every Point Clear—No Previous Knowledge of the Subject Required

Let's look at one of the books and see how the MADE SIMPLE method makes every point absolutely clear by using simple, everyday illustrations and examples.

In PHYSICS MADE SIMPLE, in the section on air pressure, you see this experiment which you can do right now in your own home. "Hold one edge of a piece of letter paper against your chin just below your lower lip, with the paper hanging over and down. If you now blow above the paper, it will rise to a horizontal position as if pulled upward in the air stream." By using only a piece of paper, you have performed an experiment that demonstrates the important principles involved in flight and streamlining.



It's as easy as that! In other books, you would first "plough through" Bernoulli's Law, Boyle's Law and other technical terms. Here, however, you read a simple explanation, do an interesting experiment and then learn the required technical terms. As a result they will mean something to you. That's why the MADE SIMPLE method has worked for thousands of people who needed more help than you may think you do. You would expect to pay three to four dollars apiece for these $8\frac{1}{8} \times 11\frac{3}{4}$-inch beautifully bound, richly stamped library volumes. But if you take advantage of this amazing FREE offer, you pay only $1.98 per volume. You can stop whenever you want. Meanwhile you are building a permanent reference set for your home —a handsome educational "tool" the whole family will use again and again.

See for yourself without risk. Send for your FREE book, MATHEMATICS MADE SIMPLE

NOW READY! ENGLISH MADE SIMPLE

With your FREE book, you will also receive another handsome, matched library volume, ENGLISH MADE SIMPLE for FREE examination. This is a valuable, practical "course," shows you how to write and speak clear, expressive English. You learn how to punctuate sentences correctly; how to build a better vocabulary; how to write effective personal and business letters. Here's a rich treasury of useful and profitable guides to good English usage!

English MADE SIMPLE

while the *Camperdown* was heading the inshore column. The ships maintained this two-column formation until 3:28.

During the interim there was some very significant conversation on the *Victoria's* forward bridge. Captain Bourke knew what was in Sir George's mind, for the Commander-in-Chief was giving instructions to the flag lieutenant. They were special instructions that had to be transmitted to the ships by two special signals, for the signal book contained no overall signal for two lines of ships to turn inward toward each other.

At this point Captain Bourke reminded Sir George of the previous conversation regarding the turn-around maneuver by saying, "You certainly said it was to be more than six cables." Sir George ignored the reminder and said to the flag lieutenant, "Leave it at six cables." A little later Captain Bourke reminded Sir George that the turning circle of the *Victoria* was four cables or 800 yards. The Commander-in-Chief merely replied that the columns should remain six cables apart.

The signals went up. They were, specifically, for the column headed by the *Victoria* to turn sixteen points to starboard and the column headed by the *Camperdown* to turn sixteen points to port. The general instruction was not to turn together but merely to turn. Something seemed to be loused up somewhere.

Aboard the *Camperdown* Rear-Admiral Markham was instantly worried. He felt that the distance between the lines of ships was insufficient for the maneuver. So he directed his flag lieutenant, who was repeating the signals from the flagship to his own column of ships, to keep the crucial signal "at dip" as an indication to Sir George that the signal from the *Victoria* was not understood. The *Victoria* was already commencing the turn. The speed of all the ships was 8.8 knots per hour.

Now Rear-Admiral Markham was in a very serious dilemma. He knew that a collision was in the making if he obeyed Sir George's instructions, yet he also knew that disobedience by an officer "in command of his senses" is unthinkable in the British Navy. He ordered the *Victoria* signaled by semaphore: "Do I understand it is your wish for the columns to turn as indicated by the signal now flying?"

Before the semaphore signal could be put through the *Victoria* semaphored, "What are you waiting for?" It then occurred to Rear-Admiral Markham that Sir George, in whom he had the fullest confidence, intended his own column of ships to circle around and outside the other column as both turned. So he ordered the turn signal for his own column hoisted.

It was soon apparent that if the lead ships continued as they were going a collision would occur. Aboard the *Victoria* Captain Bourke said to Sir George, "We shall be very close to that ship." Perhaps a very few seconds afterward he said, "We had better do something; we shall be too close to that ship." But the Commander-in-Chief appeared not to hear.

Then Captain Bourke asked, very urgently, "May I go astern full speed with the port screw?" Sir George did not reply. The captain repeated the plea "two or three times, quickly." Finally Sir George gave a single-word answer: "Yes." At this point the two ships were about 400-500 yards apart. Very gradually, the *Victoria*

Authentic GUN REPLICAS

...So Real You Can Almost Smell the Gunsmoke!

- Actual size, design, balance
- Real gun-metal black finish – solid cast aluminum
- Absolutely safe–cannot be fired
- Many offered for the first time
- Money-back guarantee

ONLY $3.95 PPD. EACH
Folder 10¢

START YOUR OWN COLLECTION!

Now . . . while current stocks last, you can start *your own gun collection for as little as $3.95!* Through the miracle of the exclusive Lytle line of 16 *authentic* replicas, you can now get low-cost, he-man trophies for that den, cabin or bedroom. Sold on an *absolute* money-back guarantee, precision-designed Lytle replicas are finished in *true* gun-metal black and are authentic to the most minute detail – even to the "feel." With Lytle replicas you can almost *feel* the recoil, *hear* the sharp retort of the cracking bullet – yes, almost *visualize* yourself on one of America's battlefields, even though these replicas cannot be fired. Where else can you buy so much enjoyment for so little? Don't delay – get your order in *now,* before material costs force us to raise prices.

Send Cash, Check or M.O. No COD's– No Canada Orders. Add 4% Sales Tax in California.

Copyright, 1956

LYTLE NOVELTY CO.
2656-A9 Fashion Avenue Long Beach 10, California

DERRINGER
Famous "surprise" gun of both *sides of the law in* Wild West Days.

GERMAN P-38 (WALTHER)
Successor to the Luger. Exact replica of gun carried by Nazi officers in World War II.

COLT .45
Official sidearm of the U.S. Army in two World Wars. Finest heavy caliber automatic in the world.

COLT SNUB NOSE
Newest firearm in Colt line. Used by detectives where quick action is necessary.

GERMAN LUGER
Most sought-after souvenir of both World Wars. A "must" for any collector.

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

LYTLE NOVELTY CO.
2656-A9 Fashion Ave., Long Beach 10, Calif.

Please rush the authentic gun replicas I have checked below @ $3.95 each ppd. I understand I can return these for a refund if I am not delighted.

☐ Derringer
☐ Italian 7.65 Brevettata
☐ Smith & Wesson Snub Nose .38
☐ Czechoslovakian Pistol
☐ Frontier 44 Colt
☐ Russian Tokarev
☐ Iver Johnson Cadet 55S
☐ German P-38
☐ Colt .45 Automatic
☐ Spanish .32 Moxley
☐ German 9MM Luger
☐ Mauser 7.65MM Automatic
☐ Colt Cobra .38 Snub Nose
☐ German 9MM Mauser
☐ Belgian 7.62 Automatic
☐ Japanese 8MM Nambu

I enclose check or money order for $________

NAME ________

ADDRESS ________

CITY ________ ZONE ____ STATE ________

began to fall off to port. An instant later, seeing that collision was inevitable, Captain Bourke ordered the starboard engines also reversed, in an effort to reduce speed as much as possible. The *Victoria* began to slow down, again very gradually.

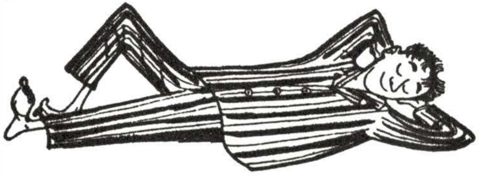
In a similar fashion aboard the *Camperdown,* but just in reverse, Rear-Admiral Markham first ordered full speed astern with the starboard screw and then, when he saw that collision was inevitable, with the port screw. The angle between the two ships began to lessen. But in that day as today, vessels of more than 10,000 tons apiece cannot be halted nor can their course be altered greatly in a short time. Within about a minute after both ships had reversed engines the *Camperdown's* ram ploughed into the starboard side of the *Victoria* about twenty feet forward of the mighty gun-turret. The blow stove in the side of the *Victoria* halfway through the ship, leaving a gash in the *Victoria's* armored side about sixteen feet wide at the rail and extending eighteen feet below the waterline. The *Camperdown's* prow suffered severe but less drastic damage, since it had been strengthened specially for ramming. The shock of the collision was so great that it threw the Victoria sidewise in the water a distance equal to her width, seventy feet. At the moment the vessels collided, both ships were still making about six knots.

Immediately after the collision, according to the testimony of two officers who were on the *Victoria's* forward bridge at the time, Sir George exclaimed with every evidence of remorse, "It was entirely my doing" or "It was entirely my fault." The exact wording of the statement is immaterial, but the significance is very important.

AT about the same instant Captain Bourke realized that a collision could not be avoided he ordered the closing of the *Victoria's* watertight doors. Under ordinary conditions of drill this operation would have required about three minutes, but in only one minute water was flooding deeply into the ship. Testimony subsequently revealed that all these doors which were located on the mess deck, whose floor was about three feet above the waterline, were closed suc-

(*Continued on page* 46)

Still dreaming about a good job and more pay?



WAKE UP TO YOUR OPPORTUNITIES IN

AUTO MECHANICS

PRACTICAL NEW WAY TO TRAIN AT HOME

R. C. ANDERSON
President of CTI

VALUABLE TUNE-UP KIT

Kit includes Compression Tester, Vacuum Gauge and Fuel Pump Tester; Ignition Timing Light; portable steel case. These accurate, quality instruments are the kind that experienced mechanics use to trouble-shoot.

Diesel or Body-Fender Training Included

In addition to fully-rounded training in Auto Mechanics, CTI also offers you instruction in either Diesel Mechanics or Body and Fender Rebuilding. *Only CTI gives you this extra choice.* This added training is yours without extra cost.

Open a Shop, Be the Boss

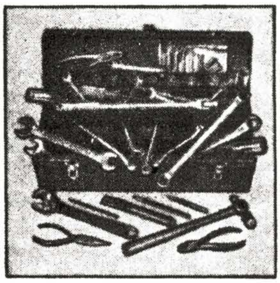
You learn tune-up; overhaul; electric, cooling and lubricating systems; automatic transmissions; power steering; power brakes; many other repair subjects. As a trained man, you may if you wish, open a shop of your own.

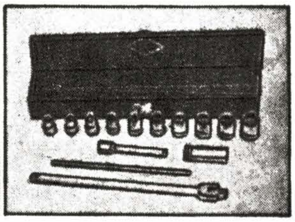
MAIL TODAY FOR 2 FREE BOOKS

Don't rely on *luck* to make your dreams come true! Be practical and depend on *training.* As a skilled man, you can step into a good, top-pay job—enjoy security—and even open a shop. Your best bet is to become an auto mechanic. *That's the big* opportunity field today. Over 60 million cars and trucks are on the road, and all require maintenance. At least one-third are in the *heavy-repair* class. There's so much work that 50,000 mechanics are needed! It's easy to learn this trade at home. Find out *how* by mailing coupon below.

You get experience as you learn because you practice with tools and tune-up kit!

• *CTI instruments and tools are of professional quality and are sent without extra cost.*





QUALITY TOOLS

CTI mechanic's tools help you get useful practice; keep your interest high; make you proud of your craft.

FINE SOCKET SET

Close-up view of socket set with 5" extension. You'll use CTI tools on all types of engines—for a life-time.

Earn cash in spare time soon after you start

Soon after they begin training, many students earn cash in spare time by fixing cars. These earnings help pay tuition, and add to your regular income. Many students have started in business with part-time repairing. Others get jobs in local shops.—Commercial Trades Institute, 1400 Greenleaf Avenue, Chicago 26, Illinois.

COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE

1400 GREENLEAF AVE., CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS
DEPT. A-588

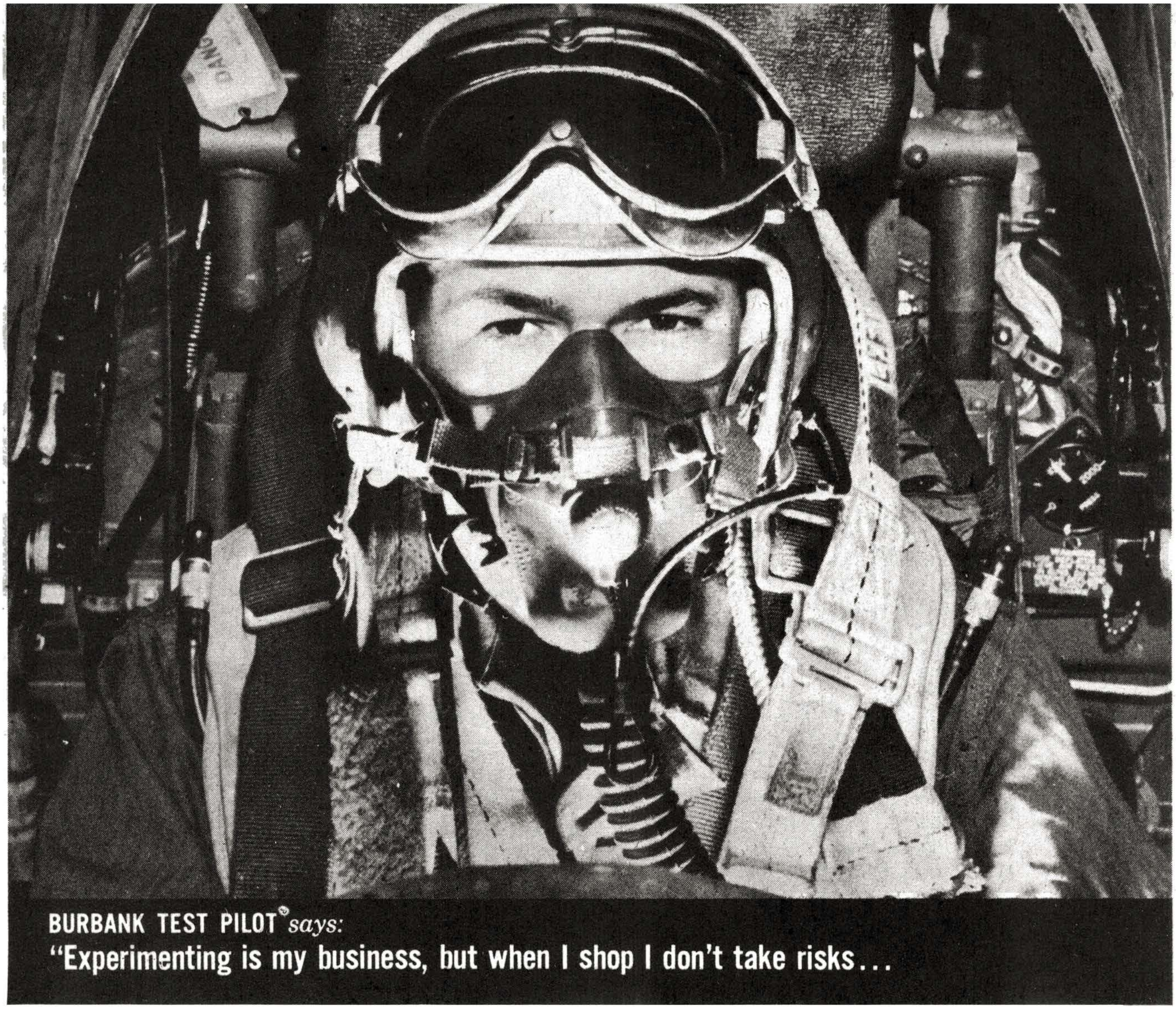
Mail me your new booklet *Big Money in Auto Mechanics* and *Sample Lesson.* Both FREE.

Na______ ge______

Address______

City______ Zone____ State______

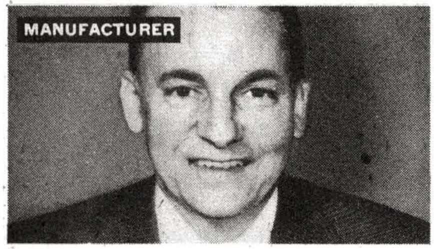
"TRAINING YOU CAN TRUST"



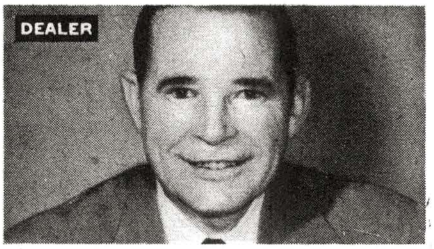
BURBANK TEST PILOT® *says:*
"Experimenting is my business, but when I shop I don't take risks...

FPG

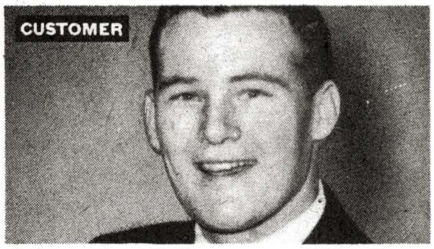
I'm always satisfied most with a BRAND that's made a NAME for itself!"



"I MADE IT... and I know it combines top quality materials and superior workmanship at a fair price. That's the only way I can be sure my product will satisfy people and make a good name for itself."



"I SOLD IT... recommended it because it's made a name for itself. Trusted brands give folks the widest choice and newest improvements. There's no confusion, no risks, and no lost customers!"



"I BOUGHT IT... and I'm satisfied it's the best for my money. I *know* what I'm getting with well-known brands. They take the risk out of buying... even when you have to order by phone."

THE BRANDS YOU SEE ADVERTISED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE NAMES YOU CAN TRUST!
They stand firmly behind every product and claim they make.

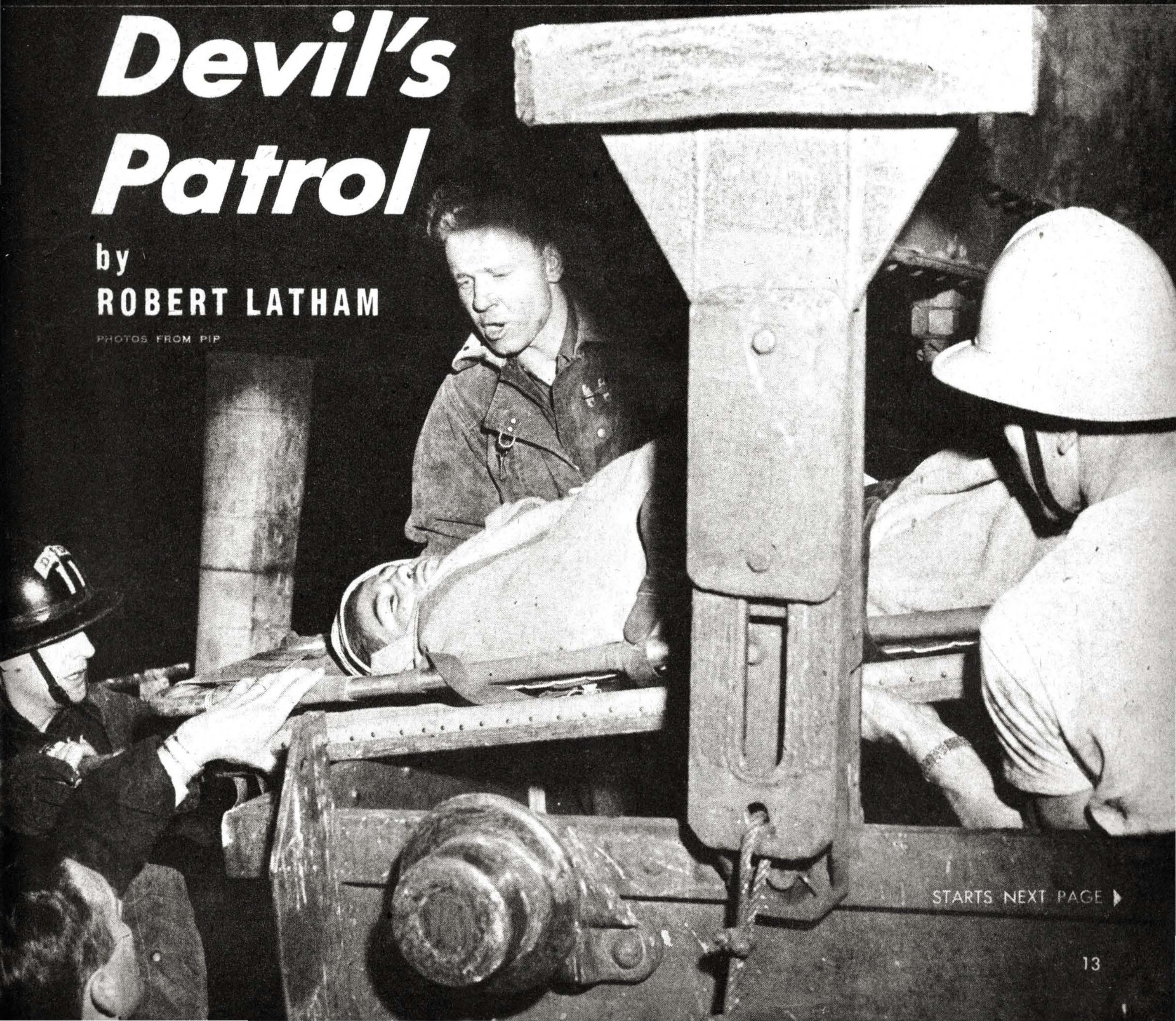
BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION, INC. • 437 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Pulling a still burning woman out of a house . . . fishing bloated bodies from the river . . . watching a dead child seemingly come to life . . . These and many more are the jobs performed by Fire Rescue Squad 4, a group of courageous, unsung men who live with horror– and death in a dozen ghastly forms!

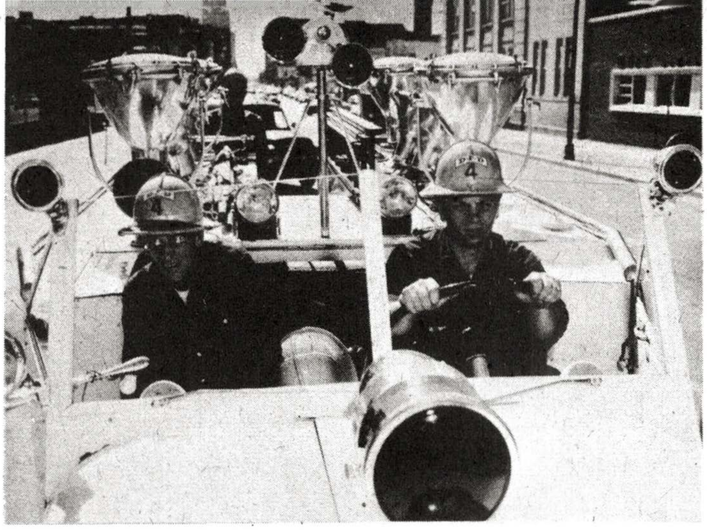
I Ride the Devil's Patrol

by
ROBERT LATHAM

PHOTOS FROM PIP



STARTS NEXT PAGE ▶



The truck's equipment includes ropes, pulleys, cutting torches, smoke ejectors, jacks capable of lifting houses.

I Ride the Devil's Patrol CONTINUED

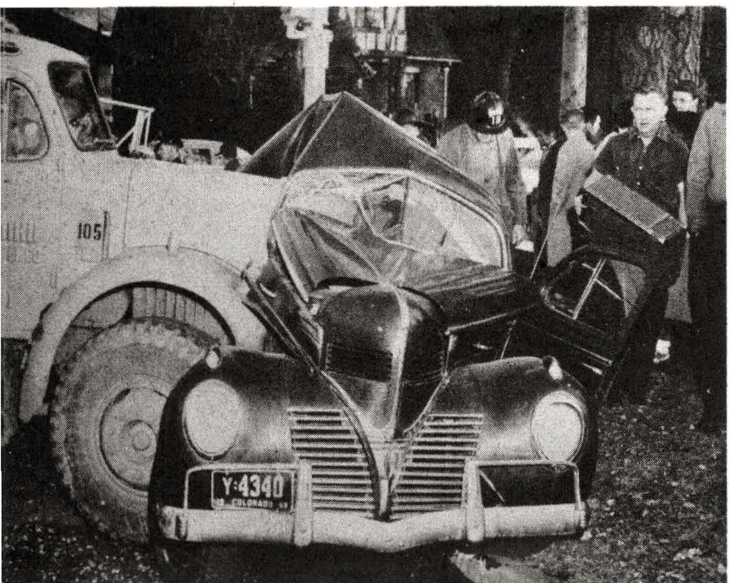
■ FIRE STATION Number 4 is dark and quiet at 3:48 in the morning. Upstairs in the dormitory twenty firemen are asleep. Downstairs the night watchman sits alone in front of his big fire control board, puffing away at a cigarette, reading magazines and waiting for trouble. From time to time he looks up from his reading and glances over the control board with its many lights and buttons which show signs of life only when a fire alarm is set off. Tonight everything is quiet around the city; no fire equipment is out.

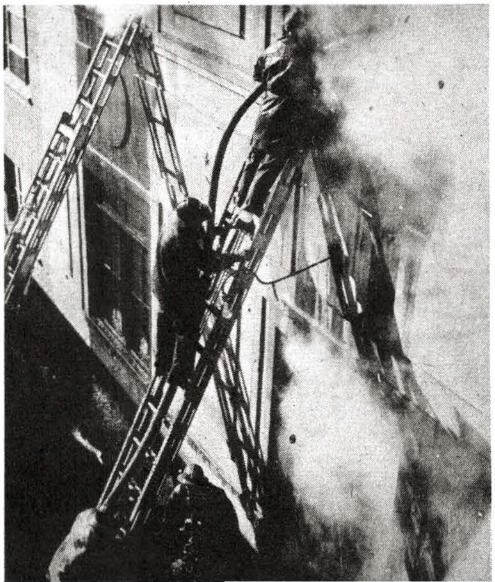
The Night Watch glances around the station, off to his left, and in the dim light he sees the hook and ladder truck with its hundred foot aerial ladder neatly folded. To his right sits the big 2,000 gallon pumper with the doors of the cab open, waiting to spring into life. In front of the pumper is the seven-ton American La-France fire rescue truck, its shiny white coat looking yellow in the faint light.

The Night Watch wearily lights up another cigarette and settles back to reading his magazine. Looks as if it's going to be a lonely night, with no one to talk to and no action. Fighting off sleep will probably be the worst thing he'll face. On the other hand, you can never tell about fires . . .

Half an hour more drags by in

Automobile is strictly for hash after having been slammed by heavy gravel truck. Picture at right shows firefighters edging into smoke-filled house by way of ladders.





Doctor listens for sound of beating heart in drowning case: In this case there was no sign of life.

silence. Then suddenly the signal box sends out a shrill squeal and the fire control board springs into life, its red lights blinking anxiously. Somewhere in the city someone has pulled a fire alarm handle on one of the red boxes that are scattered all over the place.

The Night Watch works automatically at the first sound from the squawk box. He reaches up to the board and hits two red buttons. Instantly every light in the fire station, from basement to attic, flashes on, transforming the gloom into blinding brilliance. Gongs begin to sound throughout the station in the same instant.

Upstairs, the firemen leap out of bed and with swift movements climb into overalls and boots. The Fire Captain is the first man down the pole. By the time he hits the floor of the main room the Fire Watch has the location of the fire pinpointed. From fire headquarters, in another section of town, comes the group 33 code on the switchboard. This means fire rescue is needed.

The engineer slides down the pole,

Man lies in pain with broken back, ruptured spleen. He died very hard.

Firemen rush to control fire in B-36 plane crash. Below, lad gets unstuck. The kid doesn't know it but he's about only joy these men have.

runs for the big rescue truck and climbs behind the wheel. He hits the starter and the 200 h.p. engine roars into life.

Another fireman slithers down the gleaming pole, runs lightly across the room and hits two switches beside the door leading to the street. Outside the door the street light turns red and a warning siren wails outside the building even as the doors begin to swing open.

Each man knows his job and goes about it in swift silence. Within twelve seconds after the alarm hits the board in front of the Night Watch, Squad Number 4 is rolling out of the station door.

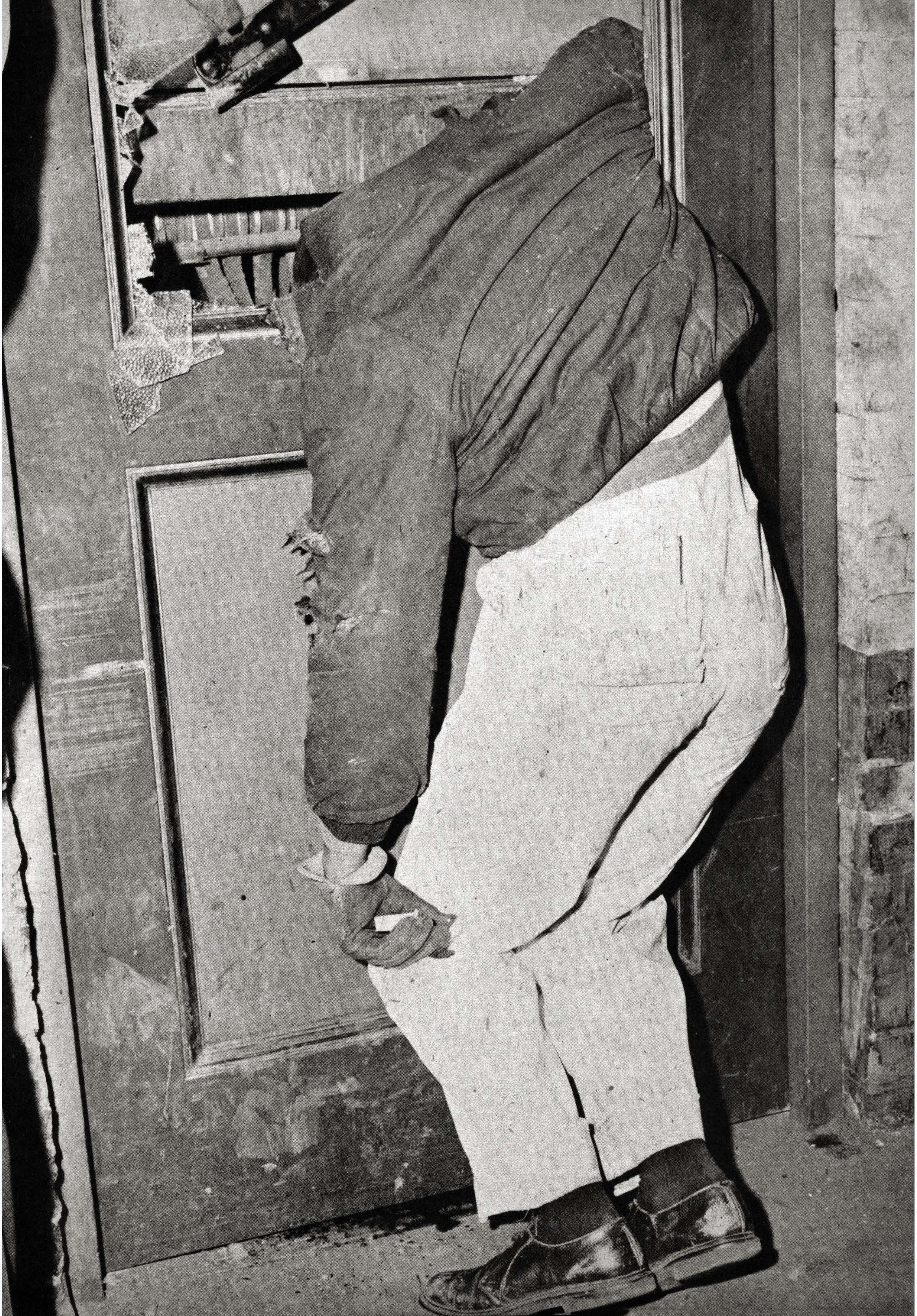
There are five men on the truck. The engineer tensed behind the wheel, the Captain sitting next to him busy turning on the radio and the emergency warning devices, and three firemen hanging onto the tail of the truck, still buttoning their coats.

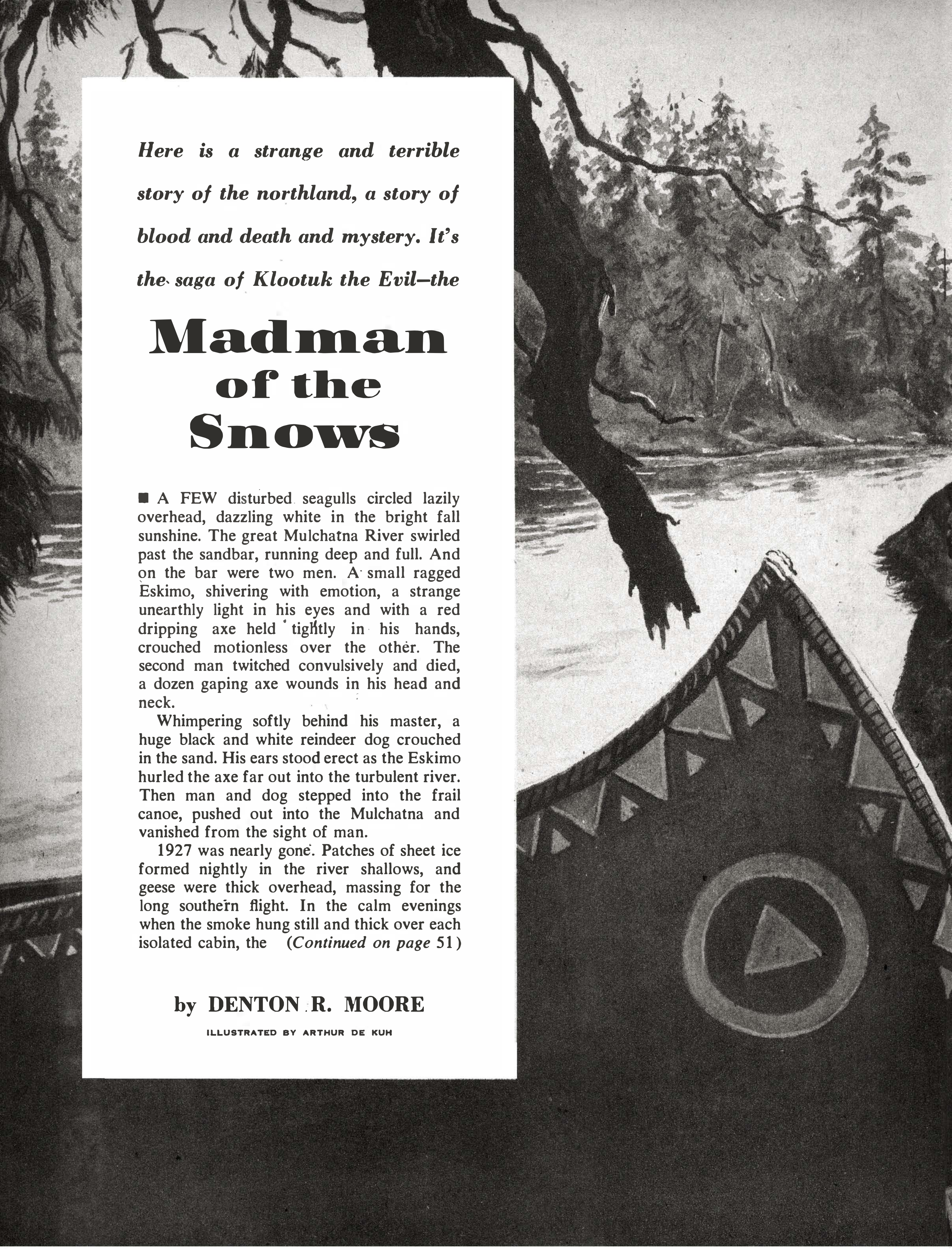
Squad 4 rolls down the dark streets with its siren echoing against the buildings that line either side of the street. The men tense inside their coats, the crisp night air biting into their faces.

It is a long run, but there is little traffic to fight at this hour of the morning. Before reaching the scene of the call the Captain has made radio contact with headquarters, and has received more details as to the nature of the call. It is a large apartment house. A defective furnace has kicked out carbon monoxide fumes which have spread throughout the entire building with its many sleeping occupants.

Upon reaching their destination the men of Rescue 4 slip on their gas masks and run for the building, carrying portable resuscitators. Other fire companies along with another fire rescue unit which have by now arrived are busy stopping the flow of gas, opening (*Continued on page* 48)

Man hangs dead with head caught in elevator. Parking stub for car he was going after still is clutched in dead man's hand. He was decapitated. ▶





Here is a strange and terrible story of the northland, a story of blood and death and mystery. It's the saga of Klootuk the Evil—the

Madman of the Snows

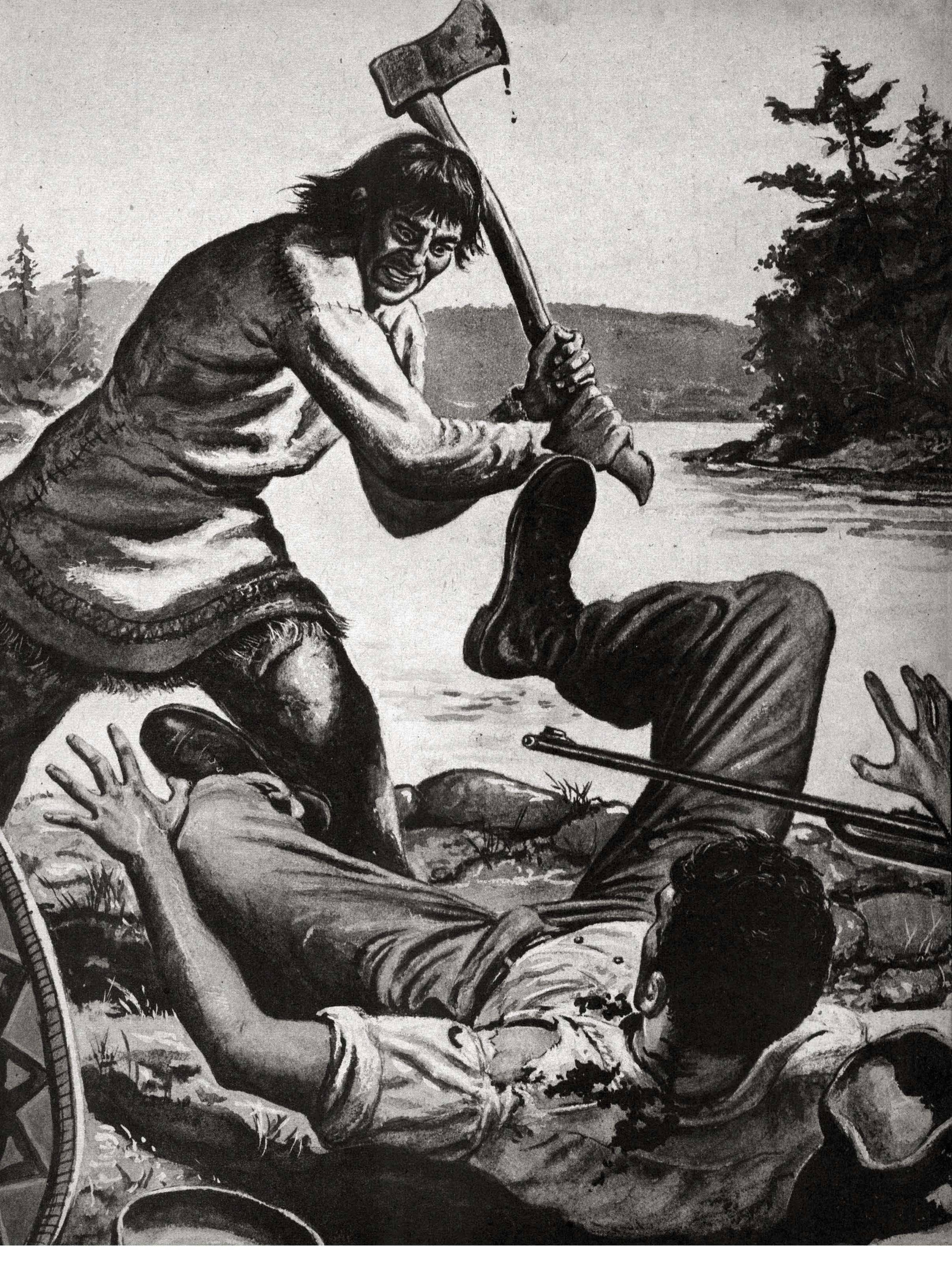
■ A FEW disturbed seagulls circled lazily overhead, dazzling white in the bright fall sunshine. The great Mulchatna River swirled past the sandbar, running deep and full. And on the bar were two men. A small ragged Eskimo, shivering with emotion, a strange unearthly light in his eyes and with a red dripping axe held tightly in his hands, crouched motionless over the other. The second man twitched convulsively and died, a dozen gaping axe wounds in his head and neck.

Whimpering softly behind his master, a huge black and white reindeer dog crouched in the sand. His ears stood erect as the Eskimo hurled the axe far out into the turbulent river. Then man and dog stepped into the frail canoe, pushed out into the Mulchatna and vanished from the sight of man.

1927 was nearly gone. Patches of sheet ice formed nightly in the river shallows, and geese were thick overhead, massing for the long southern flight. In the calm evenings when the smoke hung still and thick over each isolated cabin, the (*Continued on page* 51)

by DENTON R. MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR DE KUH



Today, each Russian military doctor and Red Army nurse is well trained in hypnotism. Here is the startling reason why!

■ OVER THE past few months there has been a tremendous upsurge of interest in hypnotism, amounting almost to a national fad. Classrooms in the nation's score or so of schools of hypnotism are crowded, there is a booming business in mail-order courses in hypnotism, textbooks on the subject are practically unobtainable, about 100 professional stage hypnotists are booked solid, and several hundred other hypnotists of sorts are enjoying an unusual run of prosperity.

The reason, of course, is simple. It stems from the publication of Morey Bernstein's eerie book *The Search for Bridey Murphy*, which promptly became a top best-seller. The book tells how Bernstein hypnotized a Pueblo, Colorado, housewife and, when she was in a trance, asked her to recall events that occurred not only as far back as her childhood but before she was born. The housewife then appeared to recall details of a previous existence in Cork, Ireland, from the years 1798 through 1864. Her name, she said, had been Bridey Murphy.

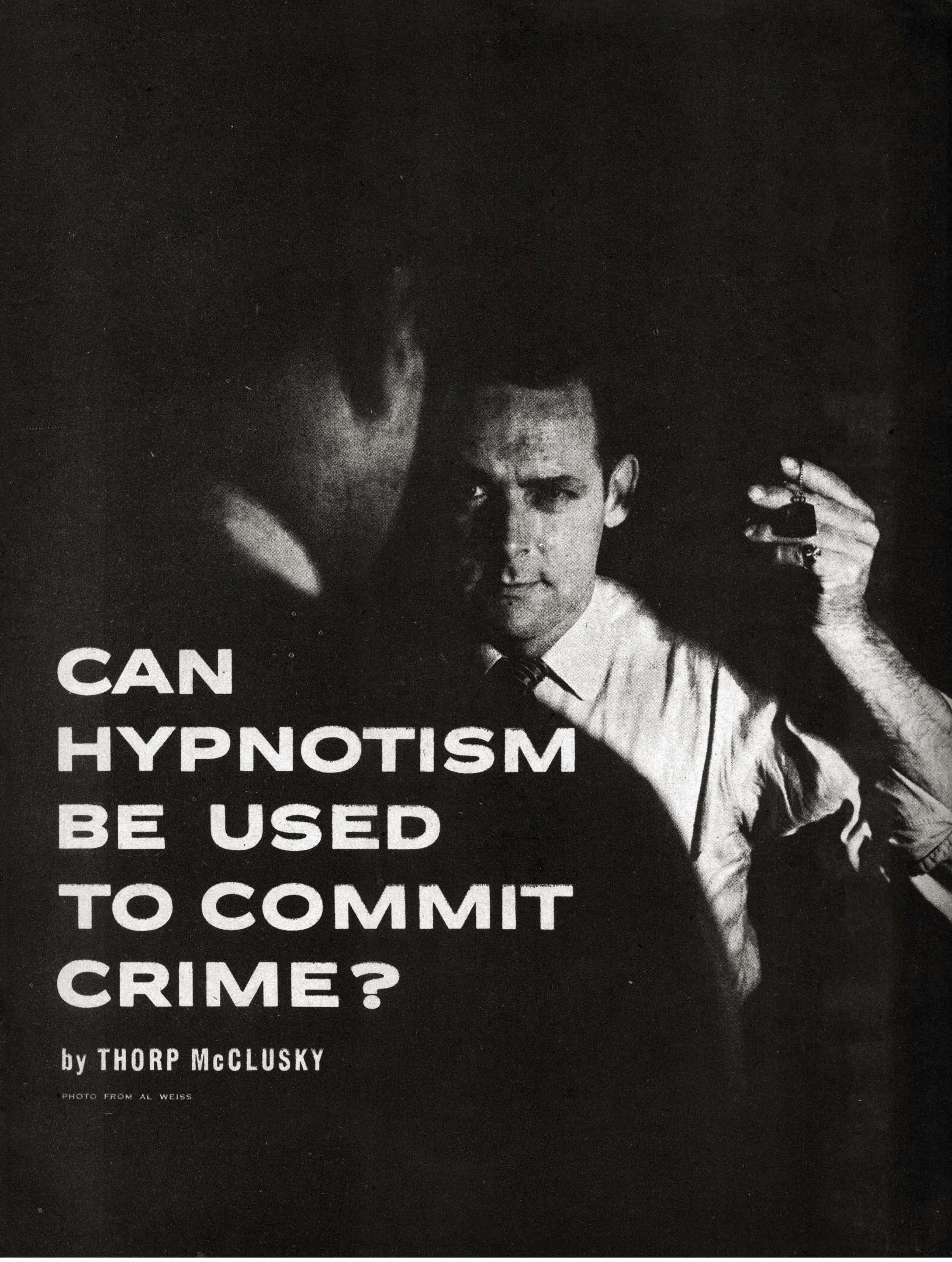
This, of course, was an interesting experiment in ancestral memory, which according to some authorities exists in all of us and extends in an unbroken chain back through our ancestors to the very dawn of life upon our planet. Ancestral memory is a spectacular hypothesis, and there is considerable evidence in its favor. It may explain, for example, why some of us, on visiting a strange place for the first time, experience the uncanny hunch that we have been there before. This occurs quite frequently among travelers; during both World Wars there were many instances of G.I.'s suddenly "recalling" French and German towns and villages they had never seen before, to their knowledge. In quite a few cases they were even able to describe scenes they had not yet reached, as a valley that lay beyond the top of a hill. Sometimes they accurately described buildings that had been torn down years before, but that were recalled by elderly natives or appeared in old photographs. In numerous instances it was possible to prove by tracing ancestral lines that ancestors of the G.I.'s had actually lived in these places.

Whether or not ancestral memory actually exists and may be brought to the surface through hypnosis is, however, beside the point now. The gist of this article is that hypnotism is a powerful force, which has many beneficial uses. However, it is extremely easy to learn how to hypnotize; one school has guaranteed to teach anyone a simple technique in 10 class lessons. Can hypnotism be dangerous—whether in the hands of the ignorant amateur or the deliberate criminal? And if so, just how dangerous can it be?

The statement has often been made: "It is impossible to compel a hypnotized subject to do anything that is contrary to his well-being, that endangers him in any way, or that is against his moral and ethical principles." The implication of this is plain —that the hypnotized person retains a subconscious monitor or guardian which protects him even when in the deepest trance. This may be true. But the important question is: Can the subconscious monitor be deceived?

Unfortunately, the answer to this is that it can. It is possible for an unscrupulous hypnotist, for example, to hypnotize a girl of the highest morals, tell her when in trance that she is his wife, and have his way with her. That is just one example of how hypnotism can be used to deceive.

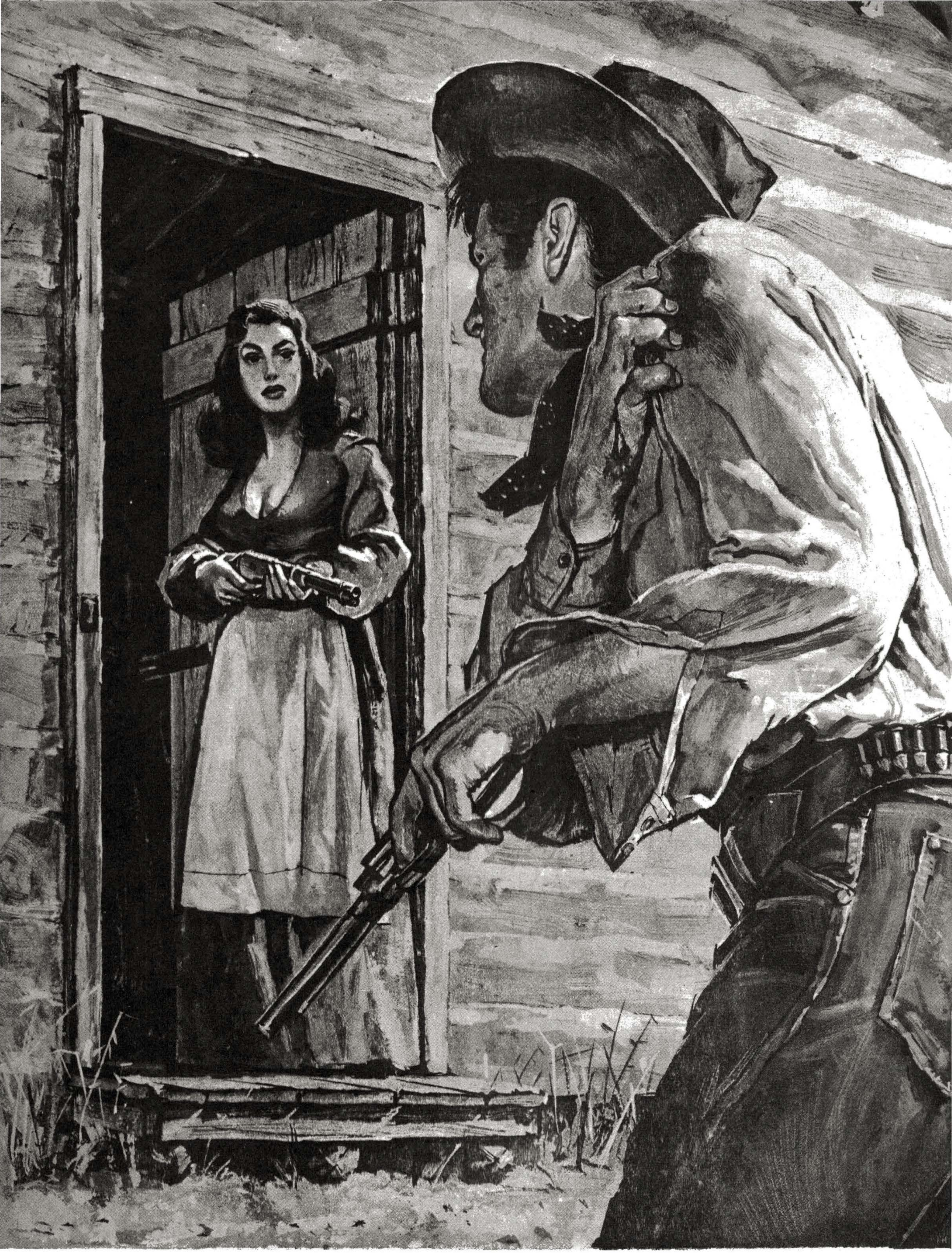
Following will be given numerous true instances of the deceptions possible under hypnotism, which permit the criminally minded hypnotist to compel his (*Continued on page* 54)

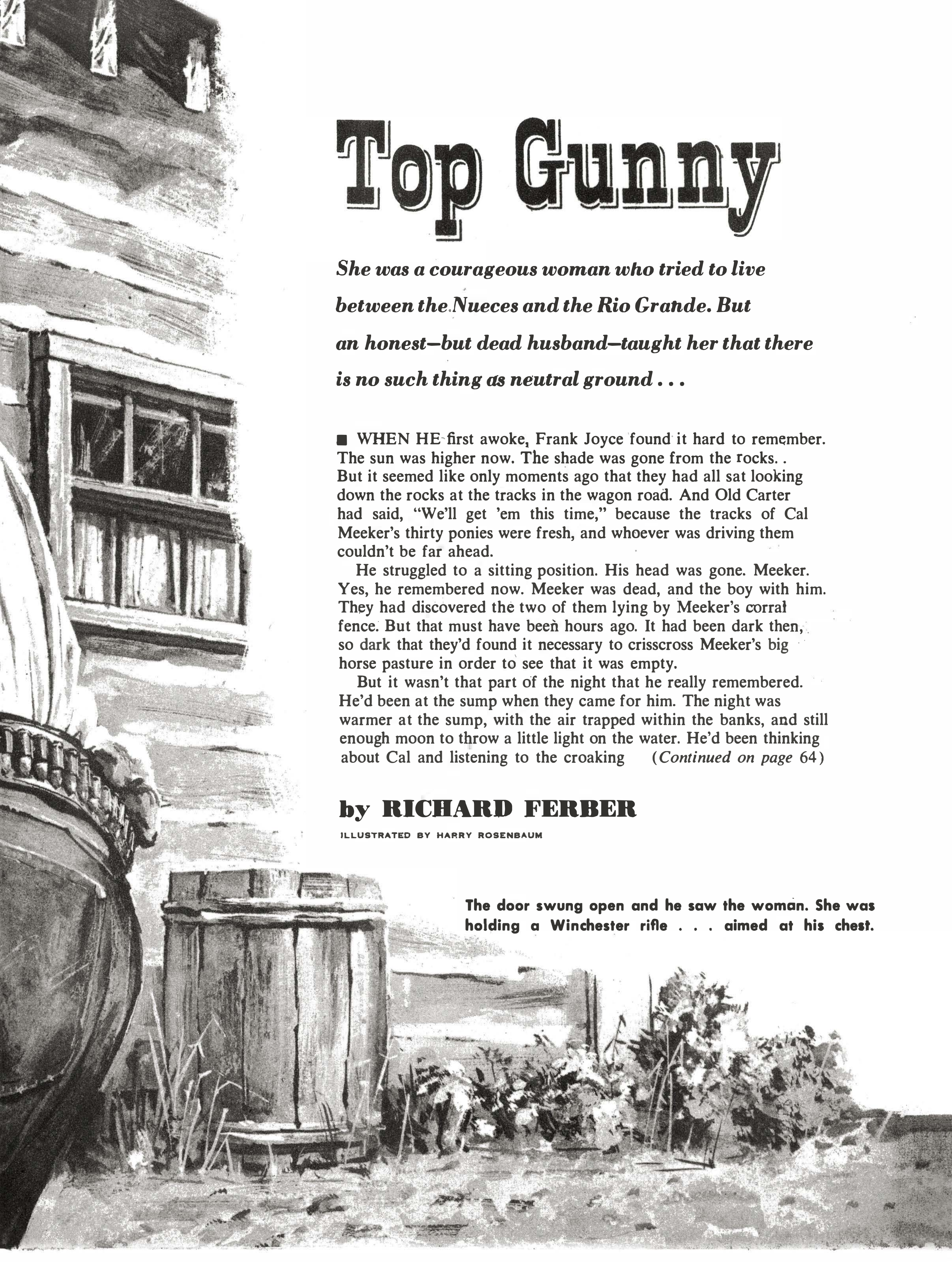


CAN HYPNOTISM BE USED TO COMMIT CRIME?

by THORP McCLUSKY

PHOTO FROM AL WEISS





Top Gunny

She was a courageous woman who tried to live between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. But an honest—but dead husband—taught her that there is no such thing as neutral ground . . .

■ WHEN HE first awoke, Frank Joyce found it hard to remember. The sun was higher now. The shade was gone from the rocks. . But it seemed like only moments ago that they had all sat looking down the rocks at the tracks in the wagon road. And Old Carter had said, "We'll get 'em this time," because the tracks of Cal Meeker's thirty ponies were fresh, and whoever was driving them couldn't be far ahead.

He struggled to a sitting position. His head was gone. Meeker. Yes, he remembered now. Meeker was dead, and the boy with him. They had discovered the two of them lying by Meeker's corral fence. But that must have been hours ago. It had been dark then, so dark that they'd found it necessary to crisscross Meeker's big horse pasture in order to see that it was empty.

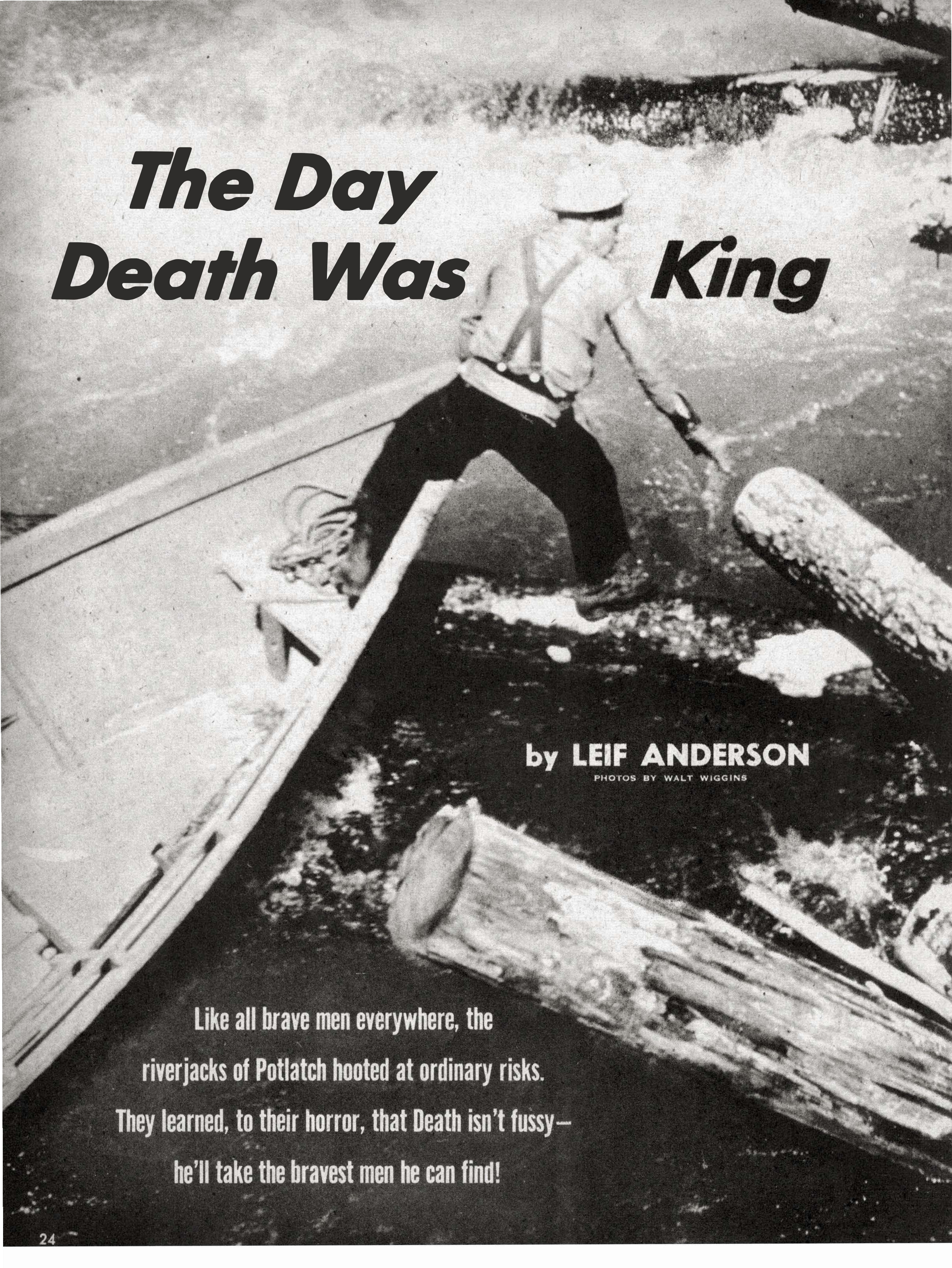
But it wasn't that part of the night that he really remembered. He'd been at the sump when they came for him. The night was warmer at the sump, with the air trapped within the banks, and still enough moon to throw a little light on the water. He'd been thinking about Cal and listening to the croaking

(*Continued on page* 64)

by RICHARD FERBER

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ROSENBAUM

The door swung open and he saw the woman. She was holding a Winchester rifle . . . aimed at his chest.

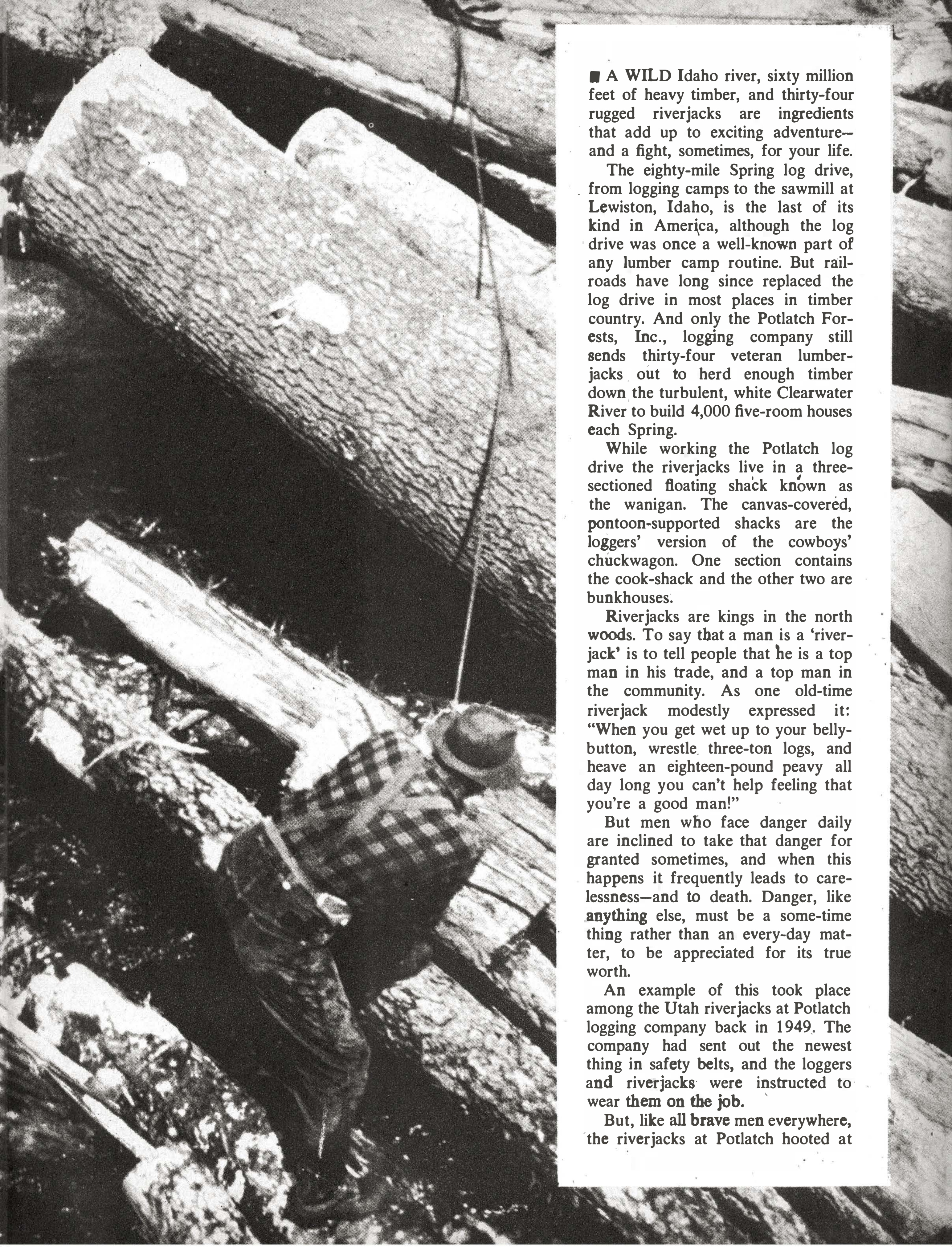


The Day Death Was King

by LEIF ANDERSON

PHOTOS BY WALT WIGGINS

Like all brave men everywhere, the riverjacks of Potlatch hooted at ordinary risks. They learned, to their horror, that Death isn't fussy—he'll take the bravest men he can find!



■ A WILD Idaho river, sixty million feet of heavy timber, and thirty-four rugged riverjacks are ingredients that add up to exciting adventure—and a fight, sometimes, for your life.

The eighty-mile Spring log drive, from logging camps to the sawmill at Lewiston, Idaho, is the last of its kind in America, although the log drive was once a well-known part of any lumber camp routine. But railroads have long since replaced the log drive in most places in timber country. And only the Potlatch Forests, Inc., logging company still sends thirty-four veteran lumberjacks out to herd enough timber down the turbulent, white Clearwater River to build 4,000 five-room houses each Spring.

While working the Potlatch log drive the riverjacks live in a three-sectioned floating shack known as the wanigan. The canvas-covered, pontoon-supported shacks are the loggers' version of the cowboys' chuckwagon. One section contains the cook-shack and the other two are bunkhouses.

Riverjacks are kings in the north woods. To say that a man is a 'riverjack' is to tell people that he is a top man in his trade, and a top man in the community. As one old-time riverjack modestly expressed it: "When you get wet up to your belly-button, wrestle three-ton logs, and heave an eighteen-pound peavy all day long you can't help feeling that you're a good man!"

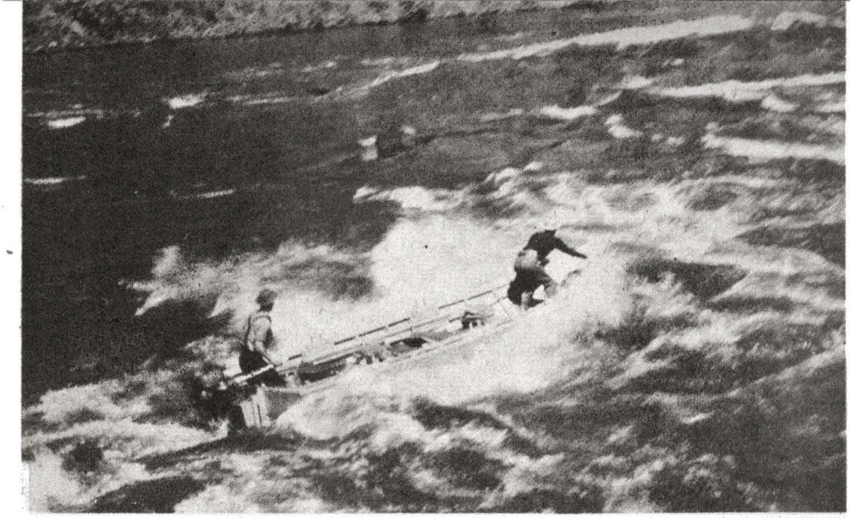
But men who face danger daily are inclined to take that danger for granted sometimes, and when this happens it frequently leads to carelessness—and to death. Danger, like anything else, must be a some-time thing rather than an every-day matter, to be appreciated for its true worth.

An example of this took place among the Utah riverjacks at Potlatch logging company back in 1949. The company had sent out the newest thing in safety belts, and the loggers and riverjacks were instructed to wear them on the job.

But, like all brave men everywhere, the riverjacks at Potlatch hooted at

The Day Death Was King

CONTINUED



Potlatch riverjacks hooted at safety belts. They were to regret it.

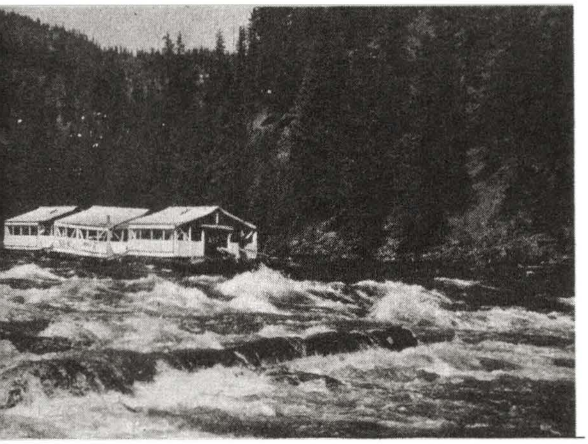
Jacks are kings in north woods. Riverjack is top man in his trade—and community. They face danger daily.

the risks they took, and they protested against the safety belts. They ignored them, refused to wear them and the belts lay untouched.

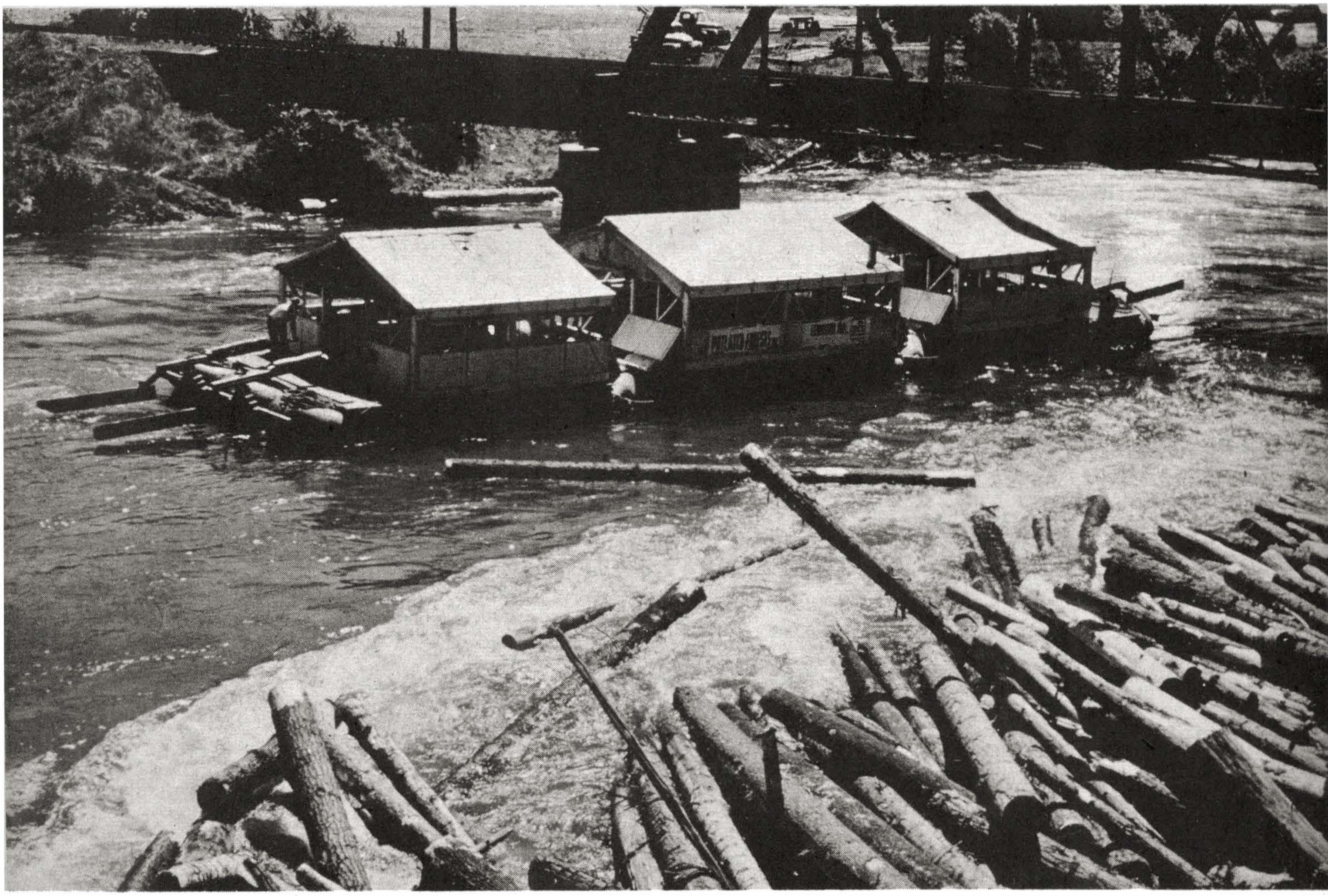
Joe Helinka, the assistant logging superintendent, did his duty by reminding the men daily for some weeks about the belts. But finally, tired of their jibes and refusals to don the belts, Joe stopped mentioning them. There they were. If the guys wanted to wear them, it was up to them.

The boat they took out that day was piloted by Bill Akins. River pilot Akins had been piloting the wanigan on the Clearwater log drive for over two decades, and it was generally agreed among the loggers that old Akins—old Bill to the riverjacks—could pilot that wanigan across heavy dew if necessary.

The men in the boat on this day were center-men, considered the most experienced of the riverjacks. The job they were assigned to needed all the experience they could muster—there was a pier jam near Orofino; it



While working log drive riverjacks live in three-sectioned floating shack called wanigan, left.

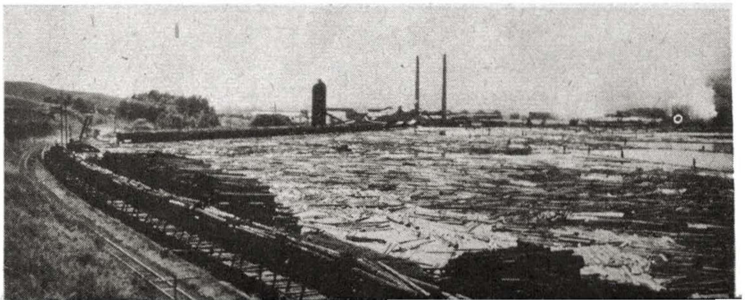


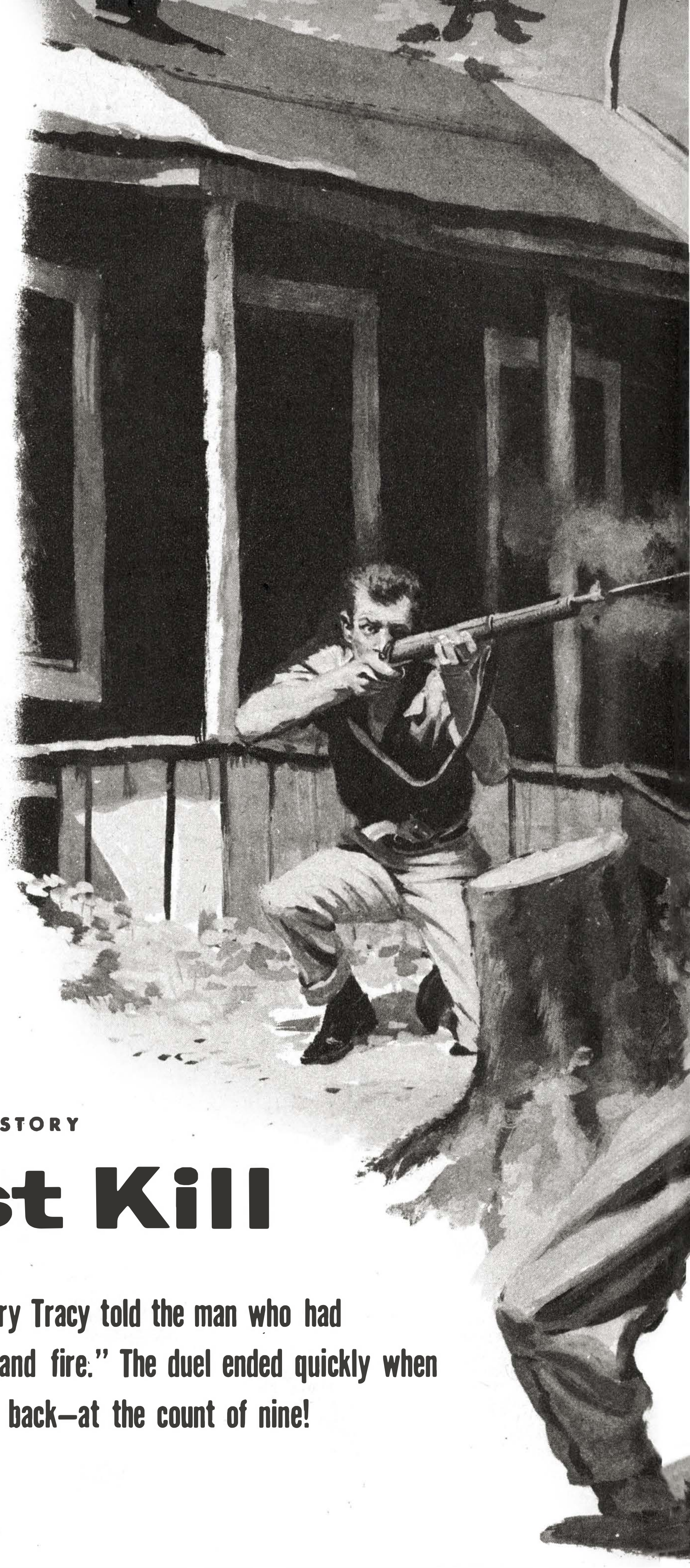
Close up of wanigan. It's canvas-covered, pontoon-supported set of shacks. It's the loggers chuck wagon.

was still jammed after two days work on it and they had to get that pier cleared.

When a center jam begins to move 'there's no place to go and nothing but water below.' That's an old saying and a seasoned riverjack knows the truth of it. At a time like that, the riverjacks (*Continued on page* 56)

Potlatch Forests, Inc., sends veteran lumbermen out to herd enough wood down Clearwater to build 4,000 5-room houses.





Tracy's first shot wounded Anderson. A second killed Raymond.

A MEN'S PICTORIAL TRUE CRIME STORY

The Last Kill

"At the count of ten," Harry Tracy told the man who had offended him, "we'll turn and fire." The duel ended quickly when Tracy shot his man in the back—at the count of nine!

by PAUL BROCK

ILLUSTRATED BY AL ROSSI

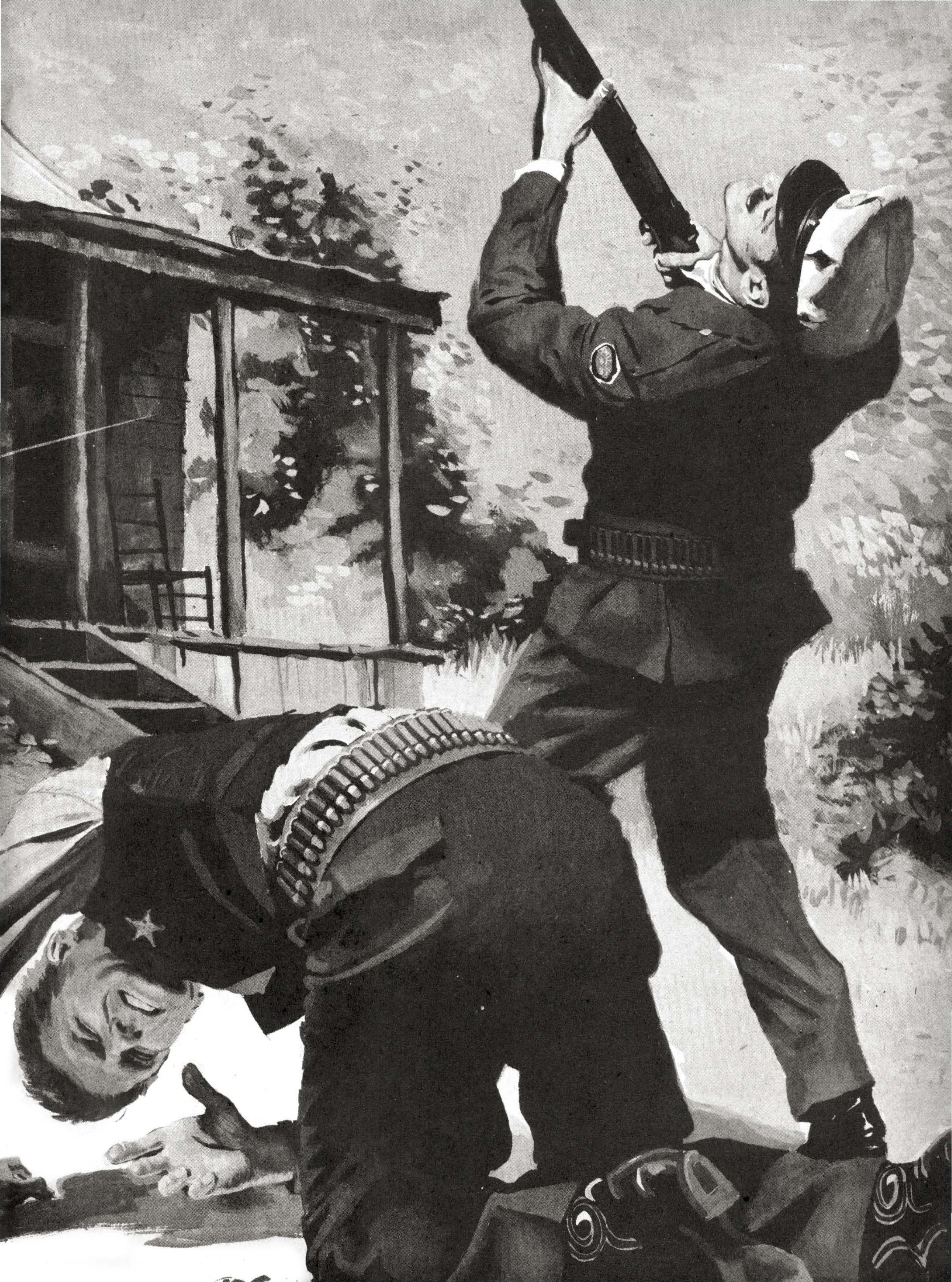
■ INSIDE the prison foundry Girard, one of the two guards watching the detail of convicts, satisfied himself that every man was there and then sang out to his comrade: "All present!"

They were the last two words he ever spoke. A rifle bullet slammed him against the wall and killed him instantly. A split second later another bullet sliced between the stunned convicts and hit the other guard between the eyes. A prisoner named Ingram whirled towards the man doing the shooting. Ingram was a hardened criminal himself but the sight of two guards being shot down in cold blood appalled him. He charged at the man who held the gun but was stopped in his tracks by a third bullet coming from a different direction.

"All right! All of you stay where you are and you won't get hurt. Move one step and we'll blast you to hell!"

The threat came from a tall, barrel-chested convict who held a smoking Winchester in his hands and was backing towards the door. On his right, also holding a Winchester, a smaller man crouched low and looked furtively over his shoulder as they backed

(*Continued on page* 72)



lass with a delicate air

■ ONCE in a blue moon a pinup feature comes along that has everything; the pics are perfect and the story writes itself. This is the case with Sue Lass—the gal you're looking at now. For instance, think of just two of the many titles available—"Sweet Sue" or "The Lass With a Delicate Air." They write themselves. Then there's more; these pics are exclusive because Sue, at nineteen, did only this one set of pinups and that just for fun. She's already a successful photographer's model, and no wonder—silky blonde hair, quizzical hazel eyes, and 5′ 5″ of pluperfect curves, including an hourglass 34-21-34. Need we add more? No, but here goes—Sue'll be seen in motion pictures soon; it's all set. For additional back-

PHOTOS BY PIP

lass with a delicate air

ground, Sue hails from Alliance, Nebraska, was a scholarship art student, is now studying drama, and just loves lamb chops (who doesn't?). She also swims, plays a mean piano and clarinet, and hopes someday to marry a doctor or artist. Any candidates?

THE TERROR SHIP

***The clipper ships were swift things of beauty—and horror. Hard men manned them, harder men captained them, and God help all hands if mutiny broke out—as it did on the ill-omened* Challenge!**

■ SAN FRANCISCO'S Monumental Engine Company bell summoned the Vigilance Committee of 1851 to arms for the last time—not to hang some Sydney ticket-of-leave man nor to drive a New York pug to suicide, but to save a man from an unblessed lynching. That is to say, prevent a necktie party neither scheduled or condoned by the self-elected purveyors of peace and justice, Sam Brannan and Company.

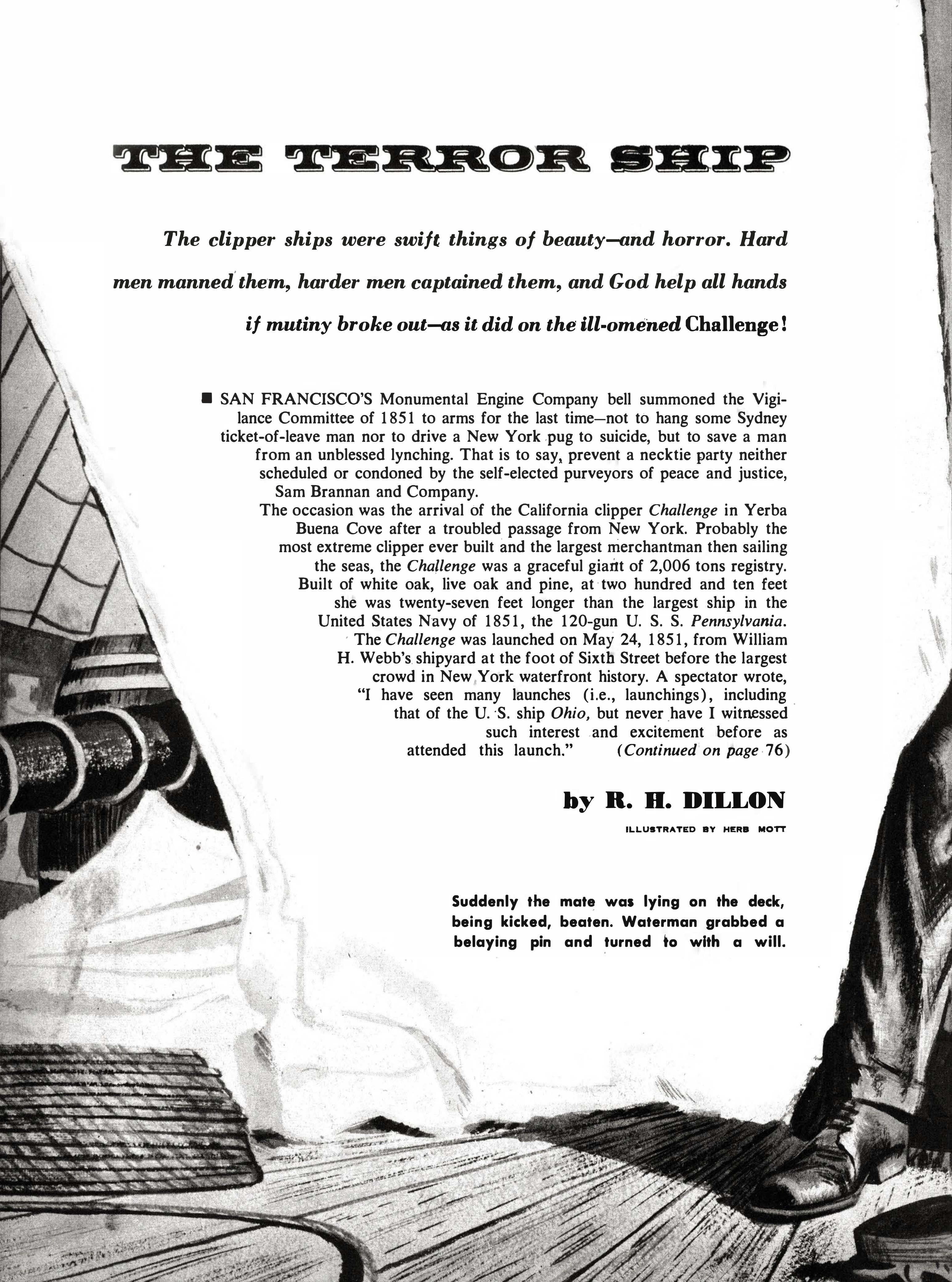
The occasion was the arrival of the California clipper *Challenge* in Yerba Buena Cove after a troubled passage from New York. Probably the most extreme clipper ever built and the largest merchantman then sailing the seas, the *Challenge* was a graceful giant of 2,006 tons registry. Built of white oak, live oak and pine, at two hundred and ten feet she was twenty-seven feet longer than the largest ship in the United States Navy of 1851, the 120-gun U. S. S. *Pennsylvania*.

The *Challenge* was launched on May 24, 1851, from William H. Webb's shipyard at the foot of Sixth Street before the largest crowd in New York waterfront history. A spectator wrote, "I have seen many launches (i.e., launchings), including that of the U. S. ship *Ohio,* but never have I witnessed such interest and excitement before as attended this launch."

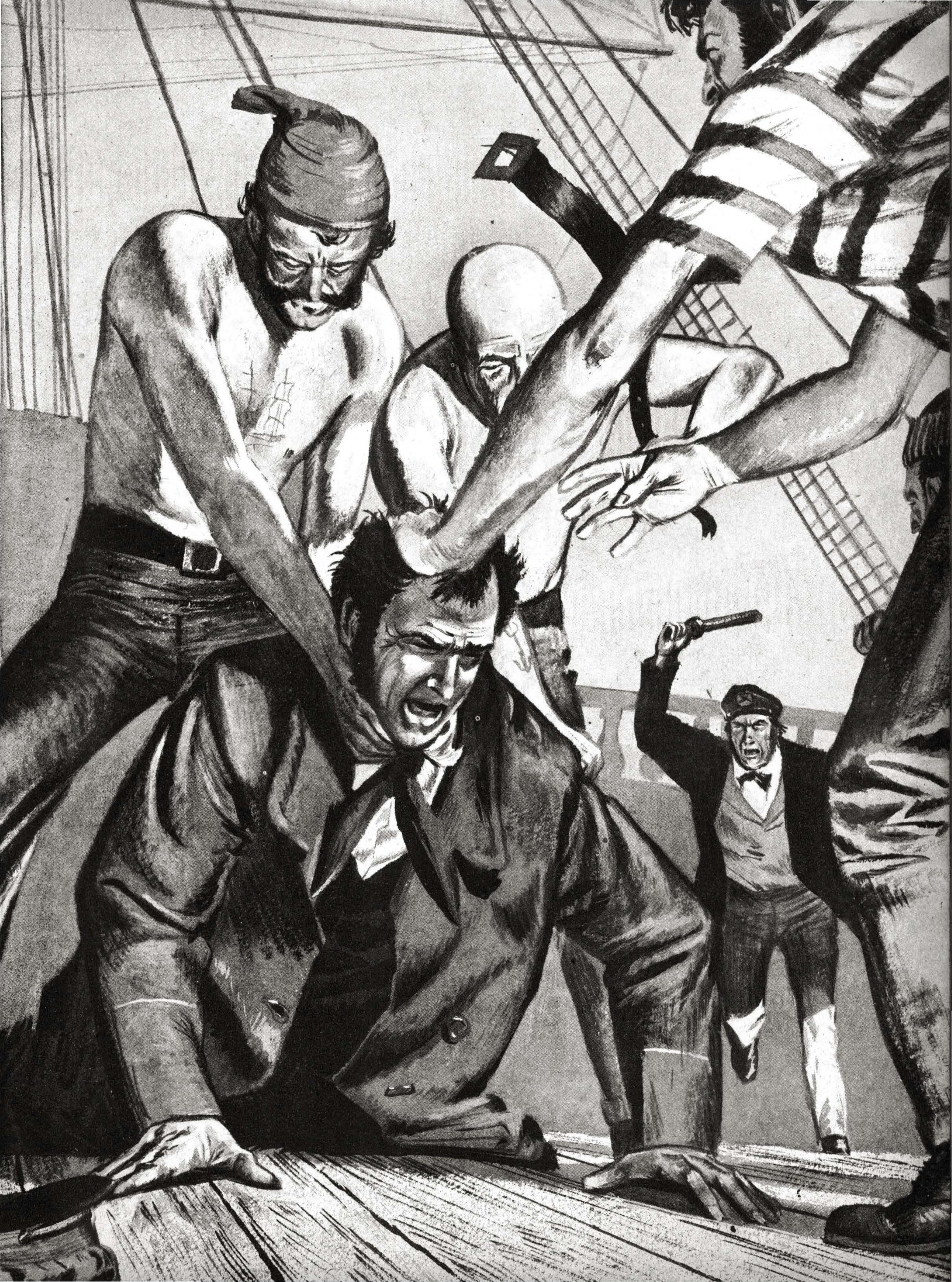
(Continued on page 76)

by R. H. DILLON

ILLUSTRATED BY HERB MOTT



Suddenly the mate was lying on the deck, being kicked, beaten. Waterman grabbed a belaying pin and turned to with a will.



IVO MELDOLESI

Novella shows job to American actress Shelly Winters.

The Girl Who Makes

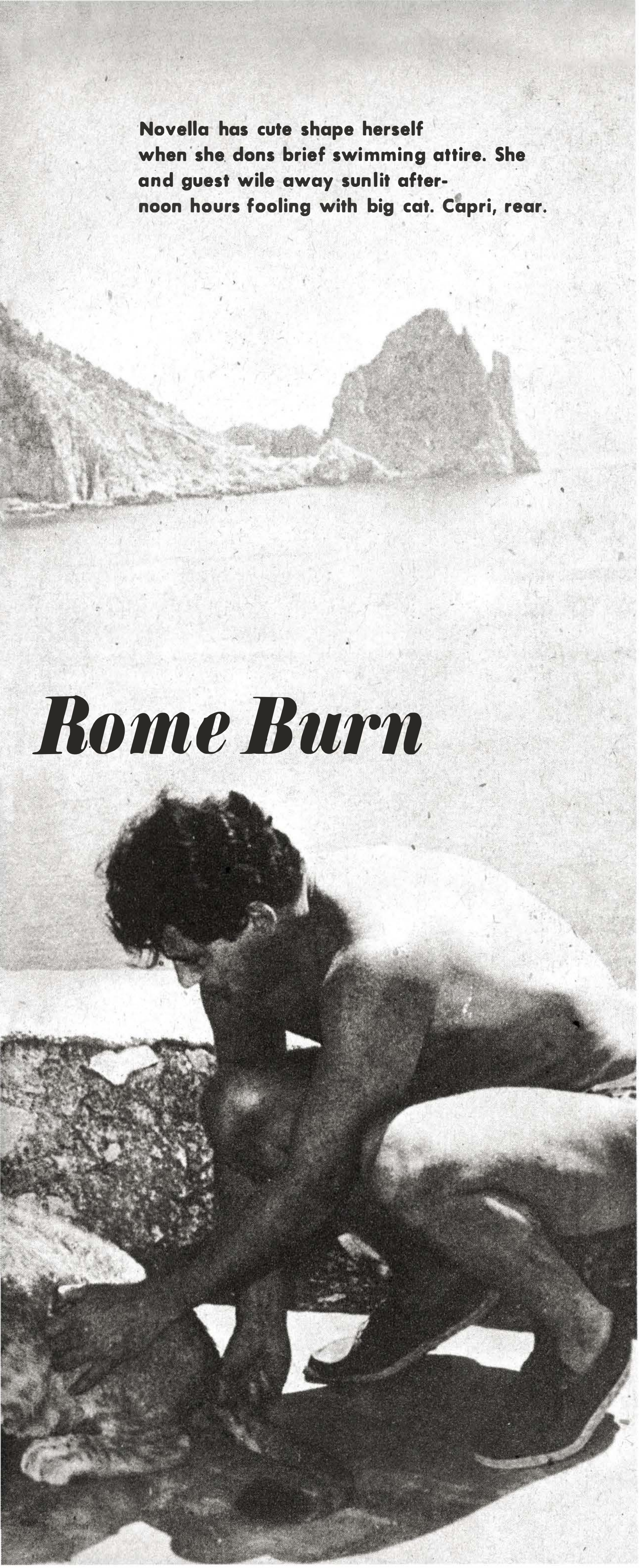
Novella Parigin paints, parties and between times drives men mad. She's so publicity-wise it's said she might have shocked Nero, an old Roman celebrity!

■ WHEN NOVELLA Parigin was fourteen years old, she took off her clothes, stood before a full-length mirror and painted the reflection of her own curves for the next six hours. Since then she's had her clothes off more than on, to the consternation of the staid Romans in whose city she lives, yet nobody can say that she is not doing it for Art's sake, since Art is not a man but her career. Anyway this, coupled with a few other eccentricities and a talent for saying the wrong thing at the right time, has as much to do with her popularity in various circles as the fact that she is truly talented with the brush and easel.

I might never have thought twice about meeting Novella, or even doing an article about her, if I had not sat around with a bunch of newspaper people in Rome one hot day last

(*Continued on page* 58)

by DAN JACKSON

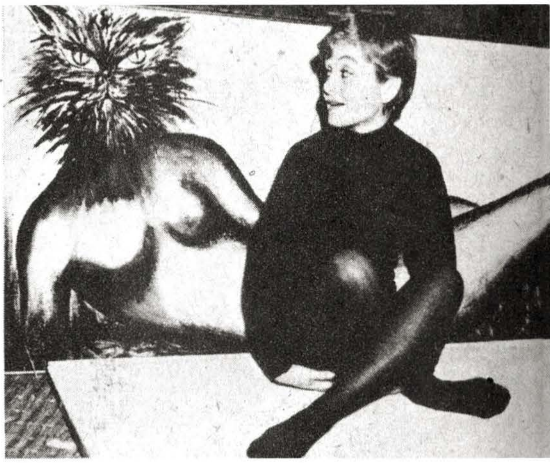


Novella has cute shape herself when she dons brief swimming attire. She and guest wile away sunlit afternoon hours fooling with big cat. Capri, rear.

Rome Burn

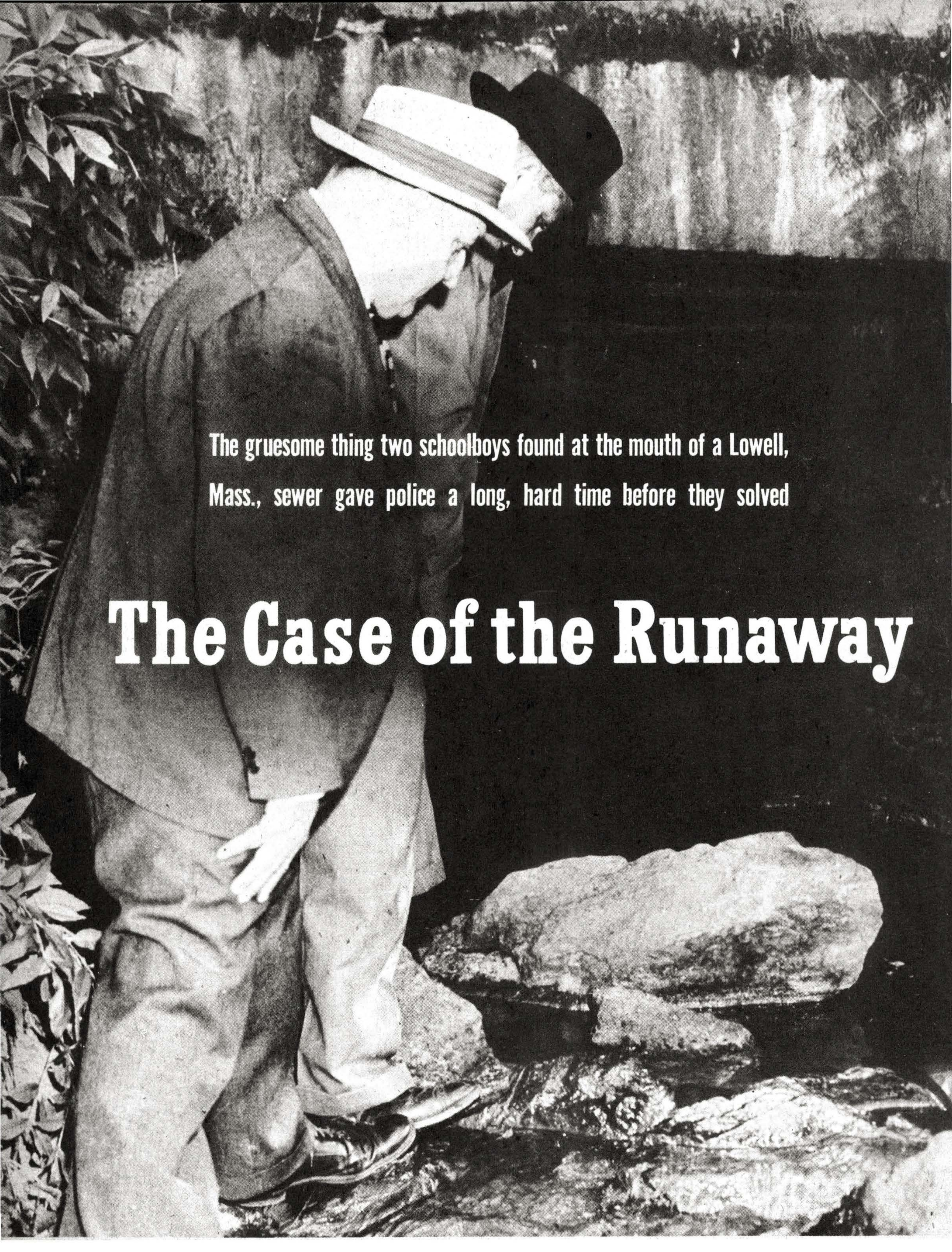
DI DOMINICO

UP



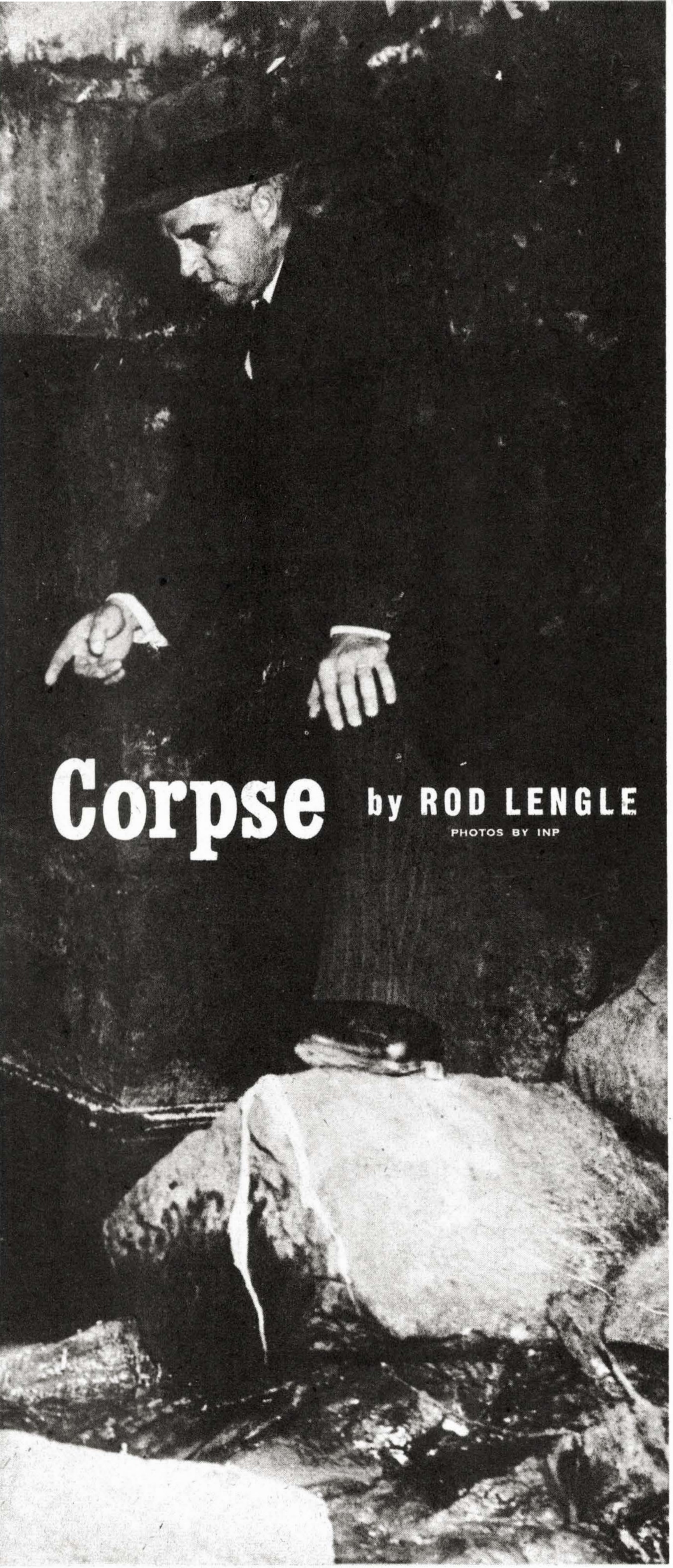
SANDRO VESPASIANI

Artist, top, puts cat faces on models. Center, Novella poses. Bottom, Lisa Schneider painting.



The gruesome thing two schoolboys found at the mouth of a Lowell, Mass., sewer gave police a long, hard time before they solved

The Case of the Runaway



Corpse

by ROD LENGLE

PHOTOS BY INP

■ THE MERRIMACK River, where it flows past Lowell, Massachusetts, is a fine place to fish for carp, and a popular spot with schoolboys for Saturday fishing. On Friday, August 30, 1946, two Lowell schoolboys stood on the bank of the Merrimack close to the steep cliffs through which the Lowell sewers are laid, sewers which carry the city's refuse down to the river. The boys stood above the six-foot opening in the side of the cliffs which was the mouth of the sewer. They were talking about the fishing they'd do the following day, and debating the best spot to pick up above the sewer opening.

One of the boys stopped talking suddenly, and stared hard at a spot below the opening in the side of the cliff. "Hey, look," he said and pointed to the mouth of the sewer. "That thing that's stuck in the sewer—it looks like . . ."

The other boy gasped, broke in with, "It's a body!"

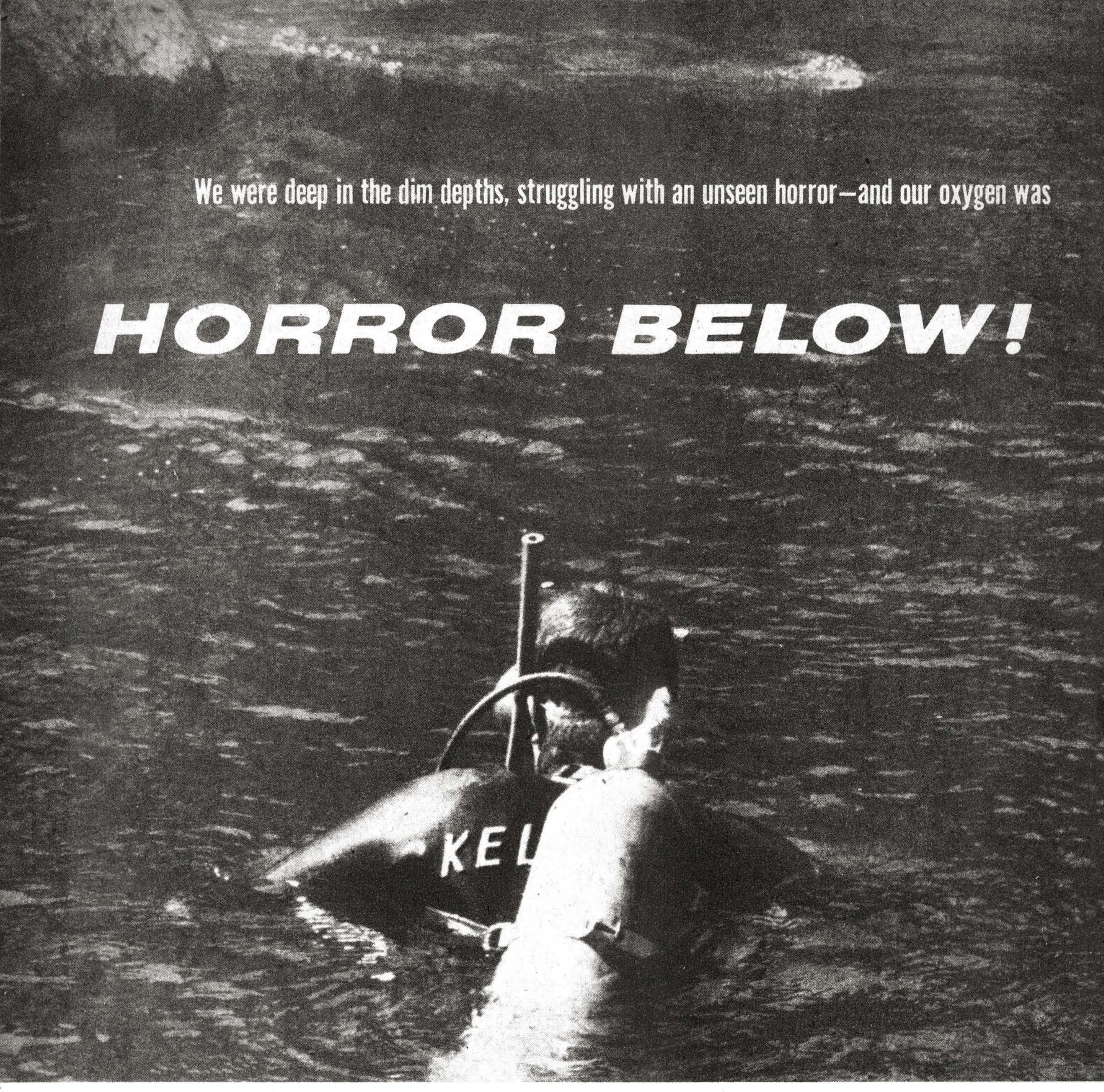
With-

(Continued on Page 68)

Little man, below, with coat on arm, got life for nasty killing of Mrs. Catherine A. Nordlie, 36.

We were deep in the dim depths, struggling with an unseen horror—and our oxygen was

HORROR BELOW!



■ THEY MADE it sound easy when they told me about it. All you did, they said, was dive down to the bottom of the sea off the lower California coast, chip away rock from the bottom of the sea, stuff the rock into canvas bags and rise to the surface again. And the rock, when processed, gave forth a high quantity of gold. Same process as mining in Arizona, they said, only you do it under the water.

Well, it sounded tame, told to me that way. But it sounded like a photo story and that's my business, so I asked to go along on the next mining session. Even a routine picture story can usually be jazzed up with an "angle" of some sort—and angles are not found, usually, until you're on the spot, shooting your pictures.

I was in on the deal because I'm an amateur skin-diver and I'd done some diving with the two young mar-

going fast!

by **DAVID SUTTON**

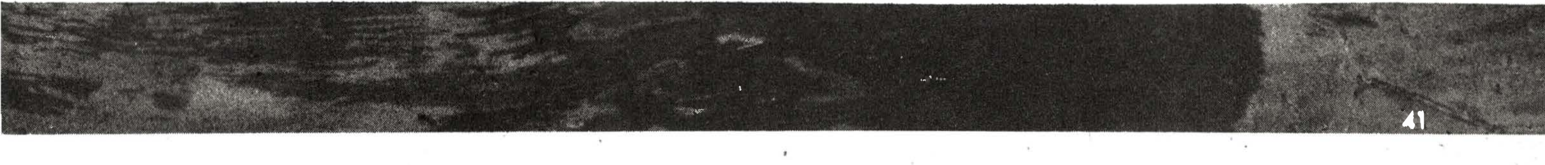
PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

ried couples who were mining their gold from the bottom of the sea. Jane and Gloria dived right alongside their husbands, Duke and Jervis. And the girls brought up just as much of the gold, they told me, as their husbands. They were a happy, healthy young foursome and as we sat in my Santa Monica hotel room making plans for a gold hunt they gave me the impression that it was going to be little more than a routine skin-diving session.

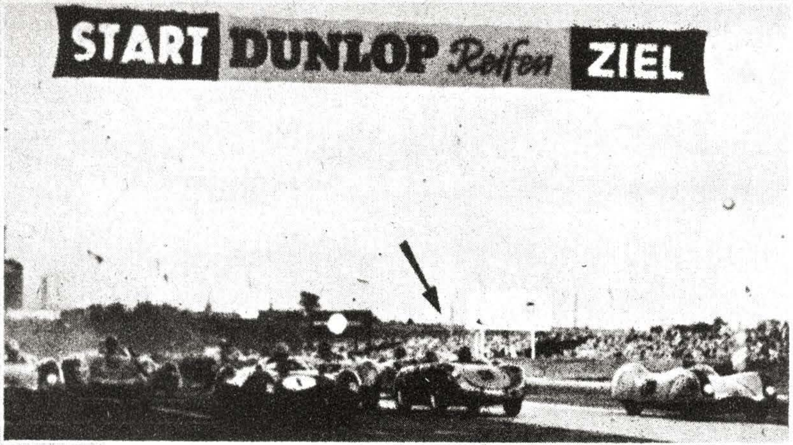
I should have known from even my meager experience, that nothing that concerns the sea can ever be "routine." The things that live in the sea are infinite in variety, and the dangers that lurk for man below the surface of the ocean are infinite, too, in number. But you wouldn't be a skin-diver if you counted odds before each dive!

Prepara-

(*Continued on page* 58)



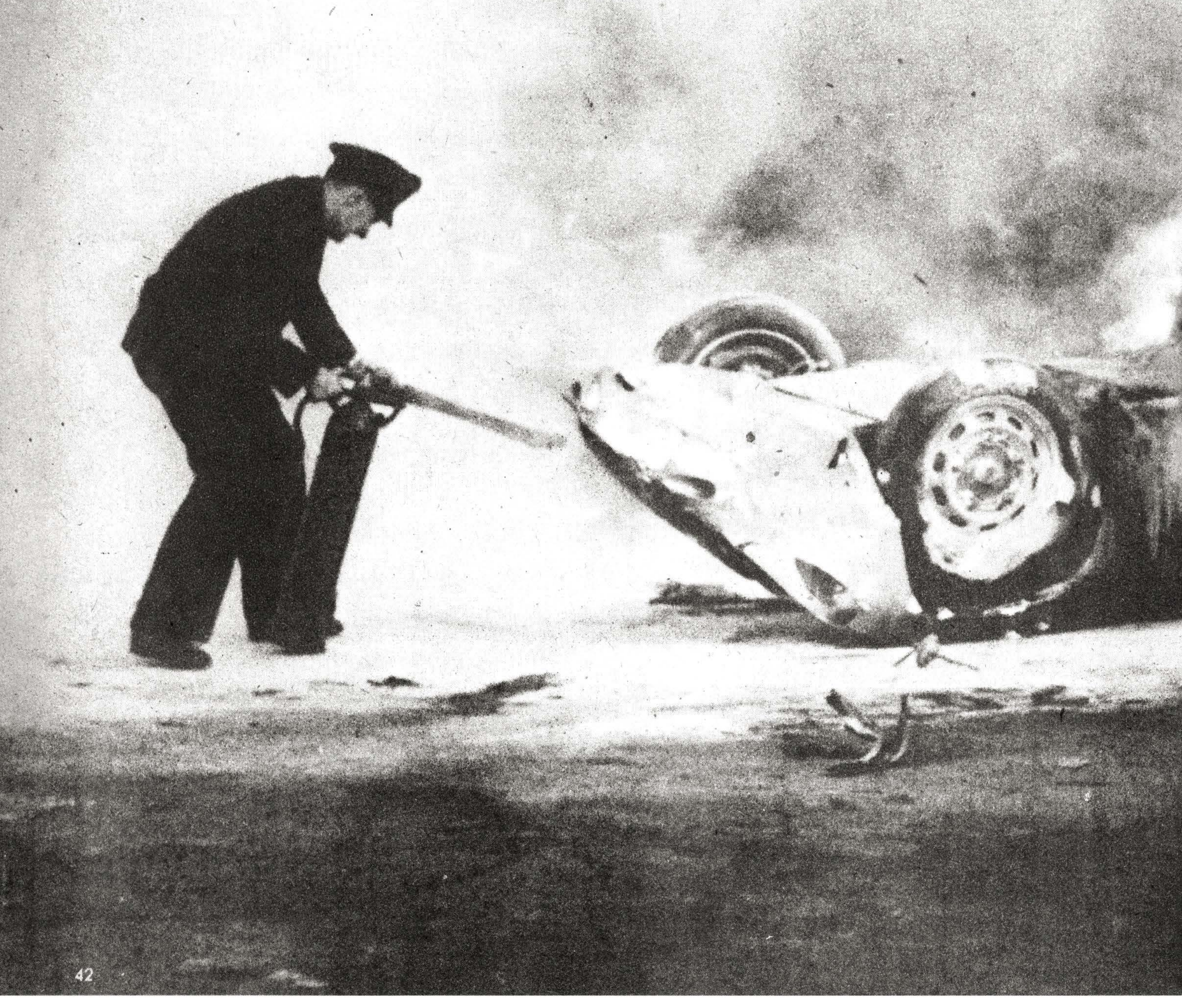
RIDE



Arrow points to von Frankenberg's car at race's start at Avus.

■ THE DRIVER of the Porsche bearing the number 9 was Richard von Frankenberg, a young driver known to the racing fans in Germany as a daredevil because of the risks he took. It was a fine sunny day at Avus track—a horseshoe shaped arena where spectators filled the center of the oval and could watch the racers from any direction.

The Porsche racer roared upward, hit the track's rim, leaped into the air and held there, defying



INTO HELL

by
DAVID CREWE
PHOTOS FROM EUROPEAN

Another man could have done it the easy way, but a daredevil like the young Porsche driver can't do anything the easy way. For him it wasn't fun unless the risk involved is multiplied to the nth degree. He evidently likes Death close.

Number 1 was on Frankenberg's left at the take-off, and it stayed neck and neck up to the end of the north back of the horseshoe shaped arena.

At the north curve Frankenberg gunned Number 9 and shot over toward the outside lane—making it the hard way as he prepared to pass Number 1, which had clung to the inner lane all the way.

The crowd let go with a cry of appreciation—Frankenberg was about to give them their money's worth; he was always good for an extra kick at any race track.

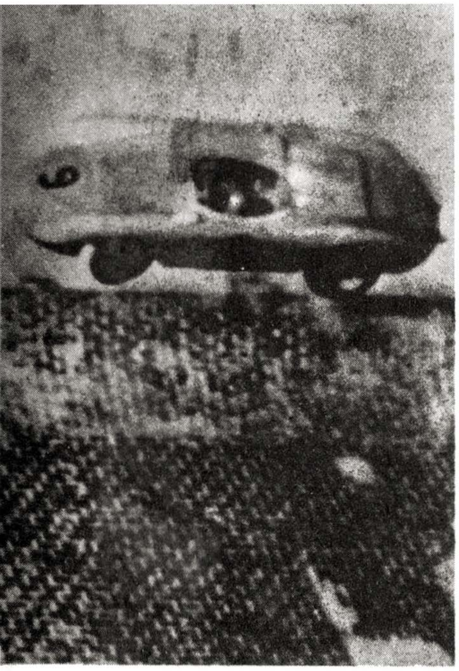
But something went wrong. Frankenberg didn't come out of the swerve to the right and up the grade; instead of cutting the wheels to the left and straightening out, he kept going toward the edge of the up-curled track!

The Porsche roared upward, hit the rim of the outward edge of the

gravity for a moment. Then, as the stands moaned, the Porsche disappeared – into an inferno!

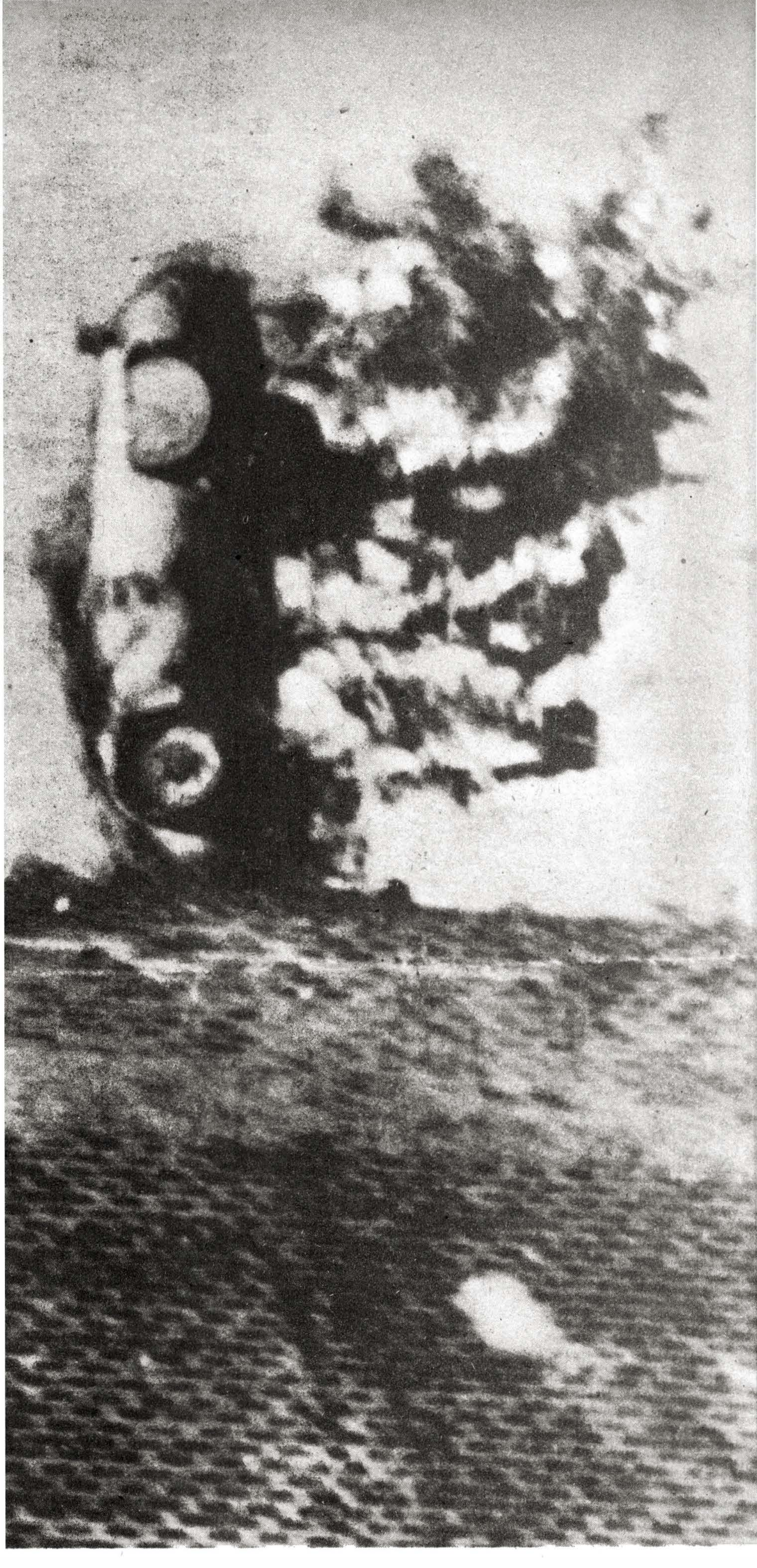
RIDE INTO HELL

CONTINUED



No. 9 roars upward, to hit the outer rim of the track. Driver, known for daredevil stunts, is headed for hell.

Many in crowd pay to see scene at right but shudder when they do. Racer, afire, is capsizing.



north shoulder, leaped into the air and held there, defying gravity, for a brief moment. Then, as horrified eyes in the arena stared, the Porsche disappeared over the curled rim of the shoulder!

Unsung heroes of any race track are the grease-monkeys and the attendants who come running with fire-fighting equipment when a car crashes. Daredevils like Frankenberg take the risks seen by the audiences. But when they get into trouble, the boys in the white coveralls down in the pits take their risks—to get the daredevils off the spot.

The Porsche went through the air as if it had wings, turned over as it fell and landed on its back in the middle of a parking area outside the track!

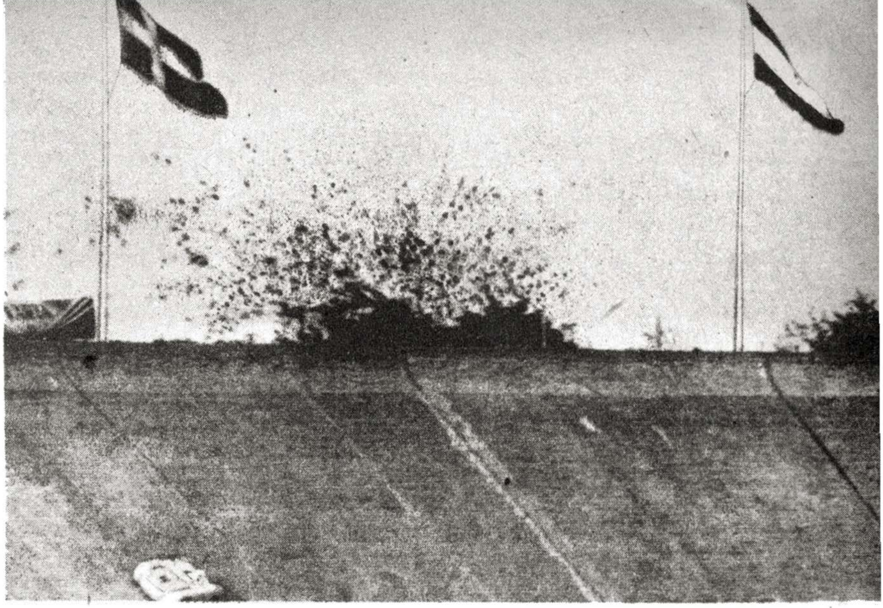
Frankenberg was trapped inside the racer, the weight of the Porsche, a solidly built little car, supported by the guard around the driver's seat. No weight touched the driver, but he was trapped two ways nonetheless. The nose of the car had been shoved backward into his lap as it landed, and with the car upside down the only way out was to lift the weight of it so he could be released from the pit. Trapped as he was by the caved-in front end, Frankenberg could only hang there behind the wheel, upside down, and wait for help to come.

It would have been merely a matter of seconds for the pit men to lift the Porsche, turn it over and set it upright again. And in a matter of seconds Frankenberg would have been released from the trap that had his legs twisted and thrust back into his belly.

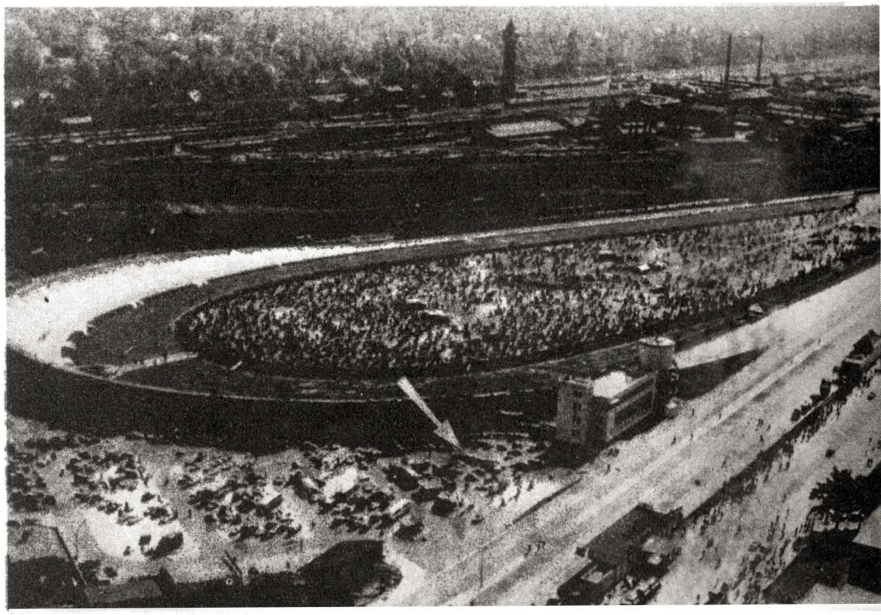
But as the white-clad pit men reached the Porsche they were suddenly driven backwards by a wall of flame that leaped out of nowhere and began to lick the sides of the little car! They came from the petrol tank and they swiftly embraced the compact little racer in a sheath of yellow flames.

Frankenberg was trapped inside the cockpit that swiftly became an oven in spite of the swift efforts of the fire-fighters. As they fought the flames with their portable fire-fighting apparatus, the crowd poured out of the arena and stood in stunned silence to watch the end of the young daredevil who had given them his final kick.

(Continued on Page 47)

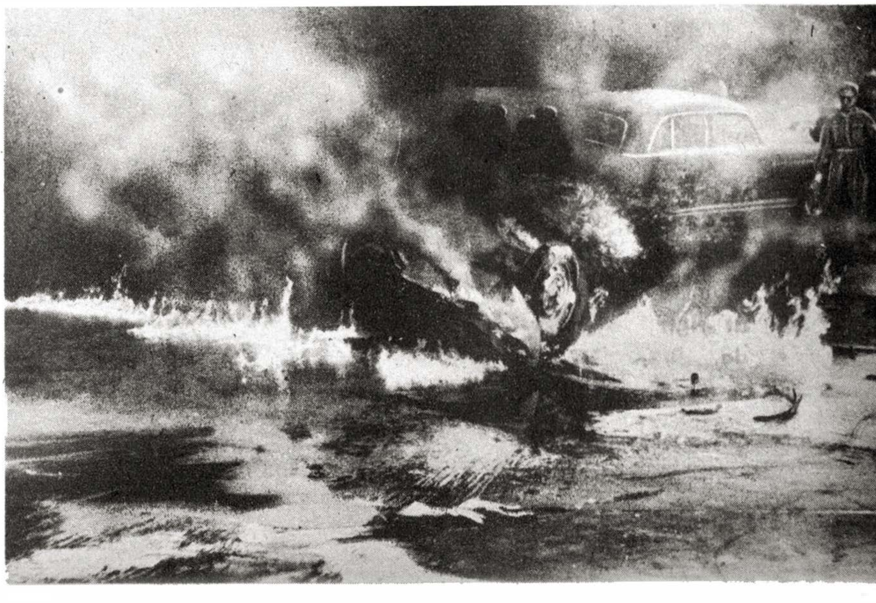


Competitor hums along track as von Frankenberg goes over.



Arrow shows where driver of Porsche landed after leaving track. Car slammed through sand banks, finished upside down.

Von Frankenberg, miraculously shielded from flames by body work of car, suffered severe injuries, went to the hospital.



THE ERROR THAT SANK A BATTLESHIP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

cessfully. But on the protective deck immediately below that—both obviously beneath the waterline of a ship with a draft of 26 feet—there was not enough time to close all of these doors, although a hundred men struggled with them until the water was racing about their necks. Subsequent calculations revealed that had these doors been closed the *Victoria* would have remained afloat. As it was, she started a slow list to starboard.

Meanwhile the *Camperdown* – whose prow was wedged into the *Victoria's* side at an angle of somewhat less than ninety degrees with the prows of both vessels heading somewhat in the same general direction—managed to pull her prow free. The ships were so firmly held together by torn and twisted metal that this operation required about ten minutes.

Sir George must have had a fantastic faith in the ability of his ship to remain afloat, at least for awhile. He ordered that the ship steam full speed for the nearby shore, perhaps expecting to ground her or to stop her in shallow water for an inspection of the damage; nobody knows for certain. The *Victoria,* which was veering to starboard and slightly toward shore at the time the collision occurred, gathered way. But this maneuver tended to drive the already depressed bow lower in the water and increase the list to starboard. This in turn drove more water into the ship and sternward in the lower compartments whose doors had not been closed. Down at the head and burdened with many hundreds of tons of water as she was, the *Victoria* proceeded sluggishly, although her engines were operating perfectly and her engineroom had been successfully sealed off.

Apparently Sir George was about the only man in high authority who did not realize the *Victoria* was doomed. Other ships of the squadron were closing in and were ready to lower boats, but the Commander-in-Chief forestalled them by sending the imperious signal "Negative K.Z." which means "Negative send boats." A few moments afterward this signal was augmented by the semaphore message, "Keep boats in readiness but do not send them."

As it turned out, this decision resulted in the saving of the lives of a great many boat-crews. For the horror that suddenly occurred would undoubtedly have swamped and reduced to splinters boats close to the *Victoria,* while so long as her personnel remained aboard nobody, of course, could have been rescued.

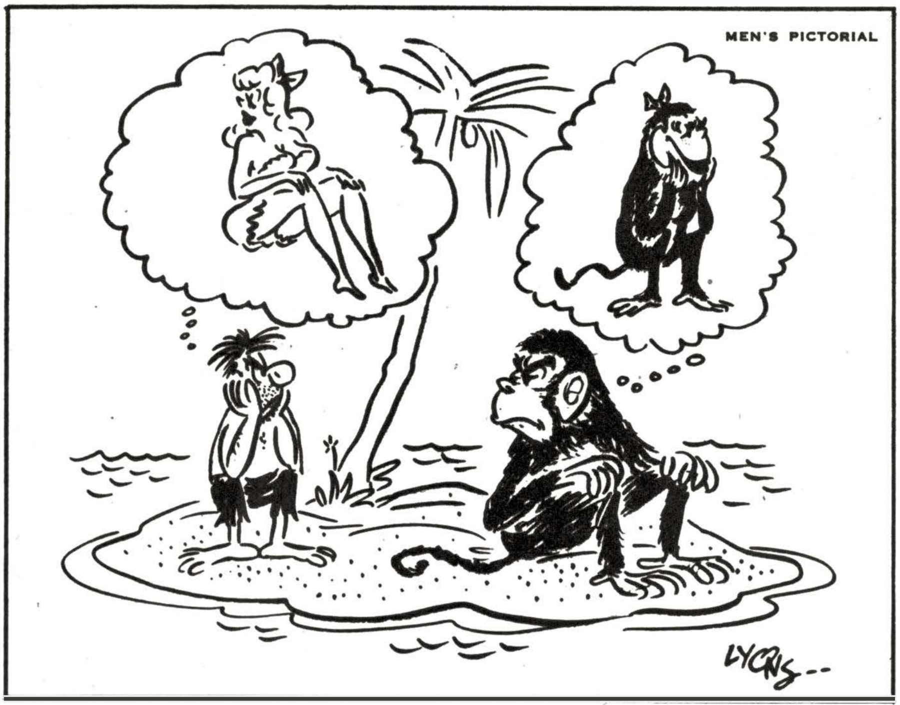
Discipline aboard the *Victoria* was excellent. The engineroom crew remained at their posts. Men in sick bay and in the brig were brought up on deck. Officers and men took their assigned stations in readiness for hoisting out boats. Those without specific disaster assignments fell in along the port side of the ship and awaited orders. There was "no panic, shouting, rushing aimlessly about . . ." an official report stated.

The *Victoria* continued to plough shoreward, but very slowly. Her bow was now under water, perhaps as much as thirteen feet. The list to starboard had increased. Suddenly the ship gave a tremendous lurch to starboard and water, in addition to rising up from below, commenced pouring in through the gun ports and the open armor door at the forward end of the battery. All this occurred with amazing speed.

"Every man save himself who can!" Captain Bourke ordered. An instant later the great ship suddenly turned turtle completely, the masts and superstructure striking the water with tremendous force and sending up immense showers of spray. The twin screws appeared above the water, and in the air they commenced racing with "fearful speed." Hundreds of men were struggling for their lives in the water, and other hundreds, trapped below by the ship's sudden overturning, were entombed in air pockets deep inside the hull or swiftly drowned, the latter being the more fortunate ones.

BOTTOM up and slowly sinking by the head, the *Victoria* maintained this position for about three minutes, after which she vanished from sight. As the racing screws sank into the water and disappeared they threw up great geysers of water.

Now came the greatest horror. The *Victoria* was still moving forward very slowly as she turned turtle and she went under with her screws still racing. Since the ship went down at the very end with considerable speed, there was considerable suction. Hundreds of men in the water were not only drawn down by the sinking ship,



they were also in the direct path of the whirling screws as the ship continued to move forward.

Swiftly followed, according to one contemporary report, a scene "that caused the officers on the decks of the remaining vessels of the fleet to turn sick . . . these deadly screws were moving like circular knives, gashing and killing the poor creatures who had battled vainly for life . . . Shrieks were heard, and then the waves and the foam were reddened by the blood of hundreds of victims. Arms, legs wrenched from bodies, headless trunks, were tossed out of the vortex to linger on the surface for a few moments and then disappear . . ."

As if this were not horror enough, still another was added. Seconds after the *Victoria* disappeared from sight there was a tremendous explosion, perhaps two almost simultaneous explosions, deep underwater, caused by the blowing up of the ship's boilers. Stated one of the *Victoria's* officers, G. Phipps Hornby: "This threw up a huge hummock of water, like a torpedo; and this it was, I suppose, that drowned very, very many of the poor fellows . . ."

In such a maelstrom of death, it seems a wonder that as many survived as actually did. Most of those who lived to tell their stories recalled the moments after they found themselves in the water and before they were speedily picked up as no more than confused nightmares. As Captain Bourke put it, "I imagine there is not a single survivor who can give any clearer reason for his being saved than that he was more fortuitous than his neighbors."

Something less than fifteen minutes elapsed between the instant the *Victoria* was rammed and her disappearance from sight. During that brief interval there were innumerable acts of heroism aboard the ship. Almost the entire engineroom crew, who had remained at their posts until the order "Every man save himself who can!" was given, were unable to escape and went down with the ship. One unidentified seaman, who remained below and assisted the ship's diver out of his suit and lead-lined sinkers, failed to escape as the ship turned turtle although the diver lived to tell the story. Sir George made no attempt to save himself and was seen as the ship turned turtle standing on the forward bridge "steadying himself with one hand on the rail, while with the other he covered his eyes, as if to shut out the scene of horror and of death which spread around him." Perhaps his wish was to go down with his ship, for he refused to don a lifebelt that was tendered to him by a midshipman. If so, his wish was granted, for no part of his body was recovered.

Almost all the living and dead recovered were picked up within a very few minutes. Very few bodies remained floating, or floated to the surface in ensuing days, perhaps because so many had been ripped open during the sinking. According to *The New York Times* five days after the loss of the *Victoria,* only 20 bodies had been recovered up to that time.

In all, 430 officers, men, boys and marines were lost in this most horrible of all accidental naval disasters. On July 17 court-martial proceedings to inquire into the cause or causes of the sinking and to fix the blame if any got underway aboard *H.M.S. Hibernia,* stationed in the harbor at Malta. The findings of the Court stated flatly:

". . . it is with the deepest sorrow and regret that (we find) this condition was due to an order given by the then Commander-in-Chief, the late Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, to the two Divisions in which the Fleet was formed to turn sixteen points inwards, leaders first, the others in succession, the columns at that time being only six cables apart."

No blame was attached to other major officers, such as Captain Bourke, for hesitating before acting on their own initiative even after they knew collision was impending. In the tradition of the British Royal Navy insubordination was unthinkable and the line of command from top downward must not be broken. This inflexible policy, by and large, was greatly responsible for Britain's becoming and remaining for several centuries a supreme naval power.

The sinking of the *Victoria* led to numerous improvements in ship design and construction and in precautionary measures employed during maneuvers. Automatically operated bulkhead doors came into use. Fore-and-aft bulkheading from stem to stern—which the *Victoria* had lacked—became commonplace. Maneuvers were conducted under simulated collision and battle conditions.

But all these and other advances were paid for at fearful cost. And the greatest cost of all was probably the mental anguish of a brave, competent, but mentally ill man—Sir George Tryon—during the final 15 minutes of his previously distinguished life. ■

RIDE INTO HELL CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

But it wasn't the end of the man although it was probably the end of the racer. The heroic efforts of the fire-fighters brought the flames under control in a matter of minutes. Then, ignoring the searing heat of the molten metal, they ran in and threw their combined weight into lifting the Porsche up and over to set it again on its wheels. But it still wasn't a matter of pulling Frankenberg out of the seat and away from the hot metal. He was trapped behind twisted metal and a bent steering gear.

The man who risked his life just for the hell of it was now in a hell of his own making and many of the paying customers shuddered at what their hard-earned tickets had brought them to see.

They played the water on the metal until it was cool enough to handle. And all the while the young daredevil driver hung there, head down, dead or alive they could not know.

Cutting him out of the wreckage was the longest part of it. A doctor arrived before the job was finished and shot some pain-killing drug into Frankenberg's arm, stayed on to direct the moving of the limp body from car to stretcher once the twisted steel was cut away.

Lucky daredevil? He was lucky to be alive. At the hospital the prolonged checkup revealed multiple internal injuries. He would live, the doctors said, but he might not ride the rods again. The crowds would have to look elsewhere for their extra kicks. But there would be other drivers. There will always be drivers. ■

I RIDE THE DEVIL'S PATROL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

windows, and carrying in exhaust fans to clear the building of the deadly gas.

Twenty-one people are found overcome and unconscious. Both fire rescue trucks soon have all their resuscitators in operation, pumping oxygen into the lungs of the unconscious victims. Some of the victims respond immediately, some take longer, and others will not respond at all.

In an hour and a half all that can be done has been done, and the men of Rescue 4 are loading their lifesaving equipment back onto the truck.

This is just one of the 647 runs that fire rescue squad 4 made last year. The city has two fire rescue squads—Number 2 and Number 4. Fire rescue is a branch of the fire department, but the men in these squads are highly specialized and trained in rescue type work. First aid calls, in which emergency aid is administered to the injured, emergency calls—these are the sort of calls in which someone is trapped—resuscitation calls in which a resuscitator is needed, and fire calls, which are covered with regular fire apparatus when it is thought the services of the rescue squad might be needed.

The rescue truck carries no equipment to extinguish a fire outside of several hand extinguishers. The main part of the equipment is made up of ropes and pulleys, acetylene cutting torches, smoke ejectors, jacks capable of lifting a freight car, first aid equipment, antidotes for 100 different types of poisons, a doctor's bag, stretchers, self-contained gas masks, bars and axes, grappling hooks, life ropes, refrigeration tools, and body bags. On top of the truck are mounted four 1,000 watt flood lights and four 5,000 watt floodlights. Inside the truck there is a generator to supply the power for the lights. In all there are more than five hundred different items aboard the rescue truck.

I HAVE been with the fire rescue squad for thirteen years. I will never forget my first call as a rookie. It was a fire call in which we covered with several pumpers. Upon arriving at the scene of the call we found a house filled with a great deal of smoke but little fire. Our first task was to find out if there was anyone inside the house and if there was, to get them out.

However, we were assured by neighbors that there was no one at home. But to make sure, another fireman and myself put on our masks and made our way into the smoke-filled building.

Inside, the visibility was poor and we felt our way along slowly. We went into a long hall and began checking each room as we spotted a door. I found myself standing at the open door of what appeared to be the living room. The smoke seemed heavier in this room than anywhere else.

Through the heavy smoke I thought I saw someone sitting in a large chair in the middle of the room. I made my way into the room, directing the beam of my flashlight on the chair. As the beam of light pierced the grey mass of smoke and struck the chair I almost gagged. Sitting in the smouldering, overstuffed chair was a woman. She was still alive—I could see her writhing against the flames that had completely burned her right arm off at the elbow and charred the right side of her body. Her left hand hung over the side of the chair arm and in it was gripped a whiskey glass. The glass was held upright and still contained whiskey.

Apparently the woman had been sitting in the chair drinking and smoking a cigarette. She had either passed out or fallen asleep, dropping the cigarette onto the arm of the chair on her right side. The right side of the chair was the only part of the overstuffed seat that was on fire, but the smoke from its slow smoldering had filled the room and seeped through the whole house.

We pulled the woman from the chair and got her outside. Somebody ran in with an extinguisher and put the fire out in the smoldering chair.

When we returned to search the rest of the house we found the woman's husband dead on the kitchen floor, a victim of the poisonous gases given off by the burning material in the chair.

This call was as close as I ever came to heaving up my guts on a job. I have never seen a fireman get sick or pass out while working; it happens after the job is over and you think back about the details. Then it hits you. I recall a new recruit who

MEN'S PICTORIAL
REG HIDER

started with the squad not long ago. The old hands told him that if he ever felt faint on a job just to bend over and act as if he were tying his shoe lace. This, they assured him, would put pressure on his stomach and the bending over would send the blood to his head.

A few days later we got a call to a doctor's office where a resuscitator was needed. When we arrived we found a patient on the examining table—a patient who had stopped breathing. We applied the resuscitator and the doctor set about giving a huge hypodermic of adrenalin.

As the doctor jabbed the big needle into the patient just below his ribs, the needle struck something that caused it to make a grinding sound. Then, when he pulled the needle out it was bent. The adrenalin seemed to do no good, so the doctor quickly cut a huge hole in the man's chest to expose the heart, which he proceeded to grip with his hands and massage.

At this point I looked around the room and I saw our rookie fireman heading for the door and bending over as if tying his shoe at the same time. We kidded him about this for a long time afterwards.

Some of our calls are downright humorous. We went out on one alarm to a house from which great white clouds were billowing from upper story windows. It looked like the smoke of quite a fire.

We donned our gas masks, picked up exhaust fans and tarpaulins. Two hook and ladder trucks were putting their ladders up to the upstairs windows and three pumpers were laying hose from the hydrants. Two district chiefs' cars had rolled up and four police cars were lined up, handling the traffic.

The hose men followed us to the second floor. As we burst into the room at the head of the stairs a very startled man, who had been steaming wallpaper off the wall, said, "What's going on here?"

Someone down in the street had seen the steam from the steaming machine rolling out of the windows, where it turned into clouds of white steaming mist as soon as it hit the cold air. It looked like smoke—enough so that it fooled us too. So, eight pieces of fire fighting equipment and 34 firemen and 8 policemen had been called to a false alarm.

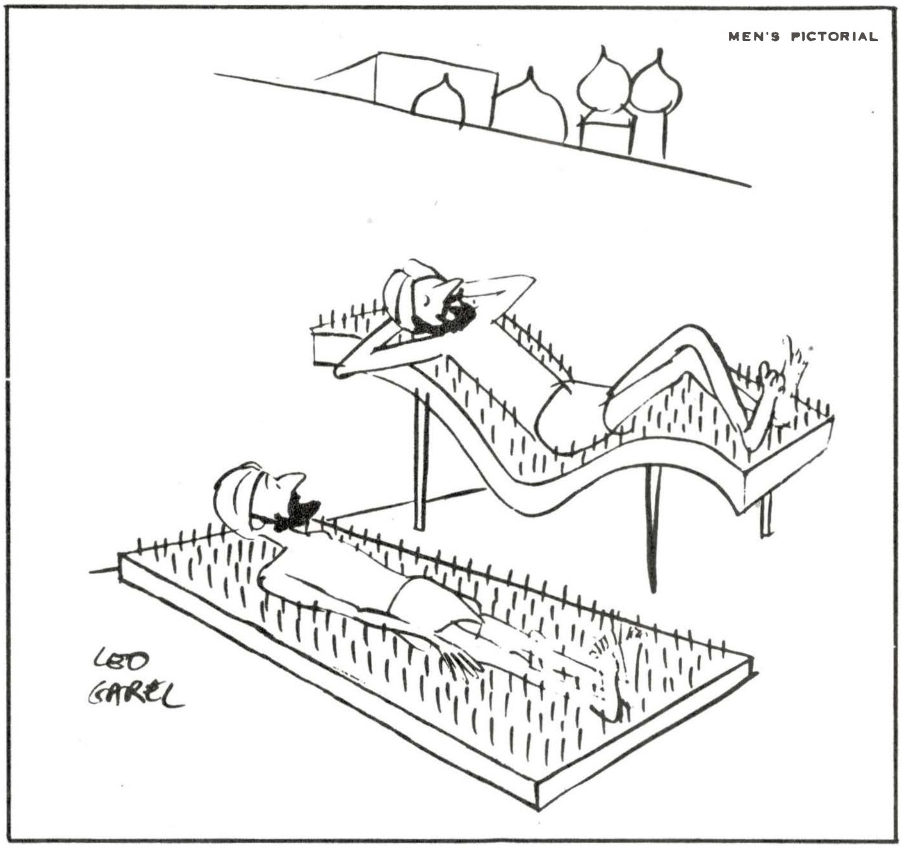
Another time a dog catcher was sent out to rescue a dog that was trapped in a storm sewer. The dog catcher had run his arm down between the grates of the sewer in an attempt to get a rope around the dog's neck. But when he tried to pull his arm back out of the grates he found he was also trapped in the sewer. So the fire department was called out to rescue the dog catcher.

We were called out once to a cave-in in which two men were trapped in a sixteen foot deep ditch which they had been digging. One man was completely buried and the other was buried up to his chin. The first man we dug out was, of course, the one completely covered up. Then we began digging out the second man. The completely buried man recovered as soon as he hit the air, and all the time we were digging out the second man, this first one was sitting there griping about what this cave-in had cost him. We couldn't figure out his gripe at first. Finally, one of the firemen asked him if he didn't think that getting out of it with his life was a good bargain, and the fellow said, "Yeah, but a clod knocked out my false teeth and they're buried down there somewhere in that mess. And it's going to cost me plenty to replace them!"

Humorous incidents are, however, few and far between. There is nothing humorous about pulling four charred bodies from a burning hotel—bodies with the skin hanging in long, black strips from the arms and legs. And there is nothing humorous in a mother running up to you with a small, black bundle in her arms and holding out the charred bundle to you and crying, "Please! Please do something!"

Nor is it any fun to pull bloody, mangled bodies out of twisted, wrecked automobiles. Nor is it amusing to fish bloated dead bodies out of the river, or to transport a body that has been dead in bed for days before it is found. They blow up like balloons and the coroner must come and puncture them to allow the gas to escape so they'll deflate to a normal size. The smell of one of those stays for two weeks.

WE cover just about every type of accident known. In thirteen years I have covered auto accidents, drownings, cave-ins, plane crashes, train wrecks, heart attacks, fires, refrigeration leaks, choking babies. These are the common cases. There are many freak accidents—some of the sort of accidents that have never happened before and may never happen again.



I pulled one man from what was left of his car, after he had collided with a milk truck. The rear wheels of the truck went over the car and the man. His head was smashed to twice its normal length. The same night we had a freak accident not far from the station house. Two men had left a restaurant together after eating. The driver of the car had parked his auto across the street, in a parking lot. He told his buddy to wait for him on the sidewalk while he went across the street and got his car from the parking lot. He then drove his car out of the lot and headed directly across the street to pick up the other man. While attempting to drive across the street he was involved in a minor collision with another car, and his car went out of control and careened across the street, over the curb and onto the pavement—and shoved his waiting buddy across the pavement, pinning him against the wall of a building, crushing him to death. But he was still alive when we got there. He died in the ambulance on the way to the hospital.

One time we had to jack up a city bus to extract what was left of a pedestrian who was caught in the undercarriage of the vehicle. The victim, a woman, had stepped in front of the bus. She was shoved to the street and the wheels passed over her, her clothing got caught on the undercarriage and she was dragged along and ripped to bits.

In the summer we handle drownings from swimmings, and in the winter we're called to pull them out when they fall through the ice. Last summer we were called to city park's lake on a drowning. The lake in a city park is not a place for swimming. This lake is filled with cold water and has mud in its bottom.

THE parents of a child who had been picnicking in the park missed the child and began a frantic search for her. When they were unable to locate her they called the fire department to search the lake, fearing she had fallen in. Because of the deep mud and the many snags at the bottom, it was difficult to drag the lake. So another fireman and I slipped into our swimming trunks and put on our self-contained gas masks which we now proceeded to use as aqua lungs.

I walked on the bottom of the lake, the water getting deeper and deeper towards the center. As I went down the water grew colder and the sunlight took on an eerie glow. My feet sank into the mud and the going was tough. My partner worked twenty-five feet to my left and we moved slowly back and forth, covering the bottom of the lake. We stirred the mud so much that eventually we could hardly see at all and it became a matter of feeling for a body.

WE had searched for some time when my leg brushed against something soft and solid. I stopped and felt the something—and I knew our search had come to an end. I picked up the body of the child and made my way ashore. She had been lying on her side, half buried in the soft mud.

Four hours had elapsed since the family missed the child and the time we got there, so there was no doubt but what she was dead. However, we stretched her on the grass and as we did so a muscle spasm jerked one of her legs. The parents cried out and began to plead with us to try and revive their child. We knew that muscle spasms are a common thing in recently dead bodies, and it was heartbreaking to us to realize that we could do nothing to help the pleading parents.

We go out on many different miscellaneous types of rescue calls. One day it was a man who was trapped in the tub of a ready-mix cement mixing truck. He had climbed into the big drum to scoop out the remaining concrete. However, he had left the motor of the truck running and the exhaust fumes had seeped into the tub and he was overcome.

Two of us climbed into the tub to get him out. He was only temporarily incapacitated.

The next day it was a baby who got its head caught between the slats of its crib.

Sometimes a rescue involves nothing more than cutting a stuck ring off a person's finger. I almost lost my own finger once in a rescue call. It was a suicide call. A young airlines stewardess evidently was having love troubles and she tried to end them by swallowing a bottle of blood pressure pills. When we arrived she was still alive, and when we revived her she was very angry that we had saved her life. We relieved her of the toxic medicine by forcing her to vomit it up. This was done by my sticking my finger down her throat. She was conscious enough to know what was happening and she promptly bit my finger so hard that I thought that was the end of one digit for me.

Recently we went out on a call in which a four year old girl was caught in a washing machine. She evidently had been playing with the machine and her hand got caught in the wringer. The gears of the machine had no cover on them and as her arm went further into the machine her body was pulled closer and closer until finally her clothing was caught in the gears and eventually her skin was caught. The flesh was ripped from her chest all the way down to the bone; the entire chest looked like spaghetti and we had to use a razor blade to cut her torn skin free of the mechanism.

Another time, shortly after this incident, we were called to a butcher shop to rescue a butcher who had caught his hand in a meat grinder. Before we could get the machine shut off he was in up to his elbow. His hand was so badly caught and mangled that we had to dismantle the grinder and take the butcher, with his hand still in the grinder, to the hospital.

ONE most unusual call was to aid a parking lot attendant in a motor hotel. The hotel was a ten story structure for parking automobiles. The cars were driven up ramps and parked on the various floors. An elevator then was used by the attendants to either go further up or to return to the street floor. An attendant had driven to the sixth floor with an automobile, then, after parking it, he went to the elevator to continue to the tenth floor to bring down another car. He waited some time for the elevator to come down, and finally he impatiently stuck his head into the hole in the glass of the door shielding the elevator shaft, to see if the car was moving his way. Just as he stuck his head into the shaft the elevator came down from the floor above, struck his neck, broke it and cut his throat on the glass of the elevator door. At this point the elevator jammed and stopped, otherwise it would have sheared his head off clean.

When we arrived on the scene the

attendant was standing in an upright position, but very dead. He still held the parking stub of the car he was going to the tenth floor to get, tightly gripped in his hand.

Sometimes our rescue jobs can be very dangerous. I will never forget the time we pulled the pilot out of a downed B-36 while high octane gasoline was burning all around us, and 20 mm shells in the plane's guns were popping off wildly. We were lucky that time. None of us were hurt.

But sometimes we're not so lucky. Last year two of our men were crushed when a building caved in on them during a fire. Four of our boys had gone up to the second floor of this burning warehouse. They were wearing gas masks and they were taking a hose up to a point where firemen without masks could not go. About the time they reached the second floor the roof let go and the four men were hurled to the basement. Two of them were pinned and trapped by the debris. The other two were crushed to death. It took us four hours to dig them out. We were lucky at that—lucky that two of them came out alive.

But we can't let the thought of danger stop us for it's our job to save lives even though we may have to risk our own lives to accomplish it. ■

MADMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

muffled hollow bellow of rutting bull moose rolled and echoed over the remote unmapped hills deep in the mountains of southwestern Alaska. And somewhere in the wilderness roamed a crazed killer; Klootuk and his reindeer dog.

A few hardy trappers reaped a rich harvest every winter in the wealthy fur trade. A handful of these men, fishermen from the Bristol Bay salmon districts, invaded the Nushagak and its three main tributaries, the King Salmon, the Mulchatna and the Chichitnuk rivers—which were the citadel of a little brown man with strange eyes who had sworn to kill all whites who dared climb the rivers he regarded as his own.

Driven into the remote headwaters by his own kind after a rumored murder in the Eskimo village of Koliganek sometime in the early '20s, Klootuk became an evil living legend among whites and natives alike. And even today, whispered mention of that dread name will bring a flicker of fear into the eyes of all who live in that strange isolated country.

Ole Wassenkari and Harvey Sackrison were a pair of greenhorn trappers that cold Arctic night when a strange scratching sounded at the door of their lonely cabin located in the headwaters of the Kingsalmon. They thought it might be some sort of a strange animal—a wolverine, perhaps, so Ole took up his rifle as his partner swung the door wide.

A ragged little Eskimo padded into the room followed by a large black and white dog. The man's face was white with frost, and he silently crouched before the Yukon stove.

His face blank with astonishment, Ole turned to his partner, "Who's that?"

Harvey shrugged. Turning to the Eskimo, he said, "You savvy English?"

The Eskimo ignored him, staring fixedly at the rifle Ole held.

Suddenly remembering his manners, Ole carefully hung the rifle on its pegs and ladled out a bowl of rich beaver soup.

The Eskimo gulped down the food. Then he took a small bundle of rags from beneath his shirt. Slowly, in the light of a flickering candle, he unwrapped layer after layer of cloth and birchbark.

The little man finally removed the last layer and displayed his treasure—four kitchen matches. He pointed first to them, then to himself. Ole nodded and placed a box of matches on the table.

The native smiled then, for the first time, and a second bundle appeared from his pack. He carelessly tossed it on the table indicating that the men should open it. Inside were five prime furs worth possibly four hundred dollars. He then ranged around the cabin, pointing at various provisions until a large pile accumulated in the middle of the table.

At last their strange visitor was satisfied, and ignoring their invitation to stay the night, the ragged little Eskimo loaded his pack and stepped

Thanks Palmer for Success

A. B. Aretz

"Before completing the course," writes A. B. Aretz of Tarentum, Pa., "I sold two stories: One for $110, the other for $145. They were punched out on a borrowed typewriter, a two-bit dictionary on one side, the Palmer lessons on the other. When the going got tough, I turned to the lessons. The answer was there. Luck? Plenty of it! But, with the continued help I am receiving from Palmer, I know I'll be lucky again."

"My First 2 Stories Brought Me $255"

Free Sample Lesson Shows How To Write Stories, Mysteries, Articles for Part or Full Time Income

Have you ever had an urge to write? Have you or friends had interesting experiences or ideas about people, places, hobbies, sports, business or social activities, that might make interesting stories or articles for magazines, trade and club publications, etc.?

$500 to $1500 Extra Income

Would you be willing to spend a few hours a week learning to write so you may earn $500 to $1500 a year extra income? Or many thousands on a full-time basis? We have helped many a clerk, soldier, housewife, mechanic or teacher to write for money. Why not you?

Earn While Learning—At Home

Now it's easier to learn than you may imagine through Palmer's unique method of home-study training—for NOT just one field of writing, but for *all*: Fiction, Article, TV-Radio. Endorsed by famous authors—including Rupert Hughes, Katherine Newlin Burt, and hundreds of graduates. For instance: A. E. Van Vogt, leading science fiction writer, says: "Your course is excellent. It was a milestone in my career."

Household Buys Student's First Article

"I received a big check from Household for an article on the 'date' complications of my teen-age daughters. Your lessons are so clear it's a real pleasure to work out the assignments. Instructors take personal interest and give honest encouragement."—Genevieve G. Thompson, Oil City, Pa.

Sells to Post, NBC-TV, CBS

"Your simple, direct approach to the problems that co front a writer, how to meet these problems, recognize a story idea, plan and finish the story were of enormous value to me."—J. Graham Doar (Author of "The Outer Limit"), Gearhart, Oregon.

Sells to Coronet, Reader's Digest

"What can Palmer training give me? I asked myself six months ago. Answer: Now I've sold to *Coronet, Reader's Digest* and others."—Mrs. Catherine Benion, Milton, Pa.

You receive *individual* coaching by professional writers who go over your writing, giving helpful suggestions and showing you how to correct weaknesses, how to capitalize on your good points. Thus *your own individual writing style* is developed. Study fast or slow. By learning at home, you save time and effort.

FREE Lesson Shows How

So you can see for yourself how you may cash in on the opportunities for new writers, we will send you free (1) a sample lesson, (2) an actual writing assignment, with (3) typical answers showing how professional writers do the work, and (4) a 40-page book, "The Art of Writing Salable Stories" describing your opportunities and giving details of our professional instruction.

Frankly, we make this offer because we are confident that when you see how interesting and helpful our training is you will want to get started earning extra money or enjoying the independence and freedom of a full-time writing career. No obligation; no salesman will call. Send now before you forget.

Palmer Institute of Authorship

Accredited: National Home Study Council

The Art
of Writing
Salable
Stories

Since 1917
1680 N. Sycamore
Desk ADV-97
HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIF.

Approved for Veterans

Mail This Coupon or Send Postcard

FREE

Palmer Institute of Authorship
1680 N. Sycamore
Hollywood 28, Calif., Desk ADV-97

Please send me free lesson package and 40-page book, explaining how you help new writers get started and experienced writers increase their income.

Mr.
Miss..
Mrs.
Address...
City..................................Zone.....State...........
Please print clearly. Veterans Check here ☐

out into the night. The thermometer hovered at -25°

One of those men would meet Klootuk again—but on that occasion, Klootuk would be the one with the rifle! In any case that was the only time the strange little brown man ever traded with white trappers—and left them alive to tell about it.

IN the winter of 1926-'27, Ole and Harvey each had new partners. Harvey had a cheerful halfbreed named Charlie Anderson from Snag Point with him, while Ole had taken a Finn sailor-turned-trapper named Jack Aho in his new camp at the lower end of the Chichitnuk.

Break-up, the spring of '27 was later than usual. The preceding fall Ole had agreed to wait at the mouth of the Chichitnuk for Harvey who was wintering clear in the spring swamps at the extreme headwaters of the Chichitnuk. Ole had a heavy freight canoe, while Harvey had only a very light boat, entirely unsuited to the lower Nushagak. And besides it wasn't a bad idea, in those days before radio and airplanes, for trappers to keep close track of each other.

The last ice moved out of the Chichitnuk on the 28th of May. The men anxiously watched the small pile of provisions melt as they waited for Harvey's blue canoe to appear around the bend. The second, the third and the fourth day passed. The river was falling fast, and further delay meant long, hard portages. But Ole and Harvey had come to Alaska together. As greenhorns they had broken each other in. And on the fifth day, Ole and Jack reluctantly pushed the heavy freight canoe into the stream and began the long upriver grind.

It was three days before they reached the little slough out of which the Chichitnuk flows. On the bank perched the tiny headquarters cabin Harvey and Charlie Anderson had built the preceding Fall. No smoke came from the chimney.

The men yelled. The sound faded and the indignant chatter of a squirrel mocked them. From behind the small ridge came the hollow tok-tok-tok of a woodpecker. Otherwise the clearing was silent. They pushed open the cabin door. The musty, mouldy smell told them that the door hadn't been opened for a long, long time.

Ole stood for a moment in the doorway. The cheerful, sunlit clearing, the dapple shadows cast by the tall spruces, and the sparkle of the blue water suddenly seemed malignant. A tiny prickle of fear hit him.

MEN'S PICTORIAL
Hal Anderson

"Just a second, Heston—let's have a look at that log!"

Abruptly Ole turned back to the cabin where Jack was aimlessly poking around through the shelves, and looking in corners.

There was no food in the cabin at all. Reluctantly, Ole and Jack decided to head down river. There was always the remote chance that Harvey and Charlie had somehow passed their cabin and were already in Snag Point—but neither man seriously thought it was likely.

Five days later, the two men, Ole and Jack, wearily paddled their canoe up to Lowe's dock at Snag Point. Their eager questions met with solemn replies. No one had seen or heard anything of Harvey or his partner!

OLE went through the motions of selling his fur, and when the salmon season opened, he took his place in a boat. But the picture of that silent clearing 200 miles upriver would not let him alone, so he finally abandoned the fishing and managed to get Butch Smith who operated a modest river freighting business to accompany him once again upriver to the Chichitnuk.

It was the first of July before the long, narrow river boat finally grounded in the shallows of the lower Chichitnuk. The men transferred to a canoe and grimly paddled on.

The slow miles fell astern and the daily grind in the heat and mosquitoes made simple travel a kind of exquisite torture. But the grim objective of their long trip made that voyage a nightmare both men will remember as long as they live.

A glance was enough to tell them that the cabin was undisturbed since Ole and Jack had searched a month earlier; so Butch merely folded his long frame over the pole and pushed right past into the series of swamps where the Chichitnuk begins.

The canoe nosed past clumps of grass and waterweeds and both men started as nesting ducks and geese rocketed out of hiding and went skittering across the water.

But it wasn't until noon of the second day that they caught a glimpse of Harvey's canoe. It was still securely beached and upside down. And then they found Harvey.

The body was floating face down at the edge of the cutbank. The remains had decomposed to the point where Ole and Butch dared not touch

ADVERTISEMENT

Fateful Warning About Suez Given in Strange 1951 Prophecy

A strange man in Los Angeles known as "The Voice of Two Worlds," is offering, free of charge to the public, an astounding 64-page booket analyzing famous world prophecies covering these times. Written in 1951, it successfully predicted that the next great world crisis would be at the Suez Canal. It shows that four of the greatest prophecies could not come true until the present time. But now they can, and the years that change the world are at hand. Great dangers but still greater opportunities, confront forward looking people in 1957.

"The Voice of Two Worlds," a well known explorer and geographer, tells of a remarkable system that often leads to almost unbelievable improvement in power of mind, achievement of brilliant business and professional success and new happiness. Others tell of increased bodily strength, magnetic personality, courage and poise.

These strange methods were found in far-off and mysterious Tibet, often called the land of miracles by the few travelers permitted to visit it. He discloses how he learned rare wisdom and long hidden practices, closely guarded for three thousand years by the sages, which enabled many to perform amazing feats. He maintains that these immense powers are latent in all of us, and that methods for using them are now simplified so that they can be used by almost any person with ordinary intelligence.

The 64-page booklet he is now offering free to the public gives guidance for those who wish to prepare themselves for the momentous days ahead. It gives details of what to expect, and when. Its title is "Beware of These days!"

The book formerly sold for a dollar, but as long as the present supply lasts, it is offered free to readers of this notice.

For your free copy of the astonishing prophecies covering these momentous times, as revealed in this 64-page book, address the institute of Mental-physics, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. 138-E, Los Angeles 4, Calif. Send no money. Just your name and address on a postcard or in an envelope will do. No obligation. Readers are urged to write promptly, as only a limited number of the free books have been printed.

them without help. But they could easily see the bullet hole in the exact center of the neck.

Nearly prostrate with grief, Ole covered the body with his best blanket and whispered a soft farewell that had something in it of all the nights and days they had shared, the cold, the hunger and the danger.

The long summer daylight made it possible to travel night and day. And only a little over 48 hours after leaving Harvey, they arrived at Snag Point, utterly exhausted.

The resident U. S. Commissioner quickly appointed a posse to bring out the body and make a search for his partner. But Charlie Anderson, the cheerful kid from Snag Point, was never found. There is little doubt that Klootuk ran him down after murdering his partner. The wound in Harvey's neck suggests that the trapper might have been shot while kneeling over a trap. And the superstitious old people among the Eskimos probably have stories about poor Charlie fleeing through the Arctic wastes unsuccessfully hoping to escape the mad Klootuk—like a rabbit from a fox.

Two months later, Butch was freighting a winter outfit up the Nushagak to Old Man Creek for two trappers, tough cockle little "Pinky" Peterson and big stolid Andrew Kolwik.

The final trail camp was made only a few hours from their destination. The long hard days with the line and pole exhausted the men and after a hurried supper they gratefully rolled into their blankets.

Men living in the wilderness often develop the ability to awaken instantly at any unusual or unexpected noise. Butch woke in the dark early morning—and heard a paddle softly strike the side of a canoe!

Catlike, he rolled out of his blankets and, taking his gun, softly moved down the beach to his boat. For a few moments he waited, crouching motionless in the boat's shadows—and then he heard the faint gurgle of water swirling behind a deeply thrust paddle. Out of the mist loomed a shadow slightly darker than the night, and a canoe softly grated on the sand.

A small figure eased over the side, rifle in hand, and a large animal followed.

Butch raised his rifle. "Hold it!" he roared.

The gun fell with a clatter on the pebbles, and the slight figure stood, head slightly bowed. It was Klootuk!

Taking no chances, they bound the Eskimo securely—or so they thought. It seemed foolish to bring the freight so far only to return it to Snap Point, so they decided to leave a guard with the Eskimo and push on to Old Man Creek which was merely an hour or two on upstream. So at daylight Kolwik and Klootuk watched the heavily loaded boat out of sight around the bend.

WHEN the boat returned in the early afternoon, Butch and Pinky stared in mute horror at the carnal scene on the sandbar. The cries of the wheeling, diving seagulls added a macabre note to the grisly picture. The mangled remains of Andrew Kolwik lay partly in the Mulchatna, but great smears of his lifeblood had splashed clear across the gravel, and the ground was torn up so it was impossible to tell exactly what had happened.

Somehow, Klootuk had gotten to a rifle, because poor Kolwik's arm had nearly been torn off by a bullet. Some obscure motive in that twisted brain then prompted Klootuk to abandon the gun, and Kolwik had been literally butchered with the campaxe! The manicidal fury of that attack was beyond anything human. Butch and Pinky sadly gathered Kolwik together and returned to Snag Point, abandoning the outfit at Old Man Creek.

Meanwhile, Jack Aho who had trapped with Ole Wassenkari the preceding year was returning to their camp, alone. Aho was evidently a man of great courage—but small intelligence. As he shook hands all around, and had his final drink, he bragged, "If trapping's no good, I'm going to hunt Klootuk!"

Whether he actually hunted Klootuk or whether, more likely, Klootuk hunted him, no one knows. But after the idlers on Lowe's dock watched him out of sight, no one—with the likely exception of Klootuk—ever saw him again. An intensive search was made—but there was no sign that he had ever gotten to his cabin! He simply vanished, as did Charlie Anderson—as did Klootuk himself.

The little Eskimo never appeared again. Several prospectors and trappers in the years since 1927 have claimed to have found his bones, but have never brought in any proof. A few years ago, however, one prospector stumbled across a tiny cabin high in the mountains between the Nushagak and the Hoholitna Rivers. Beside the skeleton of a man lay the skeleton of a large dog. Was that dog a black and white reindeer dog? Nobody knows.

And although nearly thirty years have passed since Klootuk last appeared, when the temperature dips way down and the Arctic gales moan around the cabin and your nearest neighbor is fifty miles downstream, and you hear a peculiar scratching at the door, do you open it?

If you do, open it slowly, and look to see if there's a reindeer dog beside the slight, ragged figure of the Eskimo. It might be Nickoli Klootuk—the Wildman of the Mulchatna. ■

HYPNOTISM CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

subjects to commit every crime from self-destruction to murder. One of these crimes will be a double murder committed in the course of a bank robbery by a hypnotized man. First, however, for some authoritative opinions concerning the devastating powers of hypnosis.

In his book *Hypnotism,* G. H. Estabrooks gives an example of how a Secret Service agent could be hypnotized and turned into a literal walking zombie. "We hypnotize our man," says Estabrooks. "We give him our message . . . a whole book if necessary . . . start him out . . . with the instructions that no one can hypnotize him under any circumstances except Colonel Brown . . . It is useless to intercept this messenger. He has no documents and no amount of 'third degreeing' can extract the information, for the information is not in the conscious mind to extract. We could also make him insensitive to pain so that even the third degree would be useless."

Not long ago I interviewed the well-known New York hypnotist Dr. Davis F. Tracy, author of such books as *Modern Hypnosis*, *Dental Hypnosis* and *How To Sleep Without Pills* Dr. Tracy had had the unusual experience of serving as psychologist-hypnotist for the St. Louis Browns, "talking away" aches and pains in the ballplayers. The experiment was flatteringly successful, for Dr. Tracy, although engaged at first for only a short time, was kept on throughout the season. In talking with me he constantly emphasized the deceptive powers of hypnotism, and told me something that was complete news to me—that in numerous combat forces hypnotism is now used to give troops abnormal fearlessness and resistance to pain and fatigue.

"Hypnotism and auto-suggestion or self-hypnosis," said Dr. Tracy, "years ago abundantly demonstrated their powers to short-circuit or block out either real or imaginary pain of the severest intensity . . . The reason there are few sufferers from combat 'shock' or so-called 'battle fatigue' in Russian, British, and German hospitals today is because hypnotism was widely used to wipe out all subconscious memory of the harrowing experience . . . Today, every Russian military doctor and Red Army nurse is trained in hypnotism, while all Soviet fighting men, as a part of their training, are hypnotized in groups until they become 'instant subjects,' after which they go on to learn how to hypnotize themselves."

BY hypnotic deception, soldiers about to go into battle can be told that the enemy is firing "dummy ammunition," and consequently will not believe that they are shot even when they are riddled with bullets and dying. Such men keep going until they are literally dead. It was Dr. Tracy's firm opinion that there should be hypnotist-physicians in our armed services, and that the G.I.'s should be taught auto-suggestion as a means of eliminating pain when wounded and painkillers such as morphine are not available.

Estabrooks admits frankly that the possibilities of crime available to a highly skilled and intelligent hypnotist "might be great." In a series of experiments at Syracuse University not long ago, Wesley Raymond Wells was able to make hypnotized subjects perform a considerable variety of anti-social acts, such as stealing from the rooms of acquaintances, merely by telling them that what they were taking was actually theirs. More startlingly, he made the subjects powerless to perform any one of 10 different acts, no matter how hard they tried. They were unable, for example, to recall their own names, open their eyes, or hear any voice other than that of Wells. The experiment made them unable to see things that were in full view and also made them see things that weren't there.

This power of visual hallucination is capable of wreaking great harm when wrongfully applied. I have seen a hypnotized subject standing on a chair in a condition of extreme panic; the hypnotist had told him that he was standing on a ledge at the top of a tall building. Conversely, I have been assured that a hypnotist could, if he wished, tell a subject to jump from any height he pleased and the subject would jump provided he had been told he was merely jumping from a chair to the floor. The possibilities for murder in this are frighteningly obvious.

All professional hypnotists are aware of the almost unlimited power they have over thoroughly hypnotized subjects, and are careful to avoid having subjects perform acts of a humiliating nature unless the subjects have consented to that sort of buffoonery in advance, It is not true that in some stages of hypnosis the subjects are unconscious; they may be fully awake and aware of what is going on yet unable to exert their will. Quite a few prankish or ill-educated hypnotists have been punched in the eye, scratched, or otherwise mauled by indignant subjects after they released the subjects from hypnotic control.

I myself have seen hypnotized persons drink noxious liquids (which could have been poisonous) in the belief that they were drinking milk, bark like dogs, mew like cats, crawl around on their bellies like snakes, and perform all sorts of other antics. One of the commonest of hypnotic tricks is to put the subject into a very deep or cataleptic trance, then tell him that his muscles are as rigid as steel; he becomes fantastically tense and in this condition can be placed like a metal bar on two chairs with the back of his head on the seat of one and his heels on the seat of the other—he is so rigid that half a dozen persons can stand or sit on him without bending him a fraction of an inch.

These are mere tricks, but they amply indicate how dangerous hypnotism can be if it is abused. There have been times when scientific experiments with hypnotism nearly resulted in disaster. In one such instance, in the United States, a soldier was hypnotized and instructed to attack a lieutenant. Of course the lieutenant was prepared to defend himself and he did so, but nobody realized at the start of this test that the soldier was carrying a concealed knife. He whipped out the knife and would have stabbed the lieutenant to death had not two other soldiers grabbed his arms just in time.

IN a similar instance, a United States soldier was hypnotized and told that a colonel was an enemy soldier and to attack "the enemy." He did so savagely, despite the fact that the colonel was in U. S. Army uniform and was personally known to the hypnotized man.

It is possible to produce all the symptoms of acute alcoholism or chronic drug addiction through hypnosis. In one experiment along these lines, Dr. Von Schrenk-Netzing of Munich told subjects they were drugged with hashish; their symptoms were typical. Ferel of Zurich told subjects they had been on a prolonged drunk and that no alcohol was available for them; they showed all the signs of alcohol deprivation such as profuse sweating, extreme weakness, fluttery pulse, nausea, trembling hands, headache, dry mouth, and so on.

Ferel also temporarily turned a law-abiding citizen into a would-be killer—although nobody was killed. He merely handed the hypnotized man a bit of chalk, pointed at another man and said, "That person is evil; he should be killed; stab him." The subject stabbed the other man over the heart with the bit of chalk.

Many more examples similar to these might be given. They all attest that hypnotism, in unscrupulous hands, can be deadly. It is difficult, of course, to actually obtain cases in which hypnotism has been used for criminal ends, since when the criminal is uncaught the connection with hypnotism remains unestablished while even if he is caught it may not be apparent that hypnotism was employed. However, there have been several "murders-through-hypnotism" in Europe recently. One of the most deliberate follows:

Just before bank-closing time of 3:00 P.M. on March 29, 1951, a young man of 33 named Palle Hardrup walked into the Midtown Bank of Copenhagen, Denmark. He walked quietly to one of the teller's windows and produced a revolver and a canvas bag. "Fill the bag with money," he said in a curiously toneless, mechanical voice. "One false move and I'll shoot."

The teller started to do as he was told, but the teller in the adjoining cage noticed what was going on and set off the burglar alarm. With automaton-like calm, Hardrup shot both tellers through the heart, using a single shot for each. Then, although the partially filled bag of money lay within easy reach, he turned and walked out of the bank.

He walked across the street and about a block and a half to a car parked on a side street. He calmly got into the automobile, sat down and waited. By that time there was a furore in the streets; people recalled afterward that Hardrup had never hurried or seemed excited. Few had even noticed the gun in the walking man's hand, and those who had had not associated it with the possibility that a crime had just been committed.

Hardrup put the gun down on the seat beside him and just sat there. He was still sitting there motionless when the police arrived. He offered no resistance as he was arrested.

When the police started to question Hardrup, they thought at first that he was a low-order intellect, a near-idiot. He did not seem to hear questions, the expression on his face was consistently vacuous, and he did not appear to realize what was going on. So the police summoned a psychiatrist, the famed Dr. Paul Herter of Copenhagen.

It was soon established that Hardrup was the veritable slave of an amateur hypnotist and ex-convict named Bjorn Schouwe Nielsen.

Neilsen—a powerful, brutish man

THE PIPE SMOKER'S DREAM COME TRUE

Every Pipeful Proves.

- NO BREAKING IN!
- READY-MADE CAKE!
- DOUBLE COOLING ACTION!
- CANNOT BURN THROUGH!
- FEATHER-WEIGHT!
- FLAT BASE, WILL NOT TIP!
- FINEST QUALITY IMPORTED BRIAR!
- INTERCHANGEABLE CERAMIC FILTER BOWLS!

DR. PHILIP'S PIPE
is the best!

PATENT PENDING

The ideal pipe for the STEADY SMOKER and especially the NEW SMOKER. Smokes dryer, cooler, cleaner. Ceramic bowls are interchangeable. Each pipe comes with FOUR extra bowls!

SHORT SMOKE MODEL ONLY $4.50
LONG SMOKE MODEL ONLY 5.50
(Both come with four extra bowls)

If not satisfied that this is the most amazing pipe you have ever owned, return within ten days and your money will be refunded!

QUALITY BAZAAR
Box 683 Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me postpaid .... Dr. Philip's pipe(s). I enclose $............ to cover the cost of the pipe I have checked below.

☐ SHORT SMOKE MODEL plus 4 EXTRA BOWLS @ $4.50
☐ LONG SMOKE MODEL plus 4 EXTRA BOWLS @$5.50

NAME..
ADDRESS..
CITY................................ZONE........STATE..................
(Sorry, no C.O.D.'s)

of 39—was arrested. He denied having had any connection with the attempted bank robbery and murders. "Hardrup is crazy as they come," he said.

Hardrup consented to be questioned while under the influence of "truth drugs." He confessed that the year before he had committed another bank robbery in which he had obtained 21,500 kroner, and that he had given all the money to Neilsen. "I am responsible for these crimes," he said, "and yet I am not guilty. My 'guardian angel' commanded me to do what I did."

HE was placed in a psychiatric ward, and Dr. Herter continued his patient questioning which ultimately was to comprise more than 400 pages. Hardrup revealed that Neilsen had hypnotized him many times, and, while he was in trance, had taught him in detail how to rob banks. He had acquiesced in the crimes because Neilsen had taught him that he needed the money in order to become the "saviour of Europe." By this device his ethical scruples had been overcome.

Both men were charged with robbery and murder, and trial got underway on June 16, 1953 in Copenhagen Supreme Court. The long delay—39 months—had been occasioned by the necessity for establishing, beyond reasonable doubt, that a man could be made to kill by means of hypnosis.

It was established that Nielsen had had absolute control over Hardrup, and had conducted many hypnotic sessions at which he had demonstrated this power over the younger man. "When I was with Nielsen," Hardrup testified, "I felt as though I stood at the gates of paradise. I gave him everything I had, even my beloved harmonica."

Hardrup was asked how he had committed the crimes. One question was: "Do you remember the feeling you had when you entered the bank?" His reply was: "I can only say that I was very calm. I did what the voice in me commanded me to do. I did it all mechanically."

"Why did you leave without the money?" he was asked concerning the second holdup.

"I can't say why I did," he admitted. "I couldn't act on my own accord when the money wasn't handed to me." This statement alone demonstrates the zombie-like state he was in.

Neilsen insisted that Hardrup was insane and had been so for years. But it was proven that the revolver which had killed the two tellers was Neilsen's, and it was indicated strongly that he had fled from the vicinity of the get-away car the instant he saw Hardrup approaching with the gun and without the money. It was proven that he had received all the money from the 1950 bank robbery and that Hardrup had supported him for years.

On July 17, 1954 both men were found guilty, Neilsen being found guilty of having employed hypnosis to incite Hardrup to commit criminal acts. Neilsen was sentenced to life imprisonment, Hardrup was declared insane and committed to a mental institution.

Thus ended one of the strangest criminal trials of recent years—a trial which established on the record that hypnotism can be used for criminal purposes.

Thus it is obvious that hypnotism, when practiced by the unscrupulous, can be utilized in the commission of almost any sort of crime. In view of the current great interest in the subject, the following advice seems all too necessary:

(1) If you are going to dabble in hypnotism, make sure of the integrity of the person or persons to whom you entrust yourself in hypnotic experiments.

(2) In general, do not allow yourself to be hypnotized unless at least two other persons are present—exceptions being when you are well-informed concerning the character of the hypnotist or he is a bona-fide and reputable medical doctor or psychiatrist. (As a matter of fact, most reputable hypnotists do not like to work alone with their subjects because of the danger that some crackpot or opportunist may charge them falsely with having committed some sort of offense.)

(3) If you learn how to hypnotize —and bear in mind that it is not difficult—avoid experimenting with subjects who are emotionally disturbed, mentally ill, or criminalistically inclined. The safest hypnotic subjects are normal citizens of good intelligence. They are also the easiest to hypnotize; actually a low-grade or psychotic intelligence is difficult or even impossible to hypnotize because of inability to maintain cooperation.

(4) Observe "The Golden Rule" in hypnotizing. Do not have a subject do anything that you would not be willing to have required of you if you were the subject.

(5) Unless you are properly qualified and licensed, do not attempt to apply hypnotism in the treatment of any sort of illness. In particular, do not apply hypnotism in the alleviation of pain, except in an emergency while awaiting the arrival of a physician. Much harm has been done by misguided non-medical hypnotists who, by stifling pain in subjects, led the subjects to believe that they were not seriously ill and in some instances delayed proper treatment until it was too late.

If you will follow these suggestions, there is little likelihood of your getting in trouble, or getting anybody else in trouble, through hypnotism. But bear this in mind always; hypnotism is much more than an amusing little psychological toy. It can be hideously destructive, even lethal, when used unwittingly or when deliberately misused. ■

THE DAY DEATH WAS KING CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

are thankful if their caulks (spikes in the boot soles) are sharp, and most of the men religiously file the caulks once a week to keep them keenly sharp.

With a man's life sometimes depending upon the shoes on his feet, riverjacks take great care of their well-caulked boots. Each day after work the boots are washed thoroughly inside and out when the men remove them from their feet. And some of the 'jacks warm the big boots up on cold mornings by pouring hot water in them before putting them on. The leather is well oiled so the water does not penetrate.

In addition to the boots, the other

important tools of the riverjacks' trade are a pike at the end of a long pole (used to hold logs close to the boat to guide the moving logs or to unjam a mass of logs. This instrument is called a peavy, named after a Maine blacksmith, Joseph Peavy, who invented the levered hook in 1858.

The eighty-mile trip down the winding Clearwater had an uneventful beginning. Harvey Spears, the cook, had fed the crew forty pounds of steak at noon, twenty-five pounds of roast at supper and ten pounds of bacon for breakfast. Everybody was in good health and good spirits.

Joe Ross, French-Irish drive foreman who had been making the drive for twenty-three years, was in charge. Joe is full of statistics which he claims prove it is cheaper for the company to float down the Clearwater than it is to send them to mill by rail. It costs about $3 per thousand to get the logs from logging camp to the mill by railroad, and only $1 per thousand on the river. According to Joe's figures, that is.

The second day out the crew sat around in the sun, working on their peavies and sharpening the caulks on their shoes and talking; spinning yarns about the thing they all knew best—logging.

It was about noon when the log jam came into sight. The center jam was standing still and the logs were piling up around it. The wanigan cruised around a curve in the Clearwater and there it was.

The riverjacks leaped for their peavys and went into action with the enthusiasm of men of action who have been sitting around taking it easy for a while. Nobody, as usual, reached for the safety belts and they stayed where they'd been hung the day the logging superintendent brought them out.

The peavy men went to work on the outer rim of the jam, working their way towards the center. Log after log was selected, the peavy spike jabbed into it and a swift above sent it off into deep water. The jam had centered around a pier jutting out into the river. The water around the pier was shallower than that in the center of the stream, hence the jam was sluggish at that point.

A survey of the center jam was made and a man sent back over the logs to the wanigan for a power saw. The saw would be used to cut the key log in half. Most jams are caused by one key log holding all of the others locked in place. Once the key log is cut and shifted the whole jam will loosen and the logs will once again begin their orderly trek down the stream of water.

There's a saying among loggers that "nothing travels faster than the last man off a log jam." And every eye and foot was alert now, as the sawing of the key log began.

On the pier "cat-men"—drivers of caterpillars—were working at the jam, too, helping the center men to release the key log. Winches were attached to logs around the pivot log, and the cat would then pull the logs out of the jam.

The danger would be in having a log shove up out of the jam and push you into the chilly water. Once a man was in the water in a log jam he has to fight the logs as well as the icy water. Hence the race to leave the jammed logs as soon as the key log begins to move.

The power saw hummed its way through the log in the wing jam, and one half of the key log shot upward. The move of the jam was swift, and when the riverjacks saw this they accelerated the pace of their movements, too. Every man raced for the outer edge of the jam, jumping agily from the shifting logs.

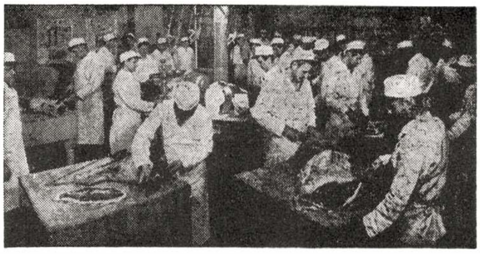
But the danger this time was not going to wreck its havoc on the peavy men. The men on the wanigan were watching the peavy handlers and not thinking of themselves. They were on the outer edge of the log jam and in the middle of the stream.

But you can never tell which way a jam will turn when its key log is cut. And this jam was no exception—it took a sudden swirling turn, and abruptly the wanigan was in the middle of a mass of fighting logs.

The first tumbling mass of logs that slammed against the boat knocked six of the watching riverjacks overboard. The trouble-maker among the logs was a huge jack pine that reared up out of the water and rammed the boat hard right in the center.

Three of the men managed to climb to safety aboard the big jack pine. The other three got caught in the swirling waters and fighting logs. And while their fellow riverjacks watched helplessly—the ones on the boat, that is, for the peavy men out on the jam were occupied with running for their lives to escape the moving logs also—the three in the water were pulled relentlessly to their death. The milling logs plunged and lunged around and above them. And the churning waters pulled them under. Their efforts to escape the water were frustrated by the plunging logs, which resisted their efforts to mount them for safety. It was a matter of the devil and the deep sea—and the sea won. The three men were drowned.

If they had been wearing the safety belts, as instructed, the riverjacks would not have been tossed from the boat. And as a result of that accident the Potlatch crews have worn the belts religiously. ■



MEAT CUTTING Offers YOU
SUCCESS And SECURITY
In The Best Established Business In The World • PEOPLE MUST EAT!

TRAIN QUICKLY in 8 short weeks for a bright future with security in the vital meat business. Trained meat men needed. Big pay full-time jobs, year-round income, no layoffs—HAVE A PROFITABLE MARKET OF YOUR OWN!

LEARN BY DOING AT NATIONAL

Get your training under actual meat market conditions in our big modern cutting and processing rooms and retail department.

PAY AFTER GRADUATION

Come to National for complete 8 weeks course and pay your tuition in easy installments after you graduate. Diploma awarded. Free employment help. Thousands of successful graduates. OUR 35th YEAR!

FREE CATALOG—MAIL COUPON

Send now for big new illustrated National School catalog. See students in training. Read what graduates are doing and earning. See meat you cut and equipment you work with. No obligation. Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal card NOW! G.I. Approved.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEAT CUTTING, INC.
Dept. AD-24 Toledo 4, Ohio

National School of Meat Cutting, Inc.
Dept. AD-24, Toledo 4, Ohio
Send me your FREE School catalog on National Training at Toledo in Meat Cutting, Meat Merchandising and Self Service Meats No obligation. No salesman will call.
Name.............................Age.......
Address.......................................
City..........................State..........
Approved for training Korean Veterans

HORROW BELOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

tions for the gold hunt had been made, in part, before I joined the party in Santa Monica for the cruise down the coast to the secret "gold field." Last minute preparations, which took place at destination, were photographed by me, and I began to realize then that there was more to the project than I'd thought, from listening to the casual story.

Our equipment was carefully checked and attached to each of the four divers before they went below the water's surface. My own equipment was confined to the under-water camera with which I would record gold-hunting operation.

They went down one at a time, with the other three staying above surface, resting and attending the air lines, the lines on the canvas bags. I followed the divers down each trip, and recorded the movements required to mine the gold. For a while it looked as if it would be cut and dried, just as it had sounded. But on the second trip down the sea—as it usually does—produced a surprise.

Jervis was the diver this trip, and I was photographing his hands as he worked with a sharp-ended shovel to dislodge a promising section of rock. The jutting rock was more firmly embedded than it appeared to be, however, and Jervis reached back into the base of it to try and dislodge it at the roots. The next thing I knew his hand and arm disappeared into a hole beside the rock and his whole body was drawn roughly and strongly along with the thrust, flattening him against the wall of rock that jutted flush upward from the small section he had been working to dislodge. I could see that he pulled against the force which had a hold on his hand, but from the surge of the muscles under his skin-tight suit I knew there was an unusually strong force pulling against him.

Instinctively I had let my camera fall, to hang from the cord around my neck, and I plunged as fast as I could to his aid. I grabbed his free arm and began to pull, all the while considering the danger we both faced in the matter of air—in a matter of seconds now we would both need to surface. Unless I could help Jervis to free himself of the force that had pulled his hand and arm into the hole in the rock, I would be forced to leave him and surface to save my own life—and he would be lost.

It was a tense moment, one that needed more oxygen expended than we had to expend. And the possibility of its ending in anything but disaster was uppermost in both our minds; I could see in Jervis' face the things that fled across my own mind.

It was a combination of strength and determination from both of us, and the fact that Jervis' hand was bare and therefore more able to slip from the slimy hold than if it had been covered. He was abruptly released and the force we were exerting in our pull propelled us both violently away from the rock, and upward.

We surfaced almost instantaneously. For a moment we tred water and gasped for breath together. Finally, we could use our voices.

"Any idea what *that* was?" I asked him.

"An eel," he said firmly. "A giant eel. I've run into them before down here. But always in the open, so we didn't clash. This fellow got a hold on me and was able to brace himself against the wall of rock on the other side. If I hadn't managed to worm my hand out of his grasp we'd have both pulled against that rock wall until I passed out. He couldn't have pulled me through that small hole, so Lord only knows how long *he* would have kept pulling at my hand and arm long after I was no longer pulling against him."

It was near-death of the type that every skin-diver faces constantly when he's under water. The sort of thing, however, that makes the game exciting, and sends you back for more, again and again.

There were other emergencies and near-disasters that day, but this incident which I chose to relate here was the most exciting—and most dangerous.

The gold? Yes, we brought up quite a load of gold-filled rock. Enough for several days work in the home-made processing plant which my friends had built in their large garage. A hobby that's exciting and interesting—and brings in money, too! ■

THE GIRL WHO MAKES ROME BURN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

summer. News was scarce, and I was very surprised when one of them said, "Let's figure out a story on Novella!"

"Is that one of the tourist spots?" I asked naively.

A general roar went up. I figured I had said something pretty witty but natch, I wanted to be let in on the joke. That was when they told me about the girl whose age could be anywhere between twenty-six and thirty, who has a gamin face, a tiny but well-formed body and a gift for saying the most outrageous things in a frank manner that defies your doubts as to her veracity. When this one newspaperman in particular met Novella a few years ago, she was probably just as talented with the brush as she is now, but nobody had ever heard of her and few of her paintings had sold. He suggested that she do something to make herself newsworthy, such as wearing something odd in clothing, for instance.

That afternoon she went to meet some friends in a fashionable cafe and wore a figure-hugging ensemble of a bright red velvet blouse and green satin pants. Since at that time it was unheard of for women to wear pants in Italy, an item appeared about her in the papers the next day and a few days later she sold her first painting. It was her first lesson in the value of publicity.

She has never stopped learning how to make news. Her weird exhibits in the semi-annual Via Margutta outdoor art fairs in Home bring her top sales. She has been photographed to a fare-thee-well doing the kinds of things you would expect of one of her subjects—not of the artist herself. Recently she was photographed climbing a ladder at the Via Di Novella street sign—because she was adding her last name to it.

She hit the international publicity jackpot when one of her models, a Lisa Schneider, complained that a painting made as a personal favor of herself was sold by Novella to a night club for its display. After many postponements and considerable publicity the canvas was removed by court order. But immediately there was a new lawsuit instituted by Lisa. It seems Novella came up with an unflattering surrealistic portrait of her out of revenge for the original charges.

Another girl has sued Novella for painting her portrait with her hair turned into coils of snakes. It is perhaps a strange painting, but people who come into Novella's studio are used to seeing paintings that are unconventional. In fact, most of them don't know where to look. "They look everywhere but at my paintings," she has been known to complain. One exception was Aly Khan.

"He came into the studio, sat down in the middle of the floor and systematically examined every painting. Yes, he liked them—as art—not as a collection of vulgar pictures, which is the way many other people regard them."

Novella met Aly at a party at Rome's luxurious Excelsior Hotel. He had heard of her and wanted to be introduced. Immediately after he asked to see her studio. That same night he took her dancing. After that they spent lazy days in the country with Novella making dozens of sketches of him while he was lounging in the grass of the country. She still insists that he impressed her more than any man she has ever met, that the way he looks at a woman makes her feel she is the center of the most intimate feelings, both physically and spiritually.

ON the other hand she met Marlon Brando through a French girl they both knew, and before the night was over she knew this was a man she could never love. First he couldn't manage the chop sticks in a Chinese restaurant they went to, and ended scattering food all over the walls and ceilings because of his frustration. Then he spent the whole night in her studio lounging and talking about everything in creation, while the phonograph played and Novella sketched him. She felt that he was certainly a strange and vivid character, but definitely not the lovable type.

"Well, would you like to meet her? Interview her?" the group asked me. I couldn't refuse. The pictures they had shown me were certainly tantalizing. It was arranged that Novella and I would meet at the Press club for lunch the next day.

I was exactly on time and amazed to find Novella already there. She looked actually dirty—her make-up must have been put on the night before, as the eye-shadow on one lid was streaked by a nail that must have unconsciously rubbed across it, her hair needed a touch-up badly and a shampoo and combing even more badly, and it was obvious that her dress had been thrown on her and that she wore nothing underneath it. Besides, it was badly wrinkled.

Everyone sat there drinking for the next two hours, my first introduction to the Italian idea of "lunch" at 3PM. That was the time when Novella and I left the others to meet two young actresses who were to lunch with us. I still had gotten no chance to interview her. My press friends had warned me that Novella would pretend to understand or speak no English, but that she understood it very well. I knew very little Italian, so we compromised by speaking French, a language we both were acquainted with.

DESPITE her slovenly appearance, Novella carried off her hostessing responsibility towards me with a grand manner, performing the necessary introductions to people who came to our luncheon table to pay court to her. It was almost like a game of moving chairs. There was always someone waiting to sit down when another visitor got up to leave. Lunch took two hours. Fortunately, I had made no other plans. Novella was generosity itself about paying the check. Again I had been warned to let her do it, as Novella was usually treated lavishly by everyone else and made enough money to be able to pick up a tab when it was for her benefit.

As we walked out of the restaurant courtyard, (where I must admit that even the enigma of the reality of Parigini with the fantasy of her reputation had not prevented my enjoying my first real Italian food), I looked about for a cab, and asked Novella where to next. She opened her eyes wide and said, "But now I must nap. It would be impossible to do the interview without a nap."

Deadpanned, I put all my annoyance into a verbal rebuke and said, "I doubt very much that we could accomplish much if you're so tired. Perhaps another time?"

OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

For rates, write Stewart, 9 S. Clinton, Chicago 6, (MB-ON7)

PERSONAL

POEMS WANTED FOR New Songs. Send Poems. Free Examination. Immediate Consideration. Songcrafters, 2724 Arcade Station, Nashville, Tenn.

DRESSES 24c; SHOES 39c; Men's Suits $4.95; trousers $1.20. Better used clothing. Free Catalog. Transworld 164-CB Christopher, Brooklyn 12, N.Y.

SONGS—SONG POEMS wanted by large recording company. Music Makers, Box 2507-F, Hollywood, Calif.

ADULTS, "INTERESTING MAILS"—25c keeps your mailbox full three months. Bentz, (Desk-S/16), Chatawa, Miss.

MAKE BEER FOR About 2c a Bottle. Directions 50c. Brewmaster, Box 436, Texas City, Texas.

"RULE OTHERS WITH Thoughts." (Telepathy). Details—stamp. Wisdom, 846-C9 Sunnyside, Chicago 40.

STOP FALLING HAIR, one day forever. $4.00. Write, Edlin, B2139, Paterson, N.J.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

INVENTORS—IF YOU believe you have an invention, you should find out how to protect it. Send for copy of our Patent Booklet "How To Protect Your Invention" and "Invention Record" form. No obligation. McMorrow, Berman & Davidson, Registered Patent Attorneys, 351-B Victor Building, Washington 1, D.C.

INVENTORS—SEND TODAY for instructive booklet "Patent Protection for Inventors" giving detailed patent information and outlining preliminary steps to take toward patent protection,—also "Evidence of Invention" form. Victor J. Evans & Co., 378-L Merlin Building, Washington 6, D.C.

FOREIGN & U.S.A. JOB LISTINGS

EARN HIGH PAY: Jobs in South America, the Islands, USA, Europe, Canada, other foreign countries. All Trades, Mechanics, Truck Drivers, Laborers, Office Workers, Engineers, etc. Chance to travel. Fare paid if hired. Application forms. Free information. Write Dept. 104, National Employment Information, 1020 Broad, Newark, New Jersey.

FOREIGN, STATESIDE JOBS. Skilled, unskilled. Full information. Forms. Act today—Highest pay. Research Services, Box 2904-MBA, St. Louis 17, Missouri.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

LEARN MINERALOGY AT home. Diploma Course. Fortunes being made in Uranium and other minerals. Free catalogue. Mineral Science Institute, Desk O, 159 E. Ontario, Chicago 11.

LEARN CIVIL AND Criminal Investigation at home. Earn steady, good pay. Inst. Applied Science, 1920 Sunnyside, Dept. 138, Chicago 40, Ill.

PHYSICAL THERAPY PAYS Big Profits. Learn at home. Free Catalog. National Institute, Desk 12, 159 East Ontario, Chicago 11.

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP! Details free. Research Association, Box 610-PE, Omaha.

SALESMEN WANTED

MAKE EXTRA MONEY. Cash commissions. Everybody buys easy-to-sell Advertising Book Matches. Union label. Big variety—Glamour Girls, Scenics, Hillbillies. Powerhouse selling kit free. Steady repeat business. No experience necessary. Superior Match Co., Dept. G-1057, 7528 S. Greenwood, Chicago 19.

LOANS BY MAIL

BORROW $50 TO $500. Employed men and women, over 25, eligible. Confidential—no co-signers—no inquiries of employers or friends. Repay in monthly payments to fit your income. Supervised by State of Nebraska. Loan application sent free in plain envelope. Give occupation. American Loan Plan, City National Bldg., Dept. BC-10, Omaha, Nebraska.

BUY IT WHOLESALE

BUY WHOLESALE! 30-80% Discounts! Appliances, Gifts, Typewriters, Tools, Watches, Sporting Goods, Jewelry, Cameras, Housewares, etc. Consolidated Distributors, Clifton 39, New Jersey.

BUY WHOLESALE SAVE 80%. Gifts, Appliances, Jewelry. Rowe, 1657 Gregory, Chicago, Illinois.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

BAKE NEW GREASELESS Doughnuts in Kitchen. Sell stores. Small investment. Vinray 3605 South 15th, Minneapolis 7, Minnesota.

OPERATE PROFITABLE MAIL order business. Write Walter Service, 4159P East 112th, Cleveland 5, Ohio.

INSTRUCTION

U.S. CIVIL SERVICE Tests! Training until appointed. Men-Women, 18-55. Start $224-$340 month. Experience often unnecessary. Qualify Now! 36-page book shows jobs, salaries, requirements, sample coaching, benefits. Write today: Franklin Institute, Dept. K-49, Rochester, N.Y.

OLD COINS & MONEY WANTED

WE PURCHASE INDIANHEAD pennies. Complete all coin catalogue 25c. Magnacoins, Box 61-OA, Whitestone 57, N.Y.

WE BUY ALL rare American coins. Complete catalogue 25c. Fairview, Box 1116-KA, New York City 8.

BOOKS & PERIODICALS

FREE ILLUSTRATED HYPNOTISM Catalogue. Write: Hypnotist, 8721 Sunset, Hollywood 46W, California.

WANT YOUR BOOK published? Free booklet 56. Vantage, 120 W. 31, New York City.

LAND BARGAINS

ARIZONA HOMESITES! NO money down, $149.50 total $5 month! Hunting, fishing, near city. Streets, utilities available. Deer Run Ranch Estate, Box 26, Casa Grande, Arizona.

HOME SEWERS OPPORTUNITIES

$200 MONTHLY POSSIBLE, Sewing Babywear! No house selling! Send stamped, addressed envelope. Cutie Cuties, Warsaw 13, Indiana.

HELP WANTED

EARN EXTRA MONEY Selling Advertising Book Matches. Free Sample kit furnished. Matchcorp, Dept. GH-11, Chicago 32, Illinois.

MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

CHOOSE YOUR OWN Business. Learn in Your Spare Time. Send One Dollar For Complete Information. Fox, Box D, Elgin, Nebr.

FREE: "RETIREMENT . . . $68,700.00 Investor's Dream!" Zinke, 315 Lincoln, Mount Morris, Illinois.

MAKE EXTRA MONEY Sparetime. Tom Sales, 1305-V North Western, Chicago 22.

Instantly, her manner changed. She was willing to forego her nap, as she saw that she might lose a chance at some publicity. But now I was firm, so we made a date for the next day *after* her nap—six-thirty in the evening. I knew that in Rome dinnertime was never before nine or ten in the evening, so six-thirty was like a cocktail appointment and good for business.

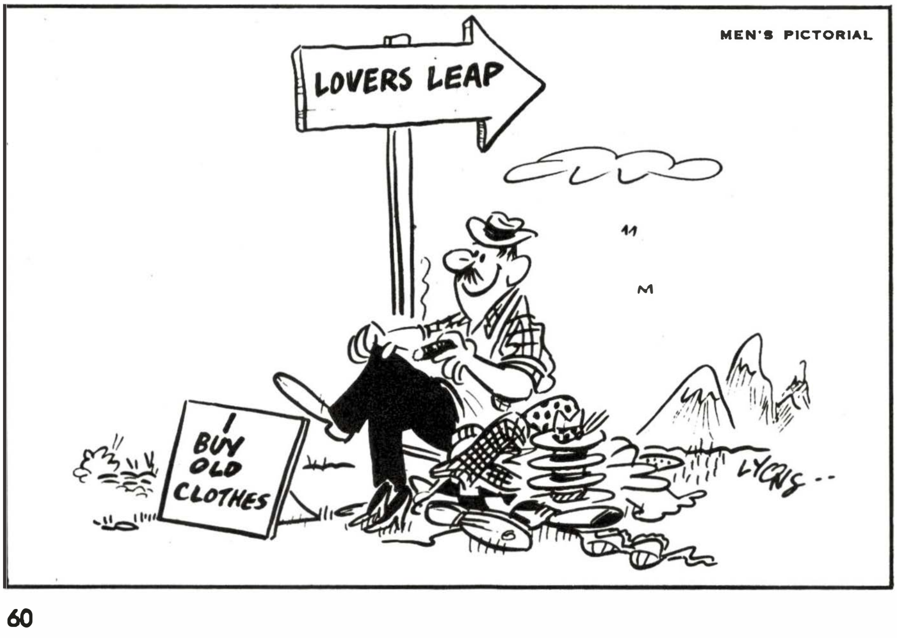
When I arrived at the Via Margutta for my appointment, I had to enlist the help of a small boy to find the house where Novella lived. She was certainly well-known. The moment I asked for him to help me, he cried out: "La Bella Novella, La Bella Novella," faces popped out of stores and side-walk loungers looked my way.

I climbed six concrete flights of stairs to her apartment, which is actually her studio, her home, the hub of her life. She was No. 13 on the door, but whether it is actually the thirteenth I didn't bother to find out. Like Novella's other tastes, it is appropriate because it defies taboo. She has a living-room, a painting room, a kitchenette of sorts and a bath. In the winter there is no heat except for a fireplace, and in the summer she sleeps in a net rope hammock from Africa, placed exactly in the center of the living-room, because it was a gift from Aly Khan. She calls her place "Settino Cielo," 7th Heaven, and is never so happy, she told me, as when she has parties. Since she knows "everybody" and "everybody" knows her, she gets a kick out of having princes, millionaires, artists and film stars rubbing elbows with one another because they have one thing in common—knowing her. At one part she caused quite a stir because 300 guests turned up when thirty had been invited, and the venerable palazzo that houses her studio almost collapsed under the strain. To preserve the historic building she had to promise to limit the number of guests she entertains at one time.

While she was telling me this, and showing me her scrap books of stories on herself from all over the world, including behind the Iron Curtain, part of me charmed by her personality, the other slightly disgusted. Believe it or not, she still had the same messy make-up on (didn't she ever wash her face upon getting up?) because the scratch on the eye-shadow still showed, she wore the same dress and her hair still looked slept in. Perhaps she never took her clothes off except for Art's sake?

She returned a few minutes later, washed, hair combed and just a little lipstick on, dressed in pedal-pushers and a sweater. Her eyes mocked me as tho' to say, "Who won?" and the interview was on the earnest.

I learned that on the wall of her studio is written "ill ne faut pas visiter le philosophe solitaire," but nobody believes that she ever meant it, that you mustn't visit the solitary philosopher. She admitted to me that by behaving "quite naturally" and letting people think that they will, she had built up a reputation with a cash-value for eccentricity. People go out of their way to meet her, and she can get away with odd attire that might bring repercussions against someone else.



AT CAPRI, when she was painting in a bikini scanty even by Capri standards, instead of arresting her a policeman merely suggested that her costume was not quite adequate for public appearance. In Rome, she often goes about in slacks or blue jeans, but shortly after I got back to America, I read a column item to the effect that Novella had created a disturbance in Rome street by appearing in a bikini because of the high heat that day.

Novella often paints women with cats' heads. She says that a woman's character is feline—sweet and soft and fickle. This might possibly be why she says women hate her, that all women fear she will steal their men. To her a woman has in her body the sensual languor of a cat and in her eyes a cat's watchfulness. She discovered this, she says, at eighteen and had been painting women that way ever since. Many people feel that actually Novella is painting herself because she can don a very catlike expression sometimes about her own eyes—or in her remarks about other women.

Novella has three brothers and three sisters and is the youngest, as well as the only artist in the family. She was brought up in Siena, near Florence, and after discovering the delights of modern art when she was fourteen, she fought her parents for permission to go to Rome to become an artist and at sixteen finally ran away from home. At first she stayed with relatives, but when they were too strict for her standards, she moved to Rome's Via Margutta area, the headquarter for the city's art colony.

Listening to Novella talk, it was difficult to believe some of the things the newspaper people of Rome had told me. That she is a publicity figure of everyone's else's sculpting. When people suggest weird ideas to her, she falls in with them when they tell her what to say for publication, she says it. Nobody actually does believe anything she says to the press any more but they all admit that she's probably the first artist in Rome who had made money on her painting.

She scored her top artistic triumph

last Easter when she showed three paintings of Christ on the Cross. One has since been hung in the Bernini-built Church of Santa Maria—Monet Sante at the Piazzo di Popolo. She had a recent exhibit in London and not one painting was returned. When she was in New York to exhibit at the Corning Gallery, all fifty-four of her paintings were snapped up. She says she has been doing about forty paintings a year for the last ten years in Rome, and has finally sold everything she has offered.

A lot of her sales-appeal has to do with the ways she capitailizes on publicity-prone subjects. She does not always paint nudes, even though they have gotten her the biggest press. Two of her "respectable" portraits, of which she is very proud, are the Queen Soraya of Persia and Shelley Winters, the American star. Each of these women supposedly strengthened her resolve to stay single, the very fact that Soraya was a queen emphasized the servitude of marriage to Novella. And since Shelly Winters was at the time going through her unhappy marriage with Vittorio Gassman, Novella made Shelley's eyes red in the picture, to emphasize her anguish and bitterness.

She claims that the two most perfect gentlemen in her life were Errol Flynn, Johnny Ray. Naturally, the announcement of her brief engagement to Johnny Ray did not hurt either of them press-wise, and whenever news becomes dull for the foreign press, there is always someone else available to who her forthcoming marriage (that never takes place) can be announced.

ONE thing Novella couldn't understand was why, when she finally decided men worth painting, Gary Cooper refused to allow her to paint him in Rome. It was only much later, when he had already left the country, that she found out her publicity had doublecrossed her for once! She was so well-publicized as a painter of nudes that he thought she would make him take off his own clothes!

"Why don't you tell your American readers that I am longing to return to America to see if I can find this perfect man to pose for me?" she suggested.

"Isn't that exactly what you stated in an article in a London newspaper here?" I replied. "That you wanted to go back to England to search for your perfect male model in that country.

She shrugged and looked impish. "C'est diplomatique, n'est-ce pas?" I understood then why she could charm those hard-boiled American newspaper people in Rome to work for her and think they were doing it for themselves. The gal can really generate when she wants to.

I agreed with her when she said, "Being myself had been lucky for me. Even at the strict convent school in Florence where I went when I was very young. Everyone was wonderful to me. I got up when I wanted to, had my meals when I wanted to, went for walks when I felt like it. No one minded. The nuns never disciplined me, they seemed to like it!"

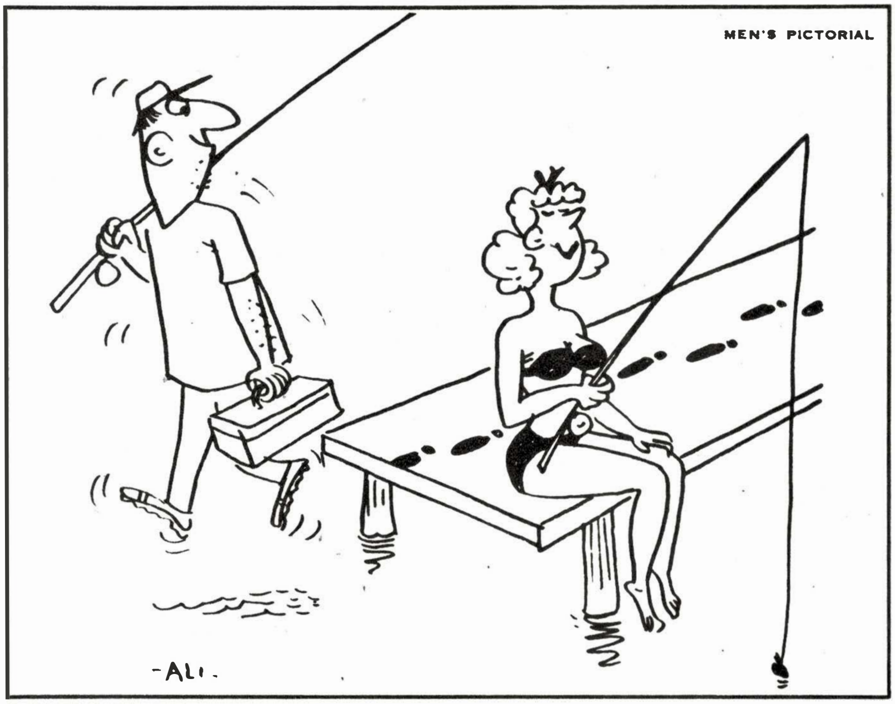
"Many of the things people say about me are untrue or exaggerated," she insists. "I do not care what they say about Novella the woman as long as they give the boost to Novella the artist. I do not bother to quarrel with anyone who says something unpleasant about me, but I will fight like—what you say—crazee, if anybody try to get to be boss with me . . ."

She was with friends in a Rome night club one evening when ex-King Farouk came in with his entourage. The place was crowded and the head-waiter asked Novella's group to give their table to Farouk as it was the choice one and the one he wanted. "I'm Farouk," the ex-king announced to them, as tho' this was sufficient reason to displace them. "Who cares?" the little spitfire answered. "I'm Novella Parigini! And refused to allow her friends to vacate the table. Farouk was livid, but there was nothing that could be done about it and he had to go elsewhere for his pleasure that evening.

Novella insists that marriage would be a prison, but constantly she is scandilizing people by her seeming affairs with this celebrity or that. She says she likes to dance in the night clubs until 3 or 4 in the morning and then stay up for hours painting. Would a husband stand for that, she muses?

I can't help but wonder how much of what she said to me is truth, or whether she is merely all things to all people, guided only by a desire to fulfill them, whether it be in a need for a story, or other things. Photographers insist that once they let Novella look at a picture of herself they never see it again. Certainly, the sight of wall after wall in her studio covered with her own publicity might lend credence to the statement that she loves to read about herself, can sit for hours looking at photos of herself.

If that is so, who am I to deny her the pleasure of one more clipping for her scrapbook, one more remembrance of an interview in Rome, on a hot summer evening, when somebody truly did want to just sit and talk with her? ■



Free! 107 IRON CURTAIN
PLUS 87 FOREIGN FLAG STAMPS!

SENSATIONAL GET-ACQUAINTED OFFER
For stamp collectors and EVERYONE seeking an exciting hobby. Get this spectacular collection of 107 weird, fascinating stamps from far-off Russia, Romania, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Ukraine, and other enslaved nations! All-different, all-genuine, hard-to-get stamps from behind the Iron Curtain; world's largest airmail; gorgeous commemoratives; Lithuania "farewell"; sensational Stalin issue: many others. **PLUS** 87 gorgeous flag stamps of 87 different foreign countries! **EXTRA!** Big bargain catalog, booklet, "How To Recognize Rare Stamps"; other exciting offers. **Rush Coupon** with 10c to help defray cost of mailing. *Limited Supply.* Send today!

USE THIS HANDY COUPON
KENMORE, Milford HF-866, New Hampshire
Rush my *Free* 107 Iron Curtain Collection, Big Bargain Catalog, Booklet, etc. I enclose 10c for mailing costs.

NAME ______________________
STREET ______________________
CITY ______________ STATE ________

SNAPS OPEN WITH
STARTLING SPEED

"Faster-than-the-eye-can-see" Italian Stiletto will be the center of conversation wherever you show it. Extremely dependable, effective and necessary as a hunting or fishing companion for any urgent situation. Direct import. Extra heavy high-carbon steel blade. Genuine bone handle. Authentic Italian Stiletto is unchanged from original unique design that has intrigued Sportsmen the world over.

POSITIVE LOCK either fully open or closed, for **ABSOLUTE SAFETY!**

REGULAR (5-9/16" opened) $5.50
GIANT (9" opened) $6.95
COLOSSAL (13¼" opened) $8.95

SEND NOW!...check, cash or M.O. California resident add 4% state tax. Sorry no C.O.D.'s. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SEAPORT TRADERS INC.
Dept. 27
409 East 12th St., Los Angeles 15, Calif.

Titania! the MAN-MADE *miracle* GEM STONE you read about in READER'S DIGEST SAT. EVE. POST MORE BRILLIANT and MORE BEAUTIFUL than DIAMONDS

Unset "Titania" Gems; 1 to 5 carats; for your own rings, brooches, etc. per carat, ONLY $10*

1-carat "Titania" Solitaire set in 14-kt gold mounting. Complete for ONLY $22.50*

1-carat "Titania" set in a Masculine Box Style 14-kt mounting. Complete for ONLY $28.50

FREE: *Booklet and Handy Ring-Size Chart*
*All prices plus 10% Fed. Tax

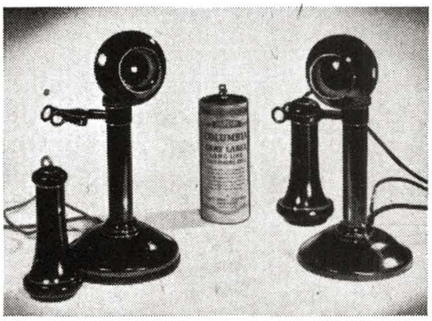
by REGENT LAPIDARY CO.

Regent *(Synth)* STAR RUBIES & SAPPHIRES *at Proportionately Low Prices*

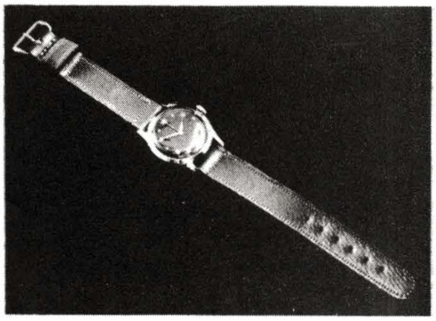
Dept. AG-55, 511 East 12 St., New York 9, N. Y.

Men's Mart

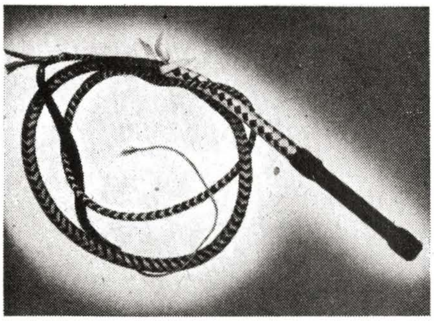
All products shown here may be obtained directly from indicated sources. Send check or money order with your order. Manufacturer will refund full purchase price on prompt return of unused, non-personalized items. This department is not composed of paid advertising.



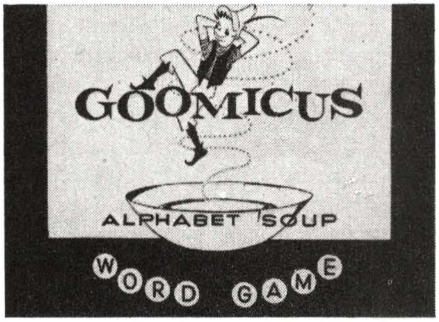
Recognize these? Probably the most durable phones ever made, these have been reconditioned and refinished in gleaming black, and together make a good and cheap intercom system. A pair, with a surplus battery and 50 feet of wire, $6.95 ppd. (With all brass phones, $11.95.) Additional black phones, $3.95 ppd. each. (Brass, $5.95.) Scientific Co., Room 411, 49 East 41st St., N.Y. 17, N.Y.



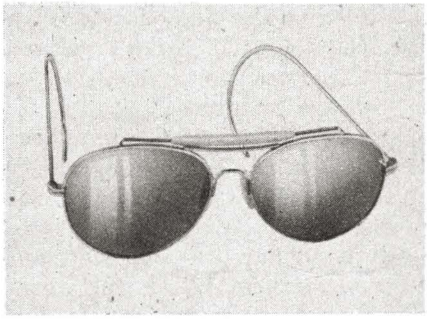
This 17-jewel watch has a high grade Swiss movement, and is waterproof, shockproof and anti-magnetic. It has an unbreakable mainspring and crystal, and is easy to read. Ideal for outdoorsman, it has luminous dial and hands, sweep-second hand. Electronically timed and adjusted, it has a 2-year guarantee. $14.95 ppd. Karron Enterprises, Dept. E, 2 S. Main St., S. Norwalk, Conn.



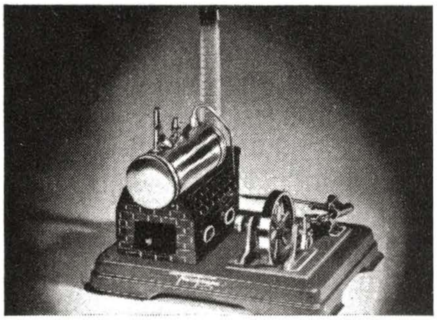
You're looking at an authentic old-time Western bull-whip (like the ones stagecoach drivers used) complete to weighted swivel handle. You can really twirl this one and it makes a terrific crack. Top-grade calf is 8-plaited, whip is balanced for accuracy. Real craftsmanship, low price. 6 ft., $7.95; 8 ft., $9.95; 10 ft., $11.95; 12 ft., $13.95. Arms & Weapons, 40-G East 40th, N.Y. 16.



Chances are that one time or another in your life you've eaten alphabet soup—and that's exactly what gave the good man who makes this game his idea. He's called it "Goomicus", and it's made up of 120 colorful non-toxic plastic letters which clip together to form word chains. Cute and educational. With rules and directions, $1.98 ppd. from Alphabet Soup Co., 419 Eldert Lane, Brooklyn, N.Y.

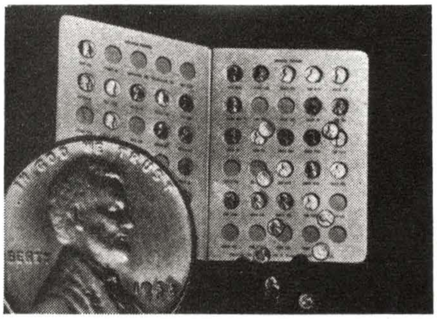


This is a new type of night-driving glasses that have amber-tinted lenses which let through infra-red light so that the wearer can see more clearly at night and in hazy, foggy weather. Glasses have 24K gold-plated aviation frame, adjustable nosepads. With case, $2.98 ppd. Clip-on type, $2.25 ppd. Specify for man or woman. Stuyvesant Trading, Dept. AD, 130 W 42nd, N. Y.

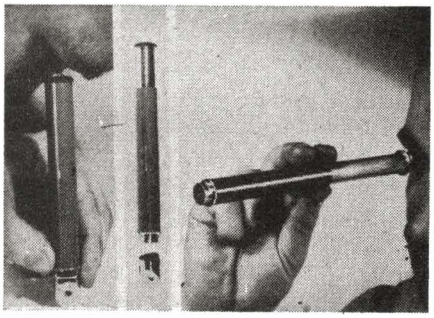


This precision-made, live-steam engine will add realistic power to any operating model. Develops 1/30th h.p. at 1,000 r.p.m. Boiler is drawn brass and fittings are solid bronze. Has hand-throttle steam whistle and grooved pulley wheel. Operates off safe dry fuel and measures some 10". German-made; with fuel for initial run. $8.95 ppd. from Chabon Scientific, 60-A East 42nd St., New York.

SHOP BY MAIL



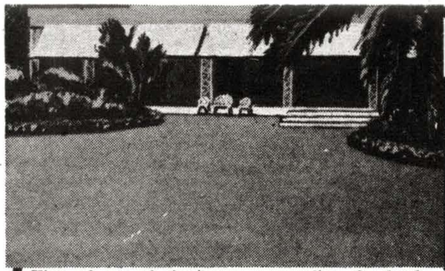
Object you're looking at is an unusual album for Lincoln head pennies—there's a place for 59 pennies, some easy to come by, others hard to find. Idea is to fill the album, naturally, but when full it'll be worth $16. Album's $1 ppd. from BYBY-MAIL, Box 488, Dept. A, Hempstead, N.Y. If you fill the album and return it to them, they give you $16 and $1 purchase refund.



No bigger than a fountain pen, but plenty powerful is this new precision-made pocket microscope-telescope. Handy for sports, looking at rare objects, just plain snooping. Telescope magnifies 10-power with a wide, brilliant field. Microscope is 50-power. Focus sharp at any range: a real optical instrument, not a toy. $4.95 ppd. Prince Enterprises, 103 Park Ave., N.Y.

OLIVER
Mix Matic

Oliver MixMatic fuel tank automatically proportions oil and gas in accurate ratio regardless of the amount of fuel remaining in tank. It eliminates measuring and guesswork, or the need for buying expensive pre-mixed fuels. Made of heavy, lead-coated steel and finished in red baked enamel, tank capacity is six gallons. For information: Oliver Outboard Motors, Battle Creek, Mich.



View of one of the lawns surrounding the lovely $200,000 home of Spurgeon Pickering, owner of Mondo Grass Company, on the beautiful beach of the Gulf of Mexico; the entire 7 lawns, sidewalk shoulders and neutral grounds are planted solidly in Mondo Grass, truly one of the most attractive show places of the South.

NOW IS GOOD TIMES TO PLANT

May Be Planted Summer, Fall, Winter, Spring

BLUE-GREEN

MONDO GRASS

Trade Mark Registration applied for U.S. Patent Office

REQUIRES NO MOWING—MAKES WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL LAWN

Our Blue-Green Mondo Grass is described by the U. S. Department of Agriculture as quote "Ophiopogen Japonicus, technically called ground cover (formerly called Mondo Japonicus), is native to Northern China and should withstand severe degree of freezing; drought tolerant, evergreen, commonly called Mondo Grass" unquote.

It is a grass relative to the lily with paper thin blades 1/16" wide. This sod-forming EVERGREEN, low-growing oriental genus is currently used by many owners of distinctive homes in America for lawn grass. Now we can offer this exclusive Blue-Green Mondo Grass at popular prices.

SO HARDY IT CAN BE PLANTED ANYTIME, it is recommended for beautiful lawns where mowing is not desired. Blue-Green Mondo Grass retains its color the year-'round; thrives in shade or sun; extremely hardy, rarely requires watering; fantastically beautiful, drooping low to the ground in weeping style year after year. REQUIRES NO MOWING.

Ideal for heavy shaded areas, dry or wet. FREE folder of testimonials and many photos of Mondo Grass lawns sent on request.

Mondo is resistant to diseases; insects and animals will not feed on it. Stops erosion; grows compactly, crowding out other grass and weeds; multiplies rapidly, approximately 100 times (10,000%) first year. Enhances property value. So sensational we expect to revolutionize lawn-making. For good coverage first year plant 4" to 12" apart. Numerous rooted blades to sprig.

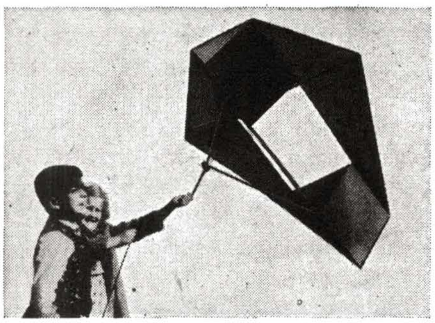
Planting and culture instructions with each order. Remittance with order. Shipped prepaid. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE; if not completely delighted you may return at once for refund. Open accounts to A-1 rated firms buying 1,000 sprigs or more, FOB, Biloxi.

ORDER TODAY . . . YOU CAN'T LOSE!

Sprigs packed in damp moss. Guaranteed to grow or we will replace.

25 Sprigs	$ 2.98
50 Sprigs	5.00
100 Sprigs	9.00
500 Sprigs	40.00
1,000 Sprigs	79.00
5,000 Sprigs or more per 1,000	50.00

Mondo Grass Co., Dept. AM-9, Biloxi, Miss.
I enclose $........ Please send prepaid........Sprigs Mondo Grass.
Ship (check one): Now........At Proper Planting Time........
Or When?........
Name..
Address..
City..............................State......................



This is the first time in years that someone has come up with a new kite—and this is a beauty. It's three-dimensional, made of tear proof acetate cloth and is a good 28" high. No tail is needed, and it really soars. The good people that make it call it a Space-Kite. It comes with a free weather map of the U. S. for $1.98 ppd. Allen Whitney, Dept. AMG, 413 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn.

"MY GREY HAIR IS A NATURAL COLOR AGAIN"
says Jan Garber,
Idol of the Airlanes

"TOP SECRET gives my grey hair a natural looking color!" says famous dance band leader Jan Garber. "I noticed results after just a few application. And TOP SECRET is easy to use—doesn't stain hands or scalp. TOP SECRET is the only hair dressing I use."

A FAVORITE OF THE STARS

TOP SECRET has been a favorite with famous personalities for years. Exclusive formula imparts a natural looking color to grey or faded hair. Does not streak or injure hair; does not wash out. Send $5.00 (Fed. Tax incl.) for 6 oz. plastic container (Convenient for traveling, too.) Ppd. No COD's please. Money back if not delighted with results of first bottle. Albin of California, Room 94, 1403-07 West 8th Street, Los Angeles 17, California.

NEW MOLD-PRODUCED CHEMICAL FOR

BALDNESS

"This hair formula has actually grown full new hair on the bald and balding heads of many, but not all, of my clients. I and doctors with whom I have discussed it believe that the activating ingredients were produced by nature. In 1950, the 15 year of my experiments, a solution in my laboratory produced a culture of air borne mold similar to those which produce penicillin and other antibiotics. 'To my amazement this formula completely eliminated dandruff and itchy scalp and grew hair where it has long been balding,' writes one user. My formula and scalp treatment involve no oils, heat or odor and there is no way for others to tell you are treating your scalp except from results. Application and morning hair combing may be done at the same time. My treatment costs $10 postpaid for an 8 week supply with instructions. If you prefer to read more about this formula, send your name and address for absolutely free information. I believe that my formula in some way assists nature in restimulating growth of hair. I hope you will experience the happy results that so many of my clients have written and shown me."

WALTER FIELD, Dept.18, 6399 Wilshire, Los Angeles 48, Cal.

please care...

Hunger hurts!
$1 sends 22 lbs.
to a family overseas
CARE Food Crusade
New York 16

100 YEAR OLD U. S. STAMPS

We will send "On Approval" All United States Stamps, even those over 100 years old. We will also send "On Approval" All foreign stamps in singles and sets, including such famous issues as the Roosevelts, Coronations, etc., and INCLUDE FREE the famous booklet "What Every Philatelist Should Know." Just send 10c for our introductory bargain of 50 diff. U. S. stamps and fascinating stamp literature.

GLOBUS STAMP CO. 268-4th Ave., Dept. 273
New York 10, N. Y.

of spring frogs, and recalling how much Cal had liked the sound. They had come there together often, sitting on the rock at the edge of the tules, just listening, hardly talking at all. But it was only for the last years that the sump had seemed so quiet. A different kind of quiet. It was lonely there now, and Joyce had been almost glad when he heard the riders calling from the house. A year before he wouldn't have gone with them. And perhaps he wouldn't have gone this time, except that this night he'd been thinking of his brother.

HIS hat was lying under his right leg. He worked it loose and put it on, wincing with the effort. His hand touched his shoulder and came away wet with blood. For a while he sat there, feeling the stickiness, bringing back slowly everything that had happened. They had paused, after the long pull up the grade, to study the tracks, and perhaps for some of them to get their courage back. They had crossed the Nueses and all knew what that meant.

Joyce got to his feet and brushed some of the dust from his clothes. He was tall and heavy-boned, with sandy hair and a morning stubble of beard. He moved unsteadily across the hillside and found where the sorrel gelding was lying sprawled on the gravel slope. He saw the man, higher above it, and walked over to him.

The man was dead, and he was no one that Joyce recognized. He could be any one of the renegades that hid in the brush south of the Nueces. At least now there was one less. And he'd been a poor shot, Joyce thought abstractedly. He began to feel the pain in his shoulder now. The bullet had passed clear through, and there must be a bigger, redder blotch where it had come out. He knew the size of the hole that a rifle slug would leave. When his friends came looking for him, he must have seemed dead lying twisted there among the rocks. Though it didn't matter now. It was only important that they were gone.

He went over to the gelding and slipped the carbine from its scabbard. There was no canteen of water; they hadn't given him time enough when they came riding into the ranch yard. Already his throat was beginning to feel dry. He picked up a pebble and put it in his mouth. It might help some. After he had climbed up through the rocks, he could see the land flatten out, dry, with only a few willows and the dusty bed of a creek breaking the plains. The Nueces was thirty miles away. Perhaps he'd find a friendly ranch, though he doubted it. He started to walk, the wound in his shoulder throbbing dully.

JOYCE didn't know how many miles he had gone. He had long before grown used to the mirages, so that when he saw the house it seemed clear enough to him. It stood at the head of a shallow little valley, and there were creek willows behind it. When he got to it he noticed the grass changing under his boots, and he knew there was water in the creek. But at first the house seemed deserted. The poles of the corral were down, and there was no fresh sign of cattle. It was only when he heard the nicker of a horse that he took the Colt out of its holster. He stood waiting, weaving a little, sucking in deep gasps of air. Then he crossed the yard, his thumb on the hammer of the revolver. He saw that the latch string had been pulled in. As he started to knock the door swung open and he saw a woman. She was holding a Winchester, and he thought the muzzle of it was pointed somewhere toward his chest.

Joyce stared.

"Who are you?"

"I need water, ma'am," Joyce said at last. "I could use the creek . . ." He put out a hand to brace himself against the side of the cabin. The muzzle of the rifle swung up higher. He drew back, swaying again, and saw that he was still holding the revolver. He smiled at the woman and replaced it clumsily in the holster.

"Who are you?" the woman repeated.

Joyce could only see her vaguely. He wondered if she was old, or young and pretty . . . "I need water, ma'am," he said, but she didn't seem to move. "If I could just sit down . . . in the shade . . ." she only stood there, blocking the doorway, the sun blinking on the rifle. He thought surely that she could see the wound in his shoulder. It was ugly enough. He took a step closer to her. "I got shot," he said. "I was . . ."

She didn't let him finish. "You can't stop here."

Joyce squinted at her. He could see the inside of the cabin past her shoulder, and what he thought was a water jug hanging from a nail in the wall. "I was with some regulators," he said. "From the other side of the Nueces. We were following a bunch of thieves . . . shot Meeker and ran off his horses. They jumped us, six . . . seven miles back . . . I need water."

"There's the creek," the woman said.

"I know . . . That's what I said . . ." He turned, but he knew he couldn't walk as far as the creek anymore. Long before the shoulder had begun to bleed again. He looked at the woman, angry now. For the first time he could see her clearly. She was young and pretty, and she seemed too frail to be standing there in the crude doorway of the cabin. "Where's your husband?" he said deliberately. His lips had swollen; perhaps he didn't speak clearly, perhaps she didn't understand.

"He'll be back in a minute," the woman answered. "If you want water, the creek . . ."

Joyce looked at the rifle, then reached out slowly and batted it aside. He had to step up to the ledge of the doorway. He stumbled. He could feel the woman struggle, but he couldn't see her any more. He fell against her, and tried to reach for some support, but his arms seemed leaden. When she moved away from him he groped blindly and finally fell.

WHEN he awoke it was light. The sun was glaring on the east window of the cabin and he could hear the turkeys leaving their roost down the creek. He opened his eyes and saw the boy standing by the bed, staring at him.

The boy was tall, but not much

past six, Joyce guessed. His hair was blond and tousled, and he had his hands jammed deep in the pockets of his overalls, bent over a little, watching alertly. He didn't say anything.

Joyce looked past him to where the woman was working at the stove. She turned then, brushing back the hair from her forehead, and smiled at him.

He started to get up on one elbow and winced with the pain. His shirt was open and he could see the white bandage bound tightly around his shoulder. There was a little spot of dried blood in the middle of it. He worked his body around and propped his back against the wall of the cabin.

"It's stopped bleeding," the woman said. "You don't want to start it again!"

"I'm sorry about yesterday," he said. "I got a little rough. I guess . . ."

"It's alright," she said. She spoke indifferently.

"I thought you were going to shoot me," he said. "I'm still not sure."

"I'm not sure either," she said.

The boy was still watching him, though half-turned toward the stove now. The smell of frying bacon-back was strong in the close air.

"I don't remember much," Joyce said. "I'm Frank Joyce. Maybe I didn't tell you my name."

"No."

"And I guess you didn't tell me yours."

"It doesn't matter."

Joyce shrugged. "I'll bet your name's Jack," he said to the boy.

"No, it ain't. It's . . ." He hesitated, glancing toward his mother. "It doesn't matter," he said and took a step away from the bed.

Joyce let his gaze wander about the cabin. It was only one room, with a bed and another straw bunk in the corner. There was a closet, with the curtain drawn back, and he could see the gowns inside. They were fancier than he would have expected. He looked at the woman, his eyes narrowed a little in curiosity. But he didn't say anything for a moment.

He lay very still when she bent to look at his shoulder.

"I guess I'll be alright," he said.

"Yes."

"The bacon smells good."

She didn't answer.

"Your husband. He must be back by now."

She turned and looked at him then. "He's not coming back," and for once the lifelessness was gone from her voice. "I was lying to you. He's dead."

"I'm sorry," Joyce said. "I didn't know."

"You should have known," she said, and now her eyes seemed to be staring at him with cold hatred. "You told me yesterday you were one of the regulators. That's what you call yourself. My husband was Stacey Kilbourn. He was killed by regulators at San Martin just a year ago."

"I'm sorry." He didn't know what else to say. None of them had been sorry then, though they hadn't meant to kill him. He hardly knew Kilbourn. He had only seen him once, that one night two years ago when they had chased the raiders across the Nueces, following them so closely at times that they could still smell the dust in the air. Until they had come to this ranch. He remembered the ranch now. He remembered Kilbourn, a tight-lipped Yankee, who told them he knew nothing. He hadn't heard any riders. He was just working a little spread here, he said, and it wasn't any of his concern who came by in the night. He was no riff-raff. It just wasn't any of his business, as long as they left *his* cattle alone. He was living in a kind of isolation, and he'd had the tenacity to do it, even in no-man's land between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. For awhile. It had finally caught up with him in San Martin, and perhaps they should have been sorrier about it. He was still minding his own business.

HE looked at the woman now, meeting her eyes, and he thought he could understand her bitterness. It explained the rifle, and her indifference to helping him, though he thought that it didn't explain everything. He got up, swinging off the bed, and stood unsteadily watching her.

"It was an accident, ma'am," he said. "Maybe we were careless, but we didn't expect to see an honest man in San Martin."

"My husband was honest," she said defiantly. "He never stole anything. If you think he was like these other men . . ."

"I know that," Joyce said. "But a man living in country like this is taking a chance. There can't be more

MAGNIFYING GLASSES
FOR FOLKS OVER 40

Make Small Type LOOK BIG

NOW. — magnifying lenses for elderly folks who don't wear glasses regularly, who do not have astigmatism or diseases of the eye, and who have difficulty reading newspapers, the Bible and doing fancy work. It's no longer necessary to struggle and squint with an old-fashioned magnifying glass which has only one lens, because Precision Magnifying glasses bring you a magnifying lens for each eye and help stop eyestrain and discomfort. Permit restful reading hour after hour like you never did before. Try them at home on a five day trial plan that leaves no room for doubt.

PRECISION MAGNIFYING GLASSES
A Blessing for Elderly Folks.

Lenses are scientifically (not Rx) ground and polished, then fitted into a frame of simulated zylonite. Truly they add to your looks, and, for reading purposes they're wonderful. Complete satisfaction guaranteed. Best order a pair today.

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail name, address and age. On arrival pay postman only $4.00 plus C.O.D. postage. Wear them 5 days, then, if you aren't more than satisfied return for refund of purchase price. If you remit with your order, we ship prepaid, same guarantee. Order from:

PRECISION OPTICAL, Inc.
Dept. 437-L Rochelle, Ill.

HOW to BREAK and TRAIN HORSES

SEND FOR THIS FREE!

Make money. Know how to break and train horses. *Write today for this book FREE*, together with special offer of a course in Animal Breeding. If you are interested in Gaiting and Riding the saddle horse, check here ( ) *Do it today—now.*

BEERY SCHOOL OF HORSEMANSHIP
Dept. 849 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

BE A LOCKSMITH

Learn at Home

Learn fascinating, profitable trade from experts in spare time at home! Age or physical handicap no disadvantage. Year around, steady income. Full or part time. Practical, illustrated lessons. Make money even while learning! All materials & special tools supplied.

Free Booklet

Locksmithing School, Dept. AM-7
15 PARK AVENUE RUTHERFORD, N. J.
Lic. by N. J. State Board of Ed. Approved for Vets

DIVORCE

laws and grounds explained for every state and terr.—know your rights! I pocketsize booklet—mailed plain. $1.00—No C.O.D.

MARK-DELLA Box 36, Bremen Sta.
St. Louis 7, Mo.

INVENTORS

If you believe that you have an invention, you should find out how to protect it. We are registered Patent Attorneys. Send for copy of our Patent Booklet "How to Protect Your Invention," and an "Invention Record" form. No obligation. They are yours for the asking.

McMORROW, BERMAN & DAVIDSON
Registered Patent Attorneys
150-X Victor Building Washington 1, D. C.

'RULE OTHERS WITH THOUGHTS'

(Telepathy controversial; no promises. Said to be SECRETLY used by the few to RULE OTHERS). Adults. Full course. $2. Sat. or ref'd. Delmar Wisdom, 846-NM3 Sunnyside, Chgo. 40.

EXTRA MONEY
Selling EXCLUSIVE
PARAGON Cushion Shoes

Even If Now Employed

No. 574 Lo-Line 2 Eyelet Crushed Grain

Enjoy your own lifetime, independent shoe business without investment. Steady repeats. To $4.00 pair advance commissions. Big bonus. Make $50 and more a week in full or spare time. Over 153 latest smart styles. Magic cushion. Easy to start. Write for FREE OUTFIT today!

PARAGON SHOE COMPANY
79 Sudbury St., Dept. 28
Boston 14, Mass.

than a dozen honest men between here and the Rio Grande. We've lost thousands of head of cattle, and they all came across the Nueces. And we've lost men, too. My brother was killed—"

He stopped. He wasn't very much different from this woman, he thought. He had changed when he'd seen Cal lying in their front yard, his face so still in the light from the doorway. Until then it had been someone else's cattle, and someone else's horses, and sometimes, someone else's life. He'd lived in a kind of an isolation of his own, and it had taken all the horror of that one night, and all the loneliness afterward, to change him. And this girl, he thought, hadn't changed at all. And whatever her feelings were, whatever her reasons, there was a bitterness that he found it easier to understand.

She was waiting, defying him with her glance, knowing that nothing he uttered would soften her. "You were saying?"

"It wasn't any accident that my brother was killed. He came out of the house expecting to see friends, and they shot him down. Your husband didn't do it. We came by that night, looking for the killers, and found him here. He was tending his own business."

"And you killed him for it."

"It was an accident. He just happened to be in San Martin when we raided there. A stray bullet got him."

"Yes, I supposed it was an accident, and he didn't have to die that way. He could have told you where they'd gone that night. We knew. And they would have come back later, and killed him then. And burned the ranch. We still have the ranch, because he never told you. They still leave us alone."

"It must be hard," Joyce said. "You're all alone."

"We make out," she answered, her voice still crisp and unfriendly. "There's an old Tejano who lives back in the brush. He helps us with the herd sometimes. And my son's a help."

"I'll bet he is." Joyce smiled at the boy. "But it can't be much of a herd."

"Thirty head," the woman said.

JOYCE moved to the closet. He lifted one of the gowns and let the silk material slip through his fingers. He touched it again. "They must be mighty fine cows. It would take a hundred of my sway-backs to buy just one of these."

She was putting his plate of breakfast on the table. She straightened up and looked at him disdainfully. "I didn't buy them."

"Oh?" He moved to the table and sat down. The coffee was hot, and he could hardly hold the tin cup to his lips. "It's none of my business."

"No, it isn't. You have no business here at all."

"You want me to leave?"

She didn't have to answer.

"I'll need a horse," Joyce said.

"I haven't one to spare. I've only the wagon team."

THE coffee had cooled a little. He held the cup to his lips and looked at the woman. He wasn't really seeing her. He couldn't walk to the Neuces, he was thinking, not with a bullet in his shoulder. Before he had gone a mile the wound would start bleeding again. And even if he could walk that far, he'd never have the chance. They'd find him. Some Tejano, or Cortina's men, a bunch of the white renegades. The latter were the worst, and how could they help but stumble across him? He wouldn't have a chance at all. He shook his head slowly and let his eyes drop away from the woman's face.

But he could still see her hands. She was leaning on the table opposite him, and her hands seemed to stiffen and grow whiter. And her voice had suddenly lost its steadiness.

"Please. You have to leave. You don't understand."

He didn't speak, but only kept watching her hands. They were still soft, but he could see the tiny scars and a bruise that was yet healing. They won't be soft for long, he thought; she'll grow old in a few years here. The room was quiet now, the boy had gone out to take care of the cow.

"You don't understand," she said again. "If I help you . . . if I let you stay here, they'll find out. They'll never let me alone." She paused for a long moment, hoping that he would look up. "I don't have to tell you what they would do."

Joyce glanced sideways at the clothes closet. "They seem friendly enough," he said, and instantly regretted it.

HER face reddened. He looked at her now, and he could see how proud she was. And for that moment, at least, she hated him. She wasn't leaning toward him anymore; she wasn't asking him for anything.

"If you mean the gowns . . . If that's what you think . . ."

"No, I wasn't thinking that." He pushed the coffee cup away and slowly surveyed her figure. "No, they wouldn't fit you. And they're too gaudy, and maybe they're not nice enough. I'm sorry that I said it."

She still stood opposite him, staring at him contemptuously. "I make them," she said, "for some of the ladies of San Martin."

"The ladies?" he laughed dryly.

"It doesn't matter. They pay me, and I have to live."

He got up from the table. "But not here," he said angrily. "You can't live here and not be on one side or the other." She started to speak, but he stopped her. "Oh, I know. You're minding your own business. And you've got your boy to think about. If you let me stay, you'd be taking a chance. Only you can't live alone. Your husband tried it. Maybe it would work back East. Maybe you could sit by yourself and not notice, not care what was happening to your neighbors. But it won't work out here. And maybe it won't work anywhere at all."

She was silent. He turned away from her and looked through the window. From where he stood he couldn't see the corral, or the green bottom land, or the milking barn. Only the last of the creek willows, where the stream turned back toward the brush, and then beyond them the flat, empty prairie, a bright glare now under the climbing sun. He could already feel the heat of it. "I have to live too," he said, without turning.

"Alright."

He barely heard her. But when she moved Joyce knew what she intended. He wheeled about, and stumbled into the table and went around it. She was halfway across the room. He caught up with her, grasping her by one arm, as she reached the corner.

She had the rifle by then. She tried to bring it around, but he held her firmly. She couldn't move in the close space of the corner. His hand pressed into the flesh of her arm, and for a moment he was acutely, painfully aware of her. Neither of them spoke.

Then her body shook a little, and he knew she was crying. He let go of her and stepped back.

She didn't try to swing the rifle around then. It slipped from her grasp and fell clattering to the floor. "I wouldn't have shot you."

"I know it," Joyce said. "I'll leave now." He went to the bed and picked up the gun holster. The woman turned slowly, watching him.

"If only you could understand . . ."

"I understand," he said gently. "I'll need some water."

"There's a canteen in the stable. I'll get it for you."

"No, I'll be going that way. I can fill it at the creek." He wanted to stop at the creek, and now not only because of the water. At the creek he could look back, and perhaps the door would still be open. Perhaps he would still see her.

He buckled on the gun belt and shifted the holster down to a comfortable position on his hip. He looked at her. She was standing across the room, and he thought maybe it was only the distance. But she didn't seem hard anymore. Her eyes seemed softer, and he felt as he had felt only a few moments before, when he'd been closer to her. He put on his hat and pulled it down low on his forehead. He would be walking into the sun for awhile, he thought. Then he heard the boy's frightened shouting.

WHEN Joyce opened the door the boy was almost to the house. He kept looking back over his shoulder, and staggering under the heavy weight of the milk bucket. Finally he dropped it and scampered through the doorway. "Ma. Ma," he called. "They're coming." But by that time Joyce had already seen the dust.

He thought at first the riders might be his friends. Sooner or later they'd come looking for him, and they'd find only his tracks and follow them. But the riders were closer now, and he recognized none of them. He swung back into the house and swung the door so it was open only a crack.

"You know them?" he asked the woman.

They were in the yard now, spread out a little, still searching the ground as though it mattered.

"The one in front is Sam Kennedy. I've seen some of the others."

Joyce watched them ride up nearer to the house. When they were in pistol range he pushed the door open further and called out to them.

"Kennedy. Don't come any closer. Frank Joyce. You've been looking for me."

Kennedy stood up in the stirrups and tried to see through the half-open door. "If you made these tracks we've been following, mister, then we're lookin' for yuh here, though."

"I'm coming out, Kennedy."

"Or we're comin' in."

Joyce looked at the woman. She was watching him, her lips parted a little, questioningly. He kept looking at her as he called again.

"Kennedy, there's no sense in breaking up the cabin."

The man in the yard didn't answer for a moment. Joyce could hear the woman breathing beside him, and the soft scuffing of the boy's shoes.

"The Kilbourn woman," Kennedy yelled. "She there?"

"She's here, but hasn't done anything, Kennedy. I needed help, and she couldn't stop me."

"Alright," Kennedy answered. "But she and the kid might get hurt if I have to come in there after yuh."

"I told you, Kennedy. I'm coming out." He was still watching her. He thought he saw her lips move, but perhaps it was only a nervous quiver. You can stop me now, he thought. I'm not a hero. Not like this, with a dozen against me. But she didn't speak. He lifted the gun and let it slide back to loosen it in the holster. He wouldn't need his Winchester. There wouldn't be time before it was over.

HE looked at her once more, trying to read what was on her face, and failing. She hadn't moved. Her eyes seemed to be fixed on him, and yet not seeing him at all. When she didn't say anything he pushed open the door and stepped into the yard.

The pail was lying on its side with a little milk still running out of it. He would make it as far as the pail, he thought. Or he might try one shot and run for the stable. It was a chance. He took a step and watched Kennedy's face. The man was sitting hunched in the saddle, squinting at him. He took another step, and Kennedy straightened up, his eyes widening. For an instant he seemed to be peering beyond Joyce's shoulder. Then Joyce heard the boom of the

SAVE 75%
ON
WORK CLOTHES!

Terrific values you've got to see to believe!

SHIRTS 79c
4 for $2.99

Made to sell for 2.99. Now, 4 for the price of one! Tho used, sterilized and ready for long, tough wear! In blue, tan or green. Send neck size, 1st and 2nd color choice.

PANTS to match
Sold for 3.85, now only.......... 99c
Send waist measure and inside leg length. 4 for $3.75

COVERALLS . . . wear 'em used and save plenty! Were 6.95, now $2.29
Send chest measurement. 3 for $6.75

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE . . . if not satisfied. Order TODAY! Send $1.00 deposit on C.O.D. orders. Add 25c for postage on prepaid orders.

GALCO SALES CO. Dept. 409
7120 Harvard Ave. • Cleveland 5, Ohio

GOVERNMENT OIL LEASES LOW AS $1 PER ACRE

You do no drilling, pay no taxes, may realize a king-size profit without ever leaving home. Write for free map and literature.

American Oil Scouts, Dept. AM, 7321 Beverly Blvd
Los Angeles 36, Calif.

LAW FREE BOOK
THE LAW TRAINED MAN

Write today for a FREE copy of illustrated law book, "THE LAW-TRAINED MAN," which shows how to earn the professional Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.) degree through home study of the famous Blackstone Law Course; All necessary books and lessons provided. Moderate cost; convenient terms. Write for FREE law training book today.

Blackstone School of Law, 307 N. Michigan Ave.
Founded 1890 Dept. 426 Chicago 1, Ill.

"How to Make Money with Simple Cartoons"

A book everyone who likes to draw should have. It is free; no obligation. Simply address

FREE BOOK

CARTOONISTS' EXCHANGE
Dept. 989 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

SONGWRITERS

LARGE RECORDING COMPANY WANTS NEW SONGS! Your song may be chosen for recording on ROYALTY BASIS. NATIONAL SALES, PROMOTION, DISTRIBUTION if selected. Send songs, song poems for FREE examination. NO CHARGE FOR MELODIES.
MUSIC MAKERS, Dept.AM-1 1Box 2507, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Free Book on Arthritis And Rheumatism

HOW TO AVOID CRIPPLING DEFORMITIES

An amazing newly enlarged 36-page book entitled "Arthritis-Rheumatism" will be sent free to anyone who will write for it.

It reveals why drugs and medicines give only temporary relief and fail to remove the causes of the trouble; explains a specialized non-surgical, non-medical treatment which has proven successful since 1919.

You incur no obligation in sending for this instructive book. It may be the means of saving you years of untold misery. Write today to The Ball Clinic, Dept. 16, Excelsior Springs, Missouri.

rifle behind him, and Kennedy toppled from the saddle.

"Get down," the woman called. "Get down."

Joyce turned half-around to see her standing in the doorway with the smoking rifle. He went down on his side, slipping the revolver from its holster. Kennedy was up on one knee, still holding the reins of his pony, when Joyce shot him. He fired back wildly, the bullets skittering along the hard dirt of the yard. Joyce got to his feet, twisted around, and lunged for the doorway.

She had the door half-closed, waiting for him, so that he struck against it and fell off to the side. He got up slowly, watching her as she pulled in the latch-string. The boy was huddled in the corner, his eyes bright with terror. A volley of shots thudded into the heavy door. The firing stopped.

Joyce went over to the broken window and looked out. The woman had followed him.

"I couldn't do it," she said. "I was going to let them kill you, but I couldn't . . ."

Joyce smiled at her. With the back of his hand he wiped the perspiration from his forehead. He could still feel the emptiness of fear in his stomach. He watched the men outside dragging Kennedy's body beyond the corral, out of range. Some of them were dismounted now, and taking out their carbines.

"You got yourself into plenty of trouble," Joyce said.

She didn't answer. Perhaps she was already regretting it, Joyce thought, for she was watching the boy. He couldn't blame her. He took the rifle from her gently, and put a hand on her shoulder, keeping it there until she turned her head to look at him.

"It's alright," he said. "My friends can't be far back. They won't quit this time." He laughed softly. "They'll be mad about my being dead. And they'll sure be disappointed when they get here."

She smiled a little. He levered another shell into the chamber of the Winchester and looked through the window. Outside, the men were still grouped beyond the corral, taking their time.

"You can't stay here now," he said.

"No."

"They'd never leave you alone."

"I know."

He didn't look at her, and he could feel his hands growing damp on the rifle. "You could go with me," he said at last.

"Why?"

"Because you have to go somewhere. And maybe you'd like it. It's not much different from this. Bigger. And there's a good house, and a sump not far off, with spring frogs and lilies. And there's neighbors. And sometimes I get a decent price for cows, and you wouldn't be making dresses for somebody else . . ."

"You're forgetting something important."

"I guess I am. But you'd have to find out about that."

She didn't say anything. He waited. He raised the Winchester and brought the sights on a man standing near the corner of the corral. But as he tightened on the trigger the man turned suddenly, looking out beyond the willows. Joyce followed his gaze. The dust cloud was tiny at first, but even as he watched it seemed to grow larger. His body went slack for a moment. Then he turned back to the woman.

"You haven't much time. They're coming now. You'll have to make up your mind."

"I already have. I like the sound of a house, and a sump, and spring frogs and lilies . . ."

They laughed together. Outside the gunfire had abruptly increased, and he helped her down to her knees, holding her, while the shots crashed against the wall of the cabin. A moment afterward they heard the men leave, the horses pounding on the hard dirt of the yard. And Joyce had to shout to the boy in the corner.

"You going to tell me your name now?" ■

THE CASE OF THE RUNAWAY CORPSE CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

out further talk the two kids scrambled down the embankment until they stood below the sewer opening in the cliff. It was a body and they could see it clearly now. It was hanging head down and one of its legs was caught in the rocky gutter, holding the body in its grotesque position. For a horrified instant the two kids stood staring at the gruesome sight, then they turned and ran for town, stopping only when they reached a police station, where they gasped out their story. "It's a woman," one of them panted when asked for a further description. "We didn't touch it, and we don't know anything more about it because—well, we just turned and ran . . ."

To bring up the hanging body, police had to send two men down the side of the steep cliff by rope, to the rocky gutter below the sewer outlet. Grim-faced, the two policemen disentangled the dead woman's clothing from the rocks just above the water level. "If she hadn't been stopped by these rocks," one of them muttered, "she'd have been washed from the sewer right into the river and on out to sea with the high flood tides we've been having this summer.

The other nodded agreement. "Maybe her murderer figured just that when he shoved her down a sewer," he said.

They carried the body up to the top of the cliff by the same rope that sent the detectives down. When they lay the battered corpse on the ground and the homicide men began to examine it the fact that they'd never be able to identify her by her face was immediately apparent--the face was battered beyond any possibility of recognition. The body was black and blue all over from bruises. The shoes were missing.

The grim-faced coroner said, "She was alive when the killer shoved her down into the sewer—the bruises prove that."

"It's a long drop," the commissioner agreed. "And the trip from Lowell down to the river would be a rough one."

In addition to Superintendent Winn, there was Lieutenant Liston, Inspectors O'Dea, Hunter, McCann and Nelson, and then Commissioner John F. Stokes, Inspector Crescio from the State Police in Boston, and State Pathologist Dr. Walter Jetter and State Police Chemist Dr. Joseph T. Walker and the Lowell Medical Examiner Mason D. Bryant. All of these men viewed the mystery woman's body, and then took part in the search for her killer. Their first job, of course, was to identify the body.

A check on missing persons was, of course, the first logical move. And the only missing person reported recently in Lowell was Catherine Nordlie, an attractive young woman of thirty-six years who looked much younger than her age. On August 2nd Catherine's sister had called the Lowell police to report her sister missing. They had asked her to come in and see Lowell's superintendent of police, Michael H. Winn, and tell him the details, and she had done so.

Briefly, she had told him of stopping at Catherine's apartment to see her. Catherine lived alone since divorcing her husband and putting her thirteen-year-old daughter in a summer camp. But Catherine either saw her sister each day or talked to her by telephone. It had been two days since Catherine had called and her sister had become worried. She had found the door of Catherine's apartment locked, and got no reply when she called her sister's name. She went down to question the landlord who also had not seen Catherine for a couple of days. "I heard her moving around in the apartment on Wednesday evening, July 31st," he said. "But that's the last I've heard anything there."

The sister began to telephone Catherine's friends, to question her neighbors. One of them had seen her around 8 o'clock on the Wednesday evening the landlord had heard her moving around in her apartment. Catherine had been sitting on the front steps of her house, the neighbor said, dressed to go out, looking as if she were waiting for someone to pick her up. Catherine was wearing a red plaid dress and a tan gabardine coat, the neighbor remembered.

CATHERINE'S sister had also seen the missing girl on Wednesday morning and she had been wearing that same outfit. It was now Friday and nobody had seen Catherine since Wednesday among those the sister called. Finally, frantic with worry, the sister had telephoned police as a last resort. It was evening and a call to the mill where Catherine worked would bring no reply. But a call to one of the women with whom Catherine worked at the mill brought the report that Catherine had not reported for work on Thursday or Friday and had not phoned in either.

After listening to the sister's worried report, Superintendent Winn asked about Catherine's husband. "He went to New York after the divorce," the sister said, "and we've not heard a word from him since. That's been several years ago."

"Her boy friends?" the officer suggested.

The sister said, "Well, she dated quite a bit, but no one in particular—not for quite a while, anyway." Catherine's last 'steady' dating had been done with a fifty-eight-year-old man named Rosario Milinazzo, the sister said reluctantly. The policeman knew the name. Milinazzo was a prominent man in Lowell, a contractor who had recently built the new sewer that ran beneath the city.

As he checked the missing persons list two days after this report made by Catherine Nordlie's sister, Winn decided to ask the sister of Catherine to view the body found in the sewer before sending a description of it out on the wire.

Meanwhile, the Medical Examiner reported that the body of the dead woman had been in the sewer for three or four weeks. "She was still alive when she was thrown down the sewer," he said.

It was also noted that there had been severe storms during the previous three weeks and the swollen waters of the river had flushed the sewers, which would account for the body having been washed out to the point where it was found. Otherwise, it might have remained in the sewer until it had completely disintegrated.

The body was dressed in a red plaid dress and tan gabardine coat, so that even before Catherine Nordlie's sister arrived at the morgue Lowell police officers felt they had identified the body of the woman with the mutilated face. The sister merely verified their conviction, and the investigation got underway—a matter now of tracking down the killer of Catherine Nordlie.

OFFICERS began making a quiet check on all the men in town who had dated the dead woman. Among the first questioned was Rosario Milinazzo. According to Catherine's sister the elderly man had

AMAZING! Secret Spy CAMERA

It's a CAMERA! It's a LIGHTER! ONLY $2.98 Complete with roll film

TAKE PICTURES UNDETECTED!!

Now you can take pictures while lighting your own or someone else's cigarette — WITHOUT BEING SUSPECTED! Others think you're just using the lighter, BUT ACTUALLY YOU'RE TAKING PICTURES WITHOUT THEIR KNOWLEDGE! Patterned after the long-secret spy camera used by secret agents, it's a dependable lighter in addition to being a precision-made camera that takes 20 clear, detailed pictures at a moment's notice. Same size as an ordinary cigarette lighter; fits vest pocket.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back

High quality lens takes close-ups or distance photos that enlarge beautifully. Allows you to get natural, unposed pictures at parties, home or out-of-doors. No complicated adjustment necessary; easy to operate camera takes 20 photos per roll, that can be developed anywhere. Comes to you complete, ready to operate. Send check, money-order or cash. Add 20c to each order for postage and handling. No C.O.D.'s.

SPECIAL—Extra Film, 4 rolls for only...$1.00

Dobbs Co., 1255 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. A, Chicago 5, Ill.

High School Course at Home **Many Finish in 2 Years**

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work — prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.

American School, Dept. H639, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

NEW, NATURAL LIGHTWEIGHT DENTAL PLATE

MADE FROM YOUR OLD ONE—New, Professional Method gives you natural-looking, perfect-fitting plastic plate—upper, lower or partial—from your old cracked or loose plate *without an impression*. CLINICAL method means fast service, huge savings. Try new plate full 30 days **at our risk.** New plates sent you Air Mail *same day*.

Now Priced Low As $15.95

SEND NO MONEY—just your name and address for full particulars FREE. No cost. No obligation. Act now.

CLINICAL DENTAL LAB., 335 W. Madison St., Dept. M-52 Chicago 6, Ill.

LEARN PLASTICS

Complete LOW COST Shop Method
HOME TRAINING NOW AVAILABLE

Get in on Big Money opportunities in Plastic molding, casting, forming, carving, etc. Earn as you learn with Interstate's professionally prepared course. All plastic materials furnished.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

INTERSTATE TRAINING SERVICE
DEPT. C-77, PORTLAND 13, OREGON

EXPERT DICE
CARDS, INKS, etc.

STRONG! RELIABLE!
FREE CATALOG—Send for it Today!

O. C. NOVELTY CO., Dept. 2
1311 W. MAIN, OKLAHOMA CITY 4, OKLA.

AUTHORS WANTED BY N. Y. PUBLISHER

New York, N. Y.—One of the nation's largest book publishers is seeking manuscripts of all types —fiction, non-fiction, poetry. Special attention to new writers. If your work is ready for publication, send for booklet R2—*it's free.* Vantage Press, 120 W. 31st St., New York 1.

MEN! TRAIN NOW FOR A BIG PAY FUTURE IN DIESEL & SCIENTIFIC MOTOR TUNE-UP

GO PLACES WITH DIESEL! Farms, factories and power plants, trains, ships, trucks, busses all use DIESEL POWER . . . all need DIESEL-trained men! You can start your DIESEL training at home, in spare time, with tested, proved U E I training. Course includes practical work on Diesel engines under skilled instructors. You learn the operation, maintenance, servicing of all types of Diesel engines, PLUS Scientific Motor Tune-up.

- Diesel Construction
- Diesel Engine Repairman
- Diesel Operator

ACT NOW! If you have mechanical ability, YOU'LL LIKE DIESEL! High School diploma not necessary. Write now for FREE book, "EARNING POWER IN DIESEL."

UTILITIES ENGINEERING INSTITUTE, Dept. DAY-10
2521 SHEFFIELD AVENUE, CHICAGO 14, ILL.

been in love with Catherine and for a couple of years he had been her only date.

Milinazzo was married and had eleven children by his wife. Police queried him at his office and were as polite about it as was possible, for he was a man of some standing in the community.

THE contractor readily admitted his interest in Catherine. He also acknowledged that he was worried about her disappearance. "Her sister called me three weeks or so ago and asked me if I had seen Catherine," he said. "That's how I knew she was missing. But I haven't dated Catherine in a long while."

He admitted that he had once considered divorcing his wife of many years and marrying the younger woman. "But Catherine wouldn't have it," he said. "She thought it would make too much of a scandal, and so we continued seeing each other in hideaways. I didn't want it that way, but she insisted."

When asked who broke off the affair, the elderly man shrugged. "I guess it was a mutual agreement," he said slowly. "We just got to dating less and less frequently. But we remained friends. Why, I drove her home from work on the Wednesday before she disappeared."

Milinazzo was asked why he didn't tell Catherine's sister that he had seen the dead woman on that day, which was the last time she was seen either at her apartment house or at her job. He shrugged. "I didn't think about it at the time, and later I couldn't see that it would matter any for me to come forward with that information. Don't forget, officers—I have eleven children and a wife. I owe something to them too."

His story did seem logical. Milinazzo was at the age when many men, in their effort to run away from the fact of declining virility, begin an affair with a younger woman. It isn't a matter that most of them are proud of, so it was logical that Milinazzo would not want to make public display of his middle-aged folly.

Catherine's sister agreed that Catherine had broken off her affair with Milinazzo, and had refused to marry him. When police told her of Milinazzo's admission that he had driven Catherine home from her job on Wednesday, July 31st, the sister began to cry. "So he hadn't stopped bothering her," she sobbed. "And she must have deliberately kept it from us because she knew the family had worried about her so much during that affair."

Pressed further on the matter of Catherine's affair with Milinazzo, the sister finally broke down and told police about the skeleton in the family closet—Catherine had borne a child about seven months before her death—a baby which Rosario Milinazzo had admitted was his after he and Catherine had undergone blood-type tests at the local hospital after the birth of the baby. Milinazzo had been sending monthly payments for support of the baby, which was being boarded out of town.

"At first I thought Catherine had received a call from the people who board the baby," the sister said, "and that she had rushed to see the child in such a hurry she hadn't phoned me. But I phoned the people and they told me that they had not seen or heard from Catherine. I called them, as I did all Catherine's friends, before I went to the police on Friday, August 2nd. I didn't see any point to telling police about the baby at that time. We'd all agreed that it was not to be mentioned in town. We thought Catherine might remarry some time, then she could take her child back and adopt it."

After this revelation, Lowell police returned to question Mr. Milinazzo. They didn't tell him at first that they knew about the child. They merely asked for details of his talk with Catherine as he drove her home that Wednesday.

"I saw her walking home from the mill," he said. "When I offered her a ride she accepted. I asked her for a date that night, but she said she had one, with a soldier. No, I don't recall that she told me his name. She said he was from New Hampshire where his family had a farm." He paused, added, "When I first heard Catherine was missing I thought maybe she had driven with the soldier up to meet his folks. She seemed serious about him."

When asked if he were jealous of Catherine's dating another man, the contractor said, "Of course not. We'd stopped dating steadily some time before. It was a friendly feeling we kept for each other after our affair ended."

MILINAZZO insisted that after he left Catherine at her door that Wednesday he had gone to his club and played cards with friends all evening. As a routine matter, Winn gave instructions for his men to check Milinazzo's alibi. But he also started a search for someone who had seen the soldier Catherine dated the last night of her life.

Catherine had been seen by a neighbor sitting on her front steps around 4:30 that Wednesday, apparently waiting for someone to pick her up. Milinazzo claimed he had brought her home after she left the mill around 4 o'clock.

A girl friend of Catherine's who had been out of town for some time before Catherine disappeared, returned to Lowell during the investigation into the dead girl's life. The girl went immediately to police, told her story. She said that Catherine had confided things in her that she did not want to tell her sisters for fear of adding to their worry about her. Catherine, the friend said firmly, was deathly afraid of Milinazzo for he had threatened her life and was extremely jealous of her. He was always checking up on Catherine and her friends. And although he had opposed Catherine's bringing her illegitimate baby to Lowell to live with her, he also was opposed to Catherine going away from her home town to settle elsewhere.

When they had the girl repeat these things in front of Milinazzo he admitted that he had opposed her bringing the baby to Lowell. "I must think of my other children, too," he said angrily. "I give money to support Catherine's child. But I see no good reason for her to bring it here. I offered to marry her once and she refused. So, why make a scandal that will embarrass my eleven children and my wife?"

The girl friend of Catherine suddenly accused, "You still have a key to Catherine's apartment. You refused to give it back to her."

Flustered, Milinazzo admitted that he had the key. He even blurted out that he recalled the name of the soldier Catherine had said she was dating that Wednesday — Charles Swift, it was. But he denied he had used the key at any time since he left Catherine at her door that Wednesday afternoon. There didn't seem to be anything further they could do along that line immediately, so Lowell police, aided by the state police, continued the investigation along other lines.

They asked the aid of New Hampshire law officers in searching for a soldier named Charles Swift. In no state records could they find the name, nor did the Army have a Charles Swift from New Hampshire.

When Milinazzo was told that no such person as Charles Swift existed, in New Hampshire, at least, he shrugged, said, "Well, I can't help it if she lied about the name of her date. I'm not surprised—Catherine had done a lot of lying to me in the last year."

But Milinazzo adamantly insisted that he had not seen Catherine after four o'clock that Wednesday. It was up to the police to prove he was lying—if he were.

In spite of Milinazzo's influence the police treated him as they would any other suspect. They set a man to following him and they impounded his black sedan. Milinazzo had no protest to any of it, assured them he would cooperate in any way possible to find the dead woman's killer. The checking of the members of Milinazzo's club was under way to find any who had seen Milinazzo playing cards on Wednesday, July 31st, or to find those who had played with him. The card game went on all the time, and men wandered in, took a hand, then left. To pin down each man to recall just who had played cards with him at a time a month past was not easy, and it took time.

Meanwhile, the investigation continued in different directions and the reports on the different angles came in one by one and were put together like a jig-saw puzzle in the commissioner's office.

AT the time Milinazzo's club members were being checked, police were also checking the Lowell sewer, searching every manhole to find one that showed signs of having been recently opened. The sewer continued for two miles beneath the town, and it was a matter of beginning at one end and continuing until all manholes had been checked.

Those manholes that were properly covered with tar and showed dirt undisturbed for months were left intact. But finally the police found one that showed signs of having been opened recently. It was in a remote section on the edge of town, down near the railroad tracks.

A detective went down into the manhole taking with him a chemical which, when sprayed on a surface, would turn green when it touched human bloodstains, no matter how old they were. He sprayed the hole thoroughly as he went down, examined it on the way up under a powerful light. There were no signs of bloodstains.

They continued the search of manholes. Meanwhile, on the same day, three people had come forward with information about unusual events they had witnessed that Wednesday, July 31st. A young woman told of seeing Catherine in Milinazzo's car late on Wednesday afternoon, July 31st, and that they had been parked near Catherine's home and that Catherine seemed to be crying, with her face buried in her hands.

Then a truck driver who had been out of town on a long haul and just returned to hear for the first time about the murder, told of driving past the Lowell railroad tracks between 10 and 11 o'clock on the night of the 31st of July, and hearing a woman scream. He recalled now that the screams had been followed by two shots. The trucker was on a job, hauling a long-distance load. He was on his way out of town so he didn't turn back because it would have been difficult to do on the narrow road.

Later that day a young woman who lived down near the railroad tracks came in to report that she, too, had heard a woman scream and then two shots fired on July 31st, also around ten or eleven at night. She had gone out on her porch and as she stood there, staring in the direction of the screams and shots, she saw a black sedan drive out of the Quebec Street coal yard and speed down the street. She had also been out of town, and had just returned to hear about the murder.

Now the net began to close tighter around the aged Lothario. The black sedan belonging to Milinazzo, which was impounded by police, had been examined for stains and the report of the benzidine tests arrived at the chief's desk. Bloodstains had been found inside the car, and on a sponge inside the rear trunk; although all of

Shrinks Hemmorhoids New Way Without Surgery

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain — Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statement like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H*.o Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GOVERNMENT 40 ACRE OIL LEASE $100.

Act of Congress gives citizens equal rights with Oil Co's. to obtain Govt. leases. You do no drilling, yet may share in fortunes made from oil on public lands. (Payments if desired) Licensed & Bonded Oil Brokers. Free Information & Maps of booming areas. Write: **NORTH AMERICAN OIL SURVEYS**
8272-Q SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES 46, CALIF.

SPEAK AND WRITE LIKE A College Graduate

If you lack complete college training in English you can now become an effective speaker, writer, and conversationalist—without going back to school. With the new CAREER INSTITUTE METHOD you can stop making mistakes in English, build up your vocabulary, speed up your reading, acquire real writing skill, learn the "secrets" of fluent conversation. Method successfully used by thousands. Takes only 15 minutes a day at home. Costs little. 32-page booklet mailed FREE upon request. Send card or letter NOW!
Career Institute, Dept. 109, 25 E. Jackson, Chicago 4

RR COLOR SLIDES

Steam, Diesel, Electric. Old-timers and Modern. UP, SP, CN, NYC, PRR, NKP, B&M, CB&O, V&T, CP, B&O, READING, PICKENS, GLENBROOK, etc. Also, Color Slides of Trolley Street Cars, Stage Coaches, Antique Automobiles, Circus Wagons, etc. **32-Page Illustrated Catalog and Sample Free.**
UNIVERSAL SLIDE CO.
Box 779G **Beverly Hills, Calif.**

FINISH HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME!

No classes to attend. Easy spare-time training covers big choice of subjects. Friendly instructors; standard texts. Full credit for previous schooling. Diploma awarded. Write now for FREE catalog! HCI-7
WAYNE SCHOOL Div. Utilities Inst.
2527 Sheffield Ave., Chicago 14, Illinois

FOR BIG MEN ONLY!

Sizes 10-16 • Widths AAA-EEE

We specialize in LARGE SIZES ONLY—sizes 10 to 16; widths AAA to EEE. Dress, sport, casual and work shoes; golf shoes; insulated boots; sox; slippers; rubbers; overshoes; shoe trees. Also . . . sport shirts in your exact, extra-long sleeve length. Enjoy perfect fit in your hard-to-find size at amazingly low cost. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sold by mail only. Write for FREE Style Book TODAY!

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

KING-SIZE, INC.
Brockton, Mass.

Kruger Pistol *Bargain* $3.00 post paid

.12 CALIBER SINGLE SHOT

.14 MG. POWDER CHARGE

BLUE-BLACK FINISH

Crafted after famous German Luger design. Not an air or CO_2 gun. This is a small bore gun that actually shoots .12 caliber lead bullets fired by light 14 mg. powder charge. Beautiful gun, swell for target shooting. 4" steel barrel in knurled styrene stock. Overall length 8¾ inches. This amazingly low price is due to ball-and-cap design. Comes with 50 bullets, instructions, and target. Money back if not satisfied. At your sports dealers or send $3 to **KRUGER CORP.**, **Kruger Building, Box 44-B, Alhambra, California**

the spots had been scrubbed with soap and water the benzidine tests brought the stains up. Checking the bloodstains against the blood type for Catherine filed at the hospital where she had her baby, police found that they were the same. Also, a small piece of body tissue found in the car was tested and found to match Catherine's tissue.

The autopsy report showed that Catherine had been shot twice in the neck, and she had not died immediately.

On September 3rd the crew working on the sewer located a second manhole that had been recently opened. This was far out of town in a lonely, unfrequented section. Again the chemical was sprayed over the sides of the 42-foot shaft leading downward to the sewer, and this time the chemical turned a brilliant cobalt blue in spots.

Sewer men and police went all the way down the shaft, searching every inch of it with bright light. They found a net brassiere and a slipper and strands of blonde hair clinging to the rough sides of the shaft—items which obviously had been ripped from a body as it fell downward from the manhole opening, banging against the sides of the shaft as it fell.

The sister of Catherine identified the shoe as belonging to the dead woman.

Milinazzo had been in charge of construction of the sewer and he, above all people in Lowell, would have known all there was to know about it.

On top of this, the report of the detectives questioning the members of Milinazzo's club revealed, when turned in, that no member of the organization could recall playing cards with Milinazzo on Wednesday, July 31st.

At this point Milinazzo was arrested, and police began a check of his clothing for bloodstains. In his closet at home they found a carefully polished pair of shoes contained bloodstains unseen by the eye but brought to light by the chemical. And the same stains on a freshly cleaned suit of clothes. A frugal man, Milinazzo had cleaned the clothing he wore of the stains instead of throwing them away.

But Milinazzo continued, even in jail, to deny any knowledge of the crime. He defied police to prove that he committed the murder.

But the evidence on record, the witness who could place the dead woman in a car with Milinazzo late on the day she was last seen—all of it added up to enough evidence to put Rosario Milinazzo on trial before Superior Court Judge Paul G. Kirk. The elderly lover remained calm in the face of a first degree murder charge, and faced the jury with a smile on his face on February 20th, 1942, that first day of the trial.

But as the parade of evidence began to unfold before the jury, and before Milinazzo, he suddenly rose one day and asked to be allowed to plead murder in the second degree.

The trial ended swiftly then, with Milinazzo convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment in Charlestown State prison.

Milinazzo refused to discuss the case after that, refused to talk with reporters or police. The only statement he made was that made to himself, as he was led from the court: "I can't understand why I did such a thing!" Only the officer to whom he was handcuffed heard the remark. ■

THE LAST KILL CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

away. These two were Harry Tracy and Dave Merrill, and the prison break they staged on June 9, 1902, was the opening phase of the most amazing gun-slinging manhunt of this century.

Within two hours of the break one hundred armed men had assembled outside the courthouse at Salem. A special call had gone out from Sheriff Durbin appealing to every able-bodied man who possessed a rifle to report there. A mad-dog crackshot killer was on the loose, he told them, and a small army would probably be needed to strike him down.

Swiftly a cordon was thrown round the woods, but darkness had begun to fall before it started to close in. Tracy and Merrill slipped past the cordon without being seen, and headed towards Salem.

"We need clothes," said Tracy as they dodged along the edge of the highday. "Must get rid of these convict rags."

Farther along the highway they met a farmer named J. W. Stewart. Tracy stuck the muzzle of his rifle into Stewart's belly and told him to undress. Merrill dressed himself in the farmer's clothes and threw Stewart his convict garb. Shortly afterwards an expressman named Welch was forced to give Tracy his overcoat and overalls.

The outlaw's next problem was transportation. Boldly Tracy walked into the stable of Felix Labaucher and walked out again leading two fine horses. They rode throughout the night, reaching Brooks on the Southern Pacific Railway eight miles north of Salem. There they abandoned the horses, which might have been recognized in the daylight, and pushed ahead on foot, keeping alongside the railway track which led to Portland, Oregon.

Meanwhile over two thousand deputies throughout Oregon and Washington had been warned to be on the lookout for the two fugitives. Bloodhounds had been sent from Washington State Penitentiary but had lost the trail at Brooks.

ON June 11th Tracy and Merrill were spotted in the woods near Gervais and within an hour a posse of 100 men had surrounded them. Tracy decided to lie low till it was dark but couldn't resist revealing himself when two deputies approached to within ten yards of his hiding place. "We need more ammunition," he whispered to Merrill. "These guys have got plenty."

He stood up quietly as the two men passed, their backs towards him.

"Evening gentlemen," he called. "I'm Tracy and there are two guns at your backs. Throw down your rifles and all your ammunition."

Merrill collected the weapons and shells, then tied up and gagged the two deputies. At dusk the outlaws crept from their hiding place. By this time over three hundred men surrounded the woods. Every man with a gun living in a radius of ten miles had been summoned to cooperate, and Company F of the Oregon State National Guard had been called into action. The territory looked like a future battleground, with army tents pitched, field kitchens going full blast, sentries on guard, troops and deputies cleaning their weapons.

For a man with Tracy's audacity the situation was distinctly encouraging. The darkness, the confusion, the civilian garb and inexperience of many of the deputies, all added up to a perfect opportunity to escape. Boldly the two outlaws marched out of the forest. A sentry gave them a half-hearted challenge and without stopping Tracy growled, "Who do you think we are, Tracy and Merrill?" The sentry laughed apologetically and let them go.

Brazenly they walked along the highway, traveling fifteen miles before stopping the next morning at the farm of a Mrs. Akers. Tracy knocked on the door and when the farmer's wife appeared he pushed her gently inside. "Good-morning," he said. "I'm Tracy and this is my pal Merrill. We're very sorry to inconvenience you, lady, but we'd like some breakfast."

Breakfast was promptly prepared and Tracy ate with his rifle on the table. He noticed Mrs. Akers eyeing the gun nervously. "Don't be frightened, madam," he said, smiling. "I've never killed or harmed a woman yet, and don't intend to. Just don't do anything or say anything until I'm gone." Then he added, "We'll take two of your horses."

They ate their fill and hit the trail again. Mrs. Akers promptly informed Sheriff Durbin by telephone. Durbin raced out to the Akers' farm with a posse of fifty men and bloodhounds. But Tracy made even the dogs look foolish. He crossed into Clackamas County, heading north, and Sheriff Cook's posse took over the chase, reinforced by three companies of militia.

So many men were now chasing Tracy and Merrill that the fantastic situation arose whereby a whole army of hunters was steadily moving north with the two hunted men in the middle, free and mobile on their stolen horses. Time after time the outlaws would call at farmhouses and demand food and clothing, commandeer fresh horses and then move on. They never stayed long enough to be cornered.

Always Tracy would use the same introduction. "Good morning," he would say to the startled householders, "I'm Tracy," and without having to use either violence or threats he could help himself to anything he wanted. Once or twice the hunters came close enough for long shots at the fleeing men, but Tracy's uncanny marksmanship with a rifle had made everybody mighty nervous of approaching him too close.

FOR five days the convicts moved north with their pursuers on all sides. The reward for Tracy's capture, dead or alive, was doubled, then doubled again.

They reached the Columbia River and appropriated a boat to take them across. Tracy forced the owner to do the rowing while he sat in the stern with his rifle across his knees "laughing and cracking jokes all the time," as the owner described it.

Having crossed the river they were now in Washington, and the chase was taken over by Sheriff Marsh of Clark County. Marsh had a force of about one hundred men, and two of these made contact with the convicts on the highway. Several shots were exchanged but the outlaws got away.

For several days after that Tracy and Merrill appeared to be lying low. The trail was lost completely until the big outlaw turned up by himself on July 2nd at South Bay near Olympia. Horatio Alling, manager of an oyster fishing company, was having breakfast with his workmen in the dining tent when Tracy came.

"Good morning boys," he greeted them cheerfully, his rifle crooked under his arm. "I'm Tracy."

Alling dropped his fork and stood up, his mouth agape. "You're kidding," he said.

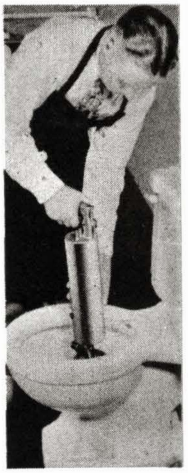
"Oh? And who are you?"

"I'm the manager of this outfit."

"Good, then you can get me some breakfast. And tell the cook to get some more chow for the boys. They still look hungry, and besides we're all going to take a little trip."

Now convinced that this tall, smiling gunman really was Tracy, Alling ordered the food.

NEW DISCOVERY
SAVES PLUMBING BILLS



CLEANS INSTANTLY

CHICAGO—April 1st—Home Owners, Offices, Apartments, including Factories are constantly having trouble with clogged-up pipes which proves expensive in Costly Plumbing Bills—

But now—using Water Impact and Air Pressure, here is a new unit called the Plumber's Flushing Gun, which cleans all lines up to 100 ft. It will open any number of bends in pipe. Yet anyone can operate this new gun, which triggers easily.

TOILETS, URINALS, SINKS, and FLOOR DRAINS clogged with paper, grease, rags, sand, and other debris can be cleared with one or more shots from the gun, saving the owner, the Gun's price the first time it is used. This new Flushing Gun may be used on any ½ to 6 inch waste pipe including Sink Drains, Floor Drains, Hot Water Pipes, Drinking Fountains, Septic Tanks, and Urinals. Obstructions melt away INSTANTLY when struck by the hammer like blows of this new unit.

This New Flushing Gun is offered on 30 Days Free Trial. BUT MOST IMPORTANT IS THIS—What is this Tool worth in Costly Plumbing Bills Saved in your Home or building. For your own good—Tear this Ad out now and write your name and address beside Ad for Free Booklet. No Agent will call—Obey that urge, mail now or write postcard. (Chicago Phone Kildare 5-1702) MILLER SEWER TOOLS, Dept. PNS, 4642 N. CENTRAL AVE., CHICAGO 30, ILLINOIS.

☞ MAKE EXTRA MONEY ☜

☛ EVERY BUSINESS EVERYWHERE USES UNION LABEL BOOK MATCHES

No experience needed to earn big daily commissions. Be a direct factory representative of the world's largest exclusive UNION LABEL Book Match manufacturer. Prospects everywhere. Feature Glamour Girls, Hillbillies, scenics and dozens of other styles—Double Books—Jumbo Books—nearly 100 color combinations. New, bigger portfolio makes this fastest selling line a real profit maker for you. Write TODAY for full details.

Advertise with SUPERIOR UNION LABEL Book Matches

SUPERIOR MATCH CO.
Dept. L-957, 7528 S. Greenwood Ave., Chicago 19, Ill.

INVENTORS

Learn how to protect your invention. "Patent Guide" containing information on patent protection and procedure with "Record of Invention" form will be forwarded to you upon request—without obligation.

CLARENCE A. O'BRIEN & HARVEY JACOBSON
Registered Patent Attorneys
Dept. 726-K District National Building
Washington 5, D. C.

MAKE YOUR FORTUNE

Sell famous Spring-Step Cushion Shoes. Earn big money daily plus Cash Bonus and Retirement Income with amazing 2-minute demonstration that sells on sight. Big repeat business. Full or spare time. America's Biggest Selection of Shoes for all the family. Free outfit given. No investment ever. Write today.

ORTHO-VENT SHOE CO., Inc., 5379 Brand Road
Salem, Va.

JOBS ON SHIPS

MEN WANTED (16-55) HIGH PAY. Earn while you Travel to foreign lands. Experience not required. Choice jobs: merchants, yachts, luxury liners, freighters, etc. Adventure! Write for FREE information.

WORLD-WIDE SEAMEN'S SERVICE
Dept. J , 309 W. 42 St., New York 36, N.Y.

BE A CLAIM INVESTIGATOR

INVESTIGATE ACCIDENTS! Many earning $750 to $1000 a month. Thousands of insurance companies, airlines, steamship lines and Government Offices need Claim Investigators. Also big opportunities for your own *spare time business.* We train you at home. National Placement Service FREE of extra charge. Bill King writes: "Your course has paid off for me with large earnings. You can quote me—your Adjuster Training Course is worth many times the cost." Write TODAY for FREE book.

UNIVERSAL SCHOOLS
University Park, Dept. AM-9 Box 8202, Dallas 5, Texas

"There's a launch tied up outside," said Tracy. "Tell the guy who owns it I want him to come and have breakfast with me." The owner, Captain Clarke, and his young son, duly appeared.

"I want you to get steam up," said Tracy, "and then pick yourself a crew from these boys. You're going to take me to Seattle and I wouldn't want you to be short-handed on the boat." He finished his breakfast, then helped himself to some new clothes from Alling's wardrobe. Five men were picked for the boat's crew and the rest were tied up. Tracy shepherded everybody to the boat at gunpoint and they started out. During the voyage Tracy sat in one corner of the cabin, laughing and joking. He began to boast about his prowess with a rifle, and to demonstrate this he took potshots through the cabin port at small pieces of driftwood. He never missed. Then one of the men asked him the question which everybody had been itching to ask up to that time.

"Where's Merrill, Tracy?"

Tracy's smile vanished. The muzzle of his rifle covered the man's heart. "Don't mention Merrill's name in my presence any more," he said softly. "He was a dirty, filthy traitor."

"Was?"

"Yes, he's dead. I killed him."

And then Tracy came out with the amazing details of his quarrel and duel with Merrill, details which at that time seemed too far-fetched to be true, but whose authenticity was proved when Merrill's body was found and examined later.

THEY had been heading towards the Puget Sound country, Tracy told the men in the boat. They held up at least one farm a day and helped themselves to food and horses. At one farmhouse near Chehalis Tracy had picked up a newspaper. All that morning he had been his usual, laughing self, joking with Merrill and ribbing him about his poor marksmanship with a rifle. But as he read the newspaper his grin changed to a scowl and he swore loud and long.

The story he had just read explained many things he had been puzzled about for months. Before being caught and sentenced Tracy and Merrill had pulled a jewel robbery. Merrill, anxious to please the woman in his secret love life, had presented her with one or two of the stolen trinkets. Detective Dan Weiner traced these back to Merrill and arrested him.

Merrill not only confessed to his part in the jewel robbery but implicated Tracy and gave the police information which would enable them to trap him in Portland. The arrest was planned to take place on a street corner where Merrill swore Tracy would pass at midday.

Tracy walked right into the trap, but when challenged he pulled his gun.

"Drop it, Tracy!" yelled Weiner from across the street. Tracy fired and the bullet nicked Weiner's ear. The outlaw turned and ran, dodging between carts and buggies with the lawmen in hot pursuit. He headed for the Portland depot and jumped on to the cab of a train which was just pulling out.

"Get the hell out of here!" he ordered the driver, leveling his gun. The driver jumped from the cab and Tracy took over the controls. He had served for a year as an apprentice driver and could easily handle an engine. He opened the throttle, but the loaded train was still only moving at a slow speed and by this time Weiner and his men had commandeered buggies and horses and were racing down the road alongside the track, firing every weapon they had. Bullets and shot spattered the inside of the cab and Tracy decided he would live longer if he jumped for it. He leapt to the ground, but just as he hit a bullet creased his skull and knocked him unconscious. Within seconds Weiner had the handcuffs on him.

"It's the last time this guy will knock anybody off," said Weiner, little realizing how abysmally inaccurate that statement was to become.

So they packed Tracy off to the penitentiary and it was only now, while on the run with the man who had betrayed him, that he had gleaned the facts about that police ambush in Portland.

Merrill watched his partner curiously as he flung down the paper and cursed.

"What's biting you?" he asked.

Tracy stared at him, and there was death in his eyes. "Nothing," he said quietly. "Nothing that a little appropriate action won't cure."

Soon afterwards they left on two stolen horses and headed for Chehalis. Tracy rode along in silence. He turned off the trail and followed a dried-up river bed.

"What's the idea?" asked Merrill. "I thought we were going to Chehalis."

"I'm tired," grunted Tracy. "Let's catch some sleep here."

They dismounted. Tracy had relapsed into ominous silence once more.

Merrill was beginning to sweat. "What's wrong, Tracy?" he said. "You don't seem to want to talk."

"No point in talking any more, Merrill—not when I'm going to kill you."

Merrill blanched. He fingered his gun. "Kill me? Why would you want to do that?"

"You told Weiner where I'd be on the day they tried to get me in Portland."

"I didn't. I swear I didn't."

"The newspapers say you did."

Merrill pleaded with him. "The newspapers said that deliberately. The police must have told 'em to, just so's you and me would fight."

Tracy grinned for the first time since reading about his betrayal, but it was a grin twisted by hate and fury.

"And we *will* fight, Merrill. You and me, we're going to have a little duel. We'll start in by standing back to back and each of us will count ten paces as he walks forward. On the word 'ten' we'll both turn and start shooting."

Merrill screamed his protests, but Tracy was unmoved. "We try the duel," he said calmly. "Or you get it right now without having the chance to hit me first."

Shaking with fear, Merrill had to fall in with Tracy's weird method of retribution. They stood back to back and Tracy started counting as they moved away from each other. "One - two - three - four - five - six - seven - eight—"

Suddenly the big outlaw whirled round and fired while Merrill was still marching his ninth pace. The bullet struck him in the back and he dropped. Tracy stepped over to him and shot him through the head.

"You see," he exclaimed blandly to the men in the boat which was taking him to Seattle, "I knew Merrill was going to do the same thing to me. He'd have shot me in the back on the count of nine."

When Merrill's body was found two weeks later his wounds confirmed everything. He had been shot in the back, and then through the back of the head.

THE boat continued its journey to Seattle, with Tracy talking all the time. At one point he ordered the captain to sail close to McNeil's Island where a prison was located so that he could take potshots at the guards. But the range was too great and he decided to conserve his ammunition, which, he said, "I'll be needing when they finally catch up with me."

It seems Tracy had already resigned himself to the fact that his death was inevitable, but no matter what happened he had decided to die with his rifle barrel hot.

The boat berthed at Meadow Point, near Seattle, and Tracy disembarked.

Meanwhile one armed posse had been ordered to boothell to check reports that Tracy was hiding there. Part of this posse, together with Louis B. Sefrit, reporter for the Seattle *Times*, picked up Tracy's trail and followed him towards Pontiac on the old wagon road. The trail came to a clearing where two cabins had been built. Large tree stumps dotted the landscape.

"I'll lay odds that Tracy is right here," said Deputy Raymond to Sefrit.

"Sure he is. Look at the grass round that tree stump. It's freshly beated down."

The two men stopped. Raymond raised his rifle. "I'm going in there, and if . . ." He never finished the sentence. Tracy suddenly appeared from behind the tree stump and his first shot wounded Anderson, one of the other deputies. A second shot killed Raymond where he stood.

Sefrit had a Colt revolver and started blazing away at the outlaw. Tracy aimed and fired, and though this third shot missed, Sefrit dropped as though dead. For agonizing seconds Sefrit lay there with half-closed eyes, watching the killer and praying he wouldn't fire again to make sure. Tracy did, but by some freak of misjudgment he missed again.

Two more deputies ran forward, and Tracy backed away, shooting all the time. He dropped one of the deputies with a bullet in the groin, then turned and ran into the thick underbrush.

Across the nation newspaper headlines blazed with these latest killings and Tracy's astonishing escape. Citizens unfamiliar with the terrain in the Northwest demanded to know why it was possible for the outlaw to remain at liberty so long and always vanish without trace after his numerous killings. If they had been saddled with the thankless task of hunting him they would have found out soon enough. The Puget Sound country at that time was so densely timbered that to hide himself a criminal had only to step off the highway, penetrate a few yards into the forest, and lie down under the thick carpet of ferns which choked the forest floor. His pursuers then had about as much hope of finding him as they would of arresting Tracy alive with a loaded gun in his hand.

The only thing that marred this convenient hideout for murderers was the rain. Through long miserable nights while he was on the run Tracy was drenched to the skin. Sleep was often impossible on the sodden ground, and warmth was out of the question. These discomforts explained why Tracy continually risked capture by walking into some dry, comfortable house on his escape route and demanding dry clothes, hot food and drink, and human companionship. After skulking like a wild animal in the forest, the company of even a terrified stranger was a solace he found himself craving for no matter what the risk.

For three more weeks he remained at liberty in a territory swarming with law enforcement officers and militia. His presence was often reported in several places at once, and posses of armed men would go thundering across country in several different directions. At one place Tracy used the telephone to call up the sheriff and offer his sympathy to that official for the trouble he was causing him. "But don't worry, Sheriff," he consoled the official, "at least you've been speaking to the man you're after—which is something your pals can't boast about."

The final lead-spattered climax to the hunt came when five deputies

BORROW BY MAIL

PRIVATE $50 to $500

You can get the cash you need immediately . . . entirely by mail. No co-signers or endorsers required. No inquiries of employers, relatives, or friends. Convenient monthly payments to fit your income. Men and women with steady income eligible, anywhere in U. S. If you need $50 to $500 extra cash for any purpose, mail the coupon today; we'll rush free application blank to you.

Licensed by NEBRASKA BANKING DEPARTMENT

FREE Application Blank sent in Plain Envelope

AMERICAN LOAN PLAN
City National Bank Bldg.
Omaha 2, Nebraska . . . Dept. AD-9

Amount Wanted $______

NAME...
ADDRESS...
CITY..............................STATE...........................
OCCUPATION..............................AGE..........................
Husband or Wife's OCCUPATION...

POEMS WANTED

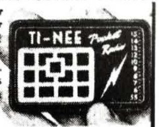
For musical setting . . . Send your Poems today for FREE EXAMINATION: Any subject. Immediate consideration.

FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS, 620 BEACON BLDG., BOSTON, MASS.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS!

$ Act today—101 ways to go into business for yourself with little or no money needed. Make big money now. Work for yourself. For your list of 101 ways to be your own boss send $1 to D & S Enterprise, Box 142, Station "O", Cincinnati, O.

AMAZING NEW "LIFETIME" RADIO



Ti-Nee Radio is guaranteed to work for your lifetime! Uses no tubes, batteries or electrical plug-ins. Never runs down! Smaller than a pack of cigarettes! Receives local radio stations most anytime, anywhere without extra antenna. Uses crystal diode HI-Q Tuner. Beautiful black gold. Built-in Speakerphone, plastic cabinet.

SEND ONLY $2.00 (bill, ck. mo) and pay postman $4.99 COD on arrival or send $6.99 for postpaid delivery. SENT COMPLETE—READY TO LISTEN—NOTHING EXTRA TO BUY EVER! Aerial kit included free for stations up to 1000 miles away. Available only from:

MIDWAY COMPANY Dept. GA-10 KEARNEY, NEBR.

SELL TO UNCLE SAM!

That's how I made $20,000 a year—selling junk jewelry to the U. S. Government. Send me your name and I'll show you how I did it.

LEARN AT HOME IN ONE EVENING

This is the most fantastic way of making money you ever heard of. That's because you do all your "selling" BY MAIL *to one customer*—the U. S. Government! Uncle Sam will buy all the old junk jewelry you send in at $35.00 AN OUNCE for the gold it contains. Just follow my Plan and you can pick up gold on any street in your town. I show you where to find it, what to pay, how to test and how to mail to Uncle Sam for cash. I'll teach you the secrets by which I made $20,000 a year. No charge for facts. No salesman will call. Send no money—just your name, address on postcard. **Leslie Patton, 335 W. Madison St., Dept. P-7810, Chicago 6, Ill.**

RACING FANS

MAKE A LIVING ON THE HORSES

The Percentage Player's System gives you all the facts on how to win consistently. Nothing is left to chance or guesswork. Simple and easy to operate. No handicapping or trick betting. Skip your next bet and send $2.00 for this amazing booklet.

THE PERCENTAGE PLAYER
P. O. BOX 206 UNION, N. J.

out on patrol received information that Tracy was hiding on the ranch of Mr. L. B. Eddy. When they reached the place they found Eddy mowing hay in one of his fields. Cautiously they approached, and just as they reached the farmer one of them spotted a tall man walking into Eddy's barn.

"Look!" he said, "wasn't that Tracy going into the barn?"

"It certainly was," said Eddy, "and if you want him you go get him."

They persuaded Eddy to drive his team back to the barn while they crouched behind it. Tracy came out and started to help Eddy unhitch the horses. He had left his rifle inside the barn, but was wearing two revolvers. Suddenly he spotted the five.

"Raise your hands, Tracy!" yelled one of them, using the same tired tactics others had used before him.

Tracy did no such thing. He leapt behind Eddy and used him as a shield, dragging him back to the barn and at the same time leading the horses so that they were between himself and the deputies. Six feet from the barn door Tracy hurled himself inside, grabbed his rifle and came out shooting. Then he turned and started running down the valley.

The deputies followed, loosing shots at him as they ran. Tracy ducked behind a rock and emptied a whole clip at them, but by this time it was getting dark and for once the outlaw's shooting was inaccurate. He made a break for it, racing for a wheat field a hundred yards away. All five deputies were shooting at him. Suddenly he staggered and fell, dragged himself to his feet, then reeled onwards. He had been hit.

He reached the wheat field and plunged into it, falling on his hands and knees. He was now hidden by the tall grain but the deputies poured shot after shot into the field.

A few minutes later they heard a single shot which came from the middle of the waving wheat. It was Tracy's last, and it tore through his own brain. The reckless killer who had survived everything the forces of the law could throw at him for nearly two months of pursuit and bloodshed, had chosen the quick way out. Tracy had killed himself rather than forfeit the liberty he had fought for so savagely. ■

THE TERROR SHIP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

Brother Jonathan—or Uncle Sam, if you prefer—by 1850 had stolen away from Britannia the rule of the commercial seas of the world, thanks to the sleek clippers sliding down the marine ways of Boston, New York and Baltimore. The *Challenge,* the latest word in clipper ship construction, was built especially for the "first of sailors," Captain Robert H. Waterman, who set records for sail in the China tea trade which stand to this day. His homeward passages were so far under the old record times that he was accused of having found a new, short route home.

Captain Waterman superintended the construction of the $100,000 masterpiece of marine architecture and the waterfront reporter of the Boston *Atlas,* Duncan MacLean, noted that "to his skill as a sailor may be attributed her completeness aloft." It was left to one of her crew, E. A. Wheeler, to speak more poetically of her "miles of running gear" and her "spars up near Orion."

Though not convinced that she would prove to be the fastest clipper in the world, the London *Times* designated her the best of her breed. Her owners, N. L. and G. Griswold (aptly nicknamed "No Loss" and "Great Gain" Griswold), and her master, Bob Waterman, were confident that the *Challenge* would show her stern to anything afloat. Her admirers stated flatly that after she broke the record for the California run on her maiden voyage, she would race any British clipper on any terms, the winner to take both vessels.

The *Challenge* was towed to the foot of Wall Street for the completion of her rigging. Her sails were bent, her running gear rove and her cargo for San Francisco loaded. Fifty-six men were rounded up to man her. She was then hauled out into the river abreast of Governor's Island and everything made ship-shape for sea. After being towed as far as Sandy Hook, she lay at anchor, letting her rival, the famed *Flying Cloud,* get a bigger bulge on her toward San Francisco, while the "first of sailors" indulged in a profane difference of opinion with his chief mate. Waterman sent the mate ashore and was about to sail without a "first" when a boat put off from the packet *Guy Mannering* which lay near the *Challenge.*

The man who climbed up the side of the outbound clipper from the boat's sternsheets was a notorious bucko mate, James "Black" Douglas, who was in trouble ashore and who asked Waterman for a berth. The captain greeted him eagerly, signed him on as first mate and put to sea immediately.

Waterman knew before he had dropped the pilot that his crew was composed of the scrapings of New York, rouges and blacklegs heading like blowflies for the easy pickings in California. There was a leaving of tanglefoot landlubbers of more honest ilk and a sprinkling of honest-to-God seaman left on the beach for some reason. The *Flying Cloud, Telegraph* and *Eagle* had scoured the town for the last of the seaman not already on the way to El Dorado. The *Challenge* got a few fresh from jail and a handful who had been to soggy with booze for even the not-particular crimps of Gotham. Waterman was tempted to put back for another crew but he knew that A. B.'s were as rare in New York as ticks on an iron bar and that he was not likely to do any better on a second master. Moreover, the owners had plunked down three month's advance wages to the fifty-six boys, ruffians and ancients he commanded, and there was a $60,000 freight list in his cabin. Most important of all, he had been promised a $10,000 bonus if he made Frisco in ninety days. That was something to shoot for.

Bob Waterman was not one to give up $10,000 without a fight. He was a driver. He had won a reputation in the Black Ball Line for being hard on his crews. It was he who first put padlocks on his topsail sheets and rackings to prevent timorous seamen from letting go sail when it looked as if the spread of canvas might capsize the ship. On the other hand, he had never lost a spar or any rigging of importance and not once did he call on the underwriters for a penny's loss or damage. And whereas he would dramatically and ominously wash off "shore face" with a bucket of water on sailing day to warn his crew he would brook no mischief, he also had dived overboard in a raging gale in 1831 to rescue one of his men who had been swept over the side. He had accepted the hero's testimonial presented to him by the cabin passengers with the same aplomb with which he gave the sailor a hammering the next day for "sojering."

The first thing Captain Waterman did, even before choosing watches, was to call his motley crew aft for a windy harangue about duty, good food and the comfort of the *Challenge*. During his long address, the mates, idlers and bosun were ransacking the foc's'le. They opened every chest, box and sea bag, a small arsenal of derringers, knuckle dusters, sling shots and Bowie knives. After giving this informal armory the deep six, they reported back to the captain and watches were chosen. The next order of business saw the carpenter take up a position of the main hatch. The men were lined up and as each passed Chips, he broke off the tip of the man's sheath knife.

OF the international crew of Limejuicers, Dutchmen and Dagoes (the latter might be Frenchmen, Italians or even Russians), only six could steer so Waterman made them quartermasters on the spot, assigning them no other duties than to steer and to take in sail when their help was needed. The captain found that he had on board twelve Englishmen, twenty Irishmen, five Dutchmen or Germans, four Frenchmen and one Russian—actually a Finn. Of the ten American shipped, seven were boys. He had just three American A. B.'s out of a crew of fifty-six men on the finest American merchantman yet built!

First Mate Douglas delighted in making the voyage unpleasant for all. It was said of the burly Scot that he "would rather have a knockdown fight with a lot of sailors than eat a good dinner." Early in the voyage he went armed, as did Captain Waterman, but as the forecastle mob began to shape up into something resembling a crew, the officers abandoned their side arms. The crew appeared to be willing to suffer the cuffings and worse of Douglas—and the less frequent attentions of the captain—in submissive fashion.

Off Rio de Janeiro on the 14th of August, however, the lid blew off. The Sunday morning quiet was broken by "Black" Douglas bawling out orders for all hands to haul their chests on deck for inspection. A theft had been reported to the mate. The hands grumblingly did as ordered, with Douglas speeding laggards up with a dose of belaying pin soup now and again.

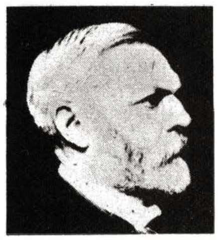
Suddenly, the mate was lying on the deck, being kicked and beaten by two score seamen. A knife blade flashed and Douglas screamed in pain. On the poop, Waterman dropped his sextant—he had been preparing to take the sun at noon—and rushed forward to aid the mate. He grabbed up a belaying pin from the rail and jumped into the melee, swinging the pin with both hands. Dougles' attacker fled, save three whom Waterman had laid out on the deck.

The disturbance was over quickly. Douglas was patched up and the voyage continued with a sulking crew. The mate was afraid to go down below to get men to help work the ship. "When I would go forward," said Douglas later, "they would blow out the lights in the foc's'le . . ." Waterman and Douglas, almost alone, worked the vessel for a time when the chief mate found only three of twenty-seven men in the second mate's watch. The second officer himself was absent.

Captain Waterman explained the mutiny in a letter to a Boston friend, "The truth is, when in the neighborhood of Rio, about fifty of the crew fell upon the mate with the intention of killing him and afterwards me, by their own confession. I was on the poop taking observations while the mate stood forward at the gallery. They stabbed him and had beaten him shockingly before I could get to him. I struck down three of them, rescued the mate and quelled the mutiny. I flogged eight of them." This may have been the truth, but the *whole* truth of the mutiny aboard the *Challenge* had to wait until the clipper reached San Francisco.

Waterman spied the Farallones on the morning of October 28, 1851, one hundred and eight days from New York— good enough time but a terrific disappointment to Waterman.

The man who wouldn't give up



500 MASSED ROCKETS shook Brooklyn Bridge, screamed up into the May evening and showered the city with red and gold.

While behind a darkened window, a big, gaunt man sat and watched, too crippled and painwracked to attend the opening day festivities for the bridge.

This was a pity, for he had built it.

Which means that when money gave out, Chief Engineer Roebling pleaded for more. When disturbing changes of plan had to be made, Roebling fought them through. And when a hundred panicked men were trapped under the East River in a flooded caisson, Roebling saved them.

Spinning the giant steel spiderweb not only exacted 13 years of Roebling's life, from 1870 to 1883, but very early in the game it crippled him forever with the caisson disease.

Yet he saw the job through to the end. His were the courage, skill and vision that make Americans a nation of great builders—a strong, growing nation. And a nation whose Savings Bonds rank with the world's finest investments.

For the constructive strength of 168 million Americans stands behind these Bonds. This is why our Government can absolutely guarantee the safety of your principal—up to any amount—and the rate of interest you receive.

You cannot get a better guarantee than that. Why not invest in U.S. Savings Bonds regularly—where you bank or through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work? And hold the Savings Bonds you have.

Safe as America—U.S. Savings Bonds

The U.S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.

He blued the air with oaths as he blamed Douglas for their not only missing the ninety-day mark and the $10,000 bonus but also for losing to the *Flying Cloud,* thanks to the mate's rough treatment of the men and their consequent unfitness for work.

THE captain called the crew aft and told them that, as soon as they were ashore, he would see that all of them who had engaged in the mutiny were arrested. The whole crew, except for a few ringleaders whom Waterman had put aboard a revenue cutter for safekeeping, jumped ship with the aid of the always solicitious crimps and boarding-house runners. The *Challenge* lay at anchor for two days in the stream, unable to get to Pacific Street Wharf. No sailors or stevedores were available. Unlucky for Waterman and Douglas, not all of the *Challenge's* crew headed for the Mother Lode or were speedily shanghaied out by Embarcadero crimps. A few hung around waterfront saloons long enough to pour out their alcoholic memoirs of the passage to all who would listen. The newspapers picked up the tales, even the most incredible yarns, and printed them as fact. Public opinion soon became inflamed and by the time Waterman was ready to go ashore on the 30th, he found Whitehall boatmen surrounding his vessel in a hostile ring and the dock thronged with angry seamen howling for his and Douglas' scalps. Waterman managed to slip ashore to the agent's office and went into hiding there.

Since there appeared to be no escape possible from the *Challenge,* many of the boatmen rowed up to the Sansome Street Wharf to tie up their Whitehalls and enjoy a pipe while they walked down to the Pacific Street Wharf to see the fun. As the clipper was warped up to the dock, Douglas dropped off the side of the ship away from the pier into the waiting boat of Commodore T. H. Allen, who was in charge of the dock wallopers set to unload the *Challenge's* cargo. Spotted within a minute, Douglas and his friend were pursued by a number of Whitehall boats through the rotting fleet of abandoned ships lying off the Embarcadero. They passed Commercial Wharf and reached Rincon Point safely, however, and there disappeared into the brush.

The frenzied mob, egged on by hardcases from the crew of the *Challenge,* beat the bushes, determined to lynch Douglas on the spot, but he made his getaway in the dusk.

The following day the sick and injured seamen of the clipper were removed to the Marine Hospital and the mood of the dockside crowd grew even uglier as it swelled in size. The mob, now two thousand strong, marched on the office of the consignees, Alsop & Co., on California Street near Sansome. The California *Courier* on November 1 carried a wild, irresponsible and inflammatory story probably peddled by some drunken rogue whose pepperbox or Bowie knife had been heaved overboard. Waterman was described as a "bloody murderer," "a vile monster" and "one of the most inhuman monsters of the age." The most fantastic stories circulated about the 43-year-old captain, who began to be called "Bully" Waterman. The nickname would stick to him for the rest of his life. He was said to have shaken four men from the topmast. Five men were claimed to be dead of wounds or ill treatment, five mangled or bruised and one dying the very moment the paper went to press. The captain was said to have shot men off a yard with a Winchester rifle and to have cleared the decks of the crew by training a loaded swivel gun on them. Not only did he carry a heaver tied to his wrist by a thong, like a policeman's billy, but with it he beat into insensibility three seamen in just one evening. Finally, he had shot his own son in cold blood.

Incredibly, the witless mob swallowed these tales as the veriest gospel. At the Aslop & Co., office they demanded of Charles Griswold that he surrender Waterman. That gentleman assured them that the captain was not there and invited a committee of six to search the building. They did, but Waterman had already escaped via the roof and that of the building next door. The infuriated crowd seized old Captain John Land, whom they found at the office, threatening to hang him on suspicion of having hidden Waterman. Before they could carry out their threats, however, they heard the sobering toll of the Monumental Engine Company bell. Six hundred Vigilantes answered the signal, offering their services this time —*mirabile visu!*—to establish offices of law and order. The Committee was shocked by the demonstration of the group of waterfront citizenry who, in imitation of the Vigilantes themselves, had organized themselves spontaneously to see that their particular brand of justice was meted out.

THOMAS Gray explained the action of the Vigilance Committee in supporting the mayor and marshal against the Embarcadero mob, "We are informed that a state of feeling exists among a portion of the sailors who came out with Captain Waterman on the *Challenge* that is different from that which has generally been supposed to have existed among them unanimously. A gentlemen of this city informs us that nine of the seamen who have just arrived in her have waited on the consignee of this ship and informed them that they are willing to make a voyage to China in the *Challenge* with Captain Waterman as master. Five of these gentlemen are Americans and four are foreigners. The same gentleman states that the passengers are unanimous in justifying the course pursued by the captain on the way out.

Mayor Charles J. Brenham, backed by the bellicose Vigilantes, gave the mob just ten minutes to disperse. They cheered the Vigilance Committee, "groaned" Waterman and his mate and broke up for the moment. Many of them reassembled on Pacific Wharf to discuss whether or not they should burn and scuttle the clipper. One rabble-rouser mounted a barrel to preach to the throng that the blame for the shipboard brutality lay at the owner's feet because they had knowingly hired the "tyrant," Bully Waterman. The orator volunteered to be the first to set a torch to the *Challenge* but was hooted down by the crowd. When the U. S. marshal went aboard the vessel shortly thereafter, he found that vandals or looters had broken in the door of the cabins with handspikes and capstan bars and had cut many lanyards of the standing rigging. The marshal dispersed the crowd on the dock and told the *Challenge's* sailors that any complaint against master or mate should be formally made to him. A complaint finally was made and the Government authorities officially joined the hunt for Waterman and Douglas. The *Alta California* pleaded for the prevalence of cool heads, observing that "however true a certain portion of the reports may be, there are many that are absolutely false and it would be well for the public to reserve their opinion at least until it is known which of the stories can be relied upon." Captain Waterman was well lied about and legends stuck to him like barnacles on a buoy. The truth would have to be refined out by the grinding of the judicial mills.

Captain Waterman dropped out of sight but Douglas was captured ten miles out of the city on the San Jose Road, hidden in a horse cart, as he fled to San Francisco. It was late in the morning of November 1, 1851, when Sheriff Jack Hays brought him back to town but not because of attempts to seize him for lynching by the fifty vengeful sailors rumored to be in pursuit of him. No, the delay was occasioned because "the prisoner insisted on taking a drink at every bar along the road."

Douglas and his companions had glowered and blustered at their captors but had made no real resistance. When apprehended, the mate did boast drunkenly, "My name is Douglas among soldiers, sailors and gentlemen. I whipped 'em and I'll whip 'em again." He added more soberly, "Well gentlemen, if you want to hang me, here's a pretty tree. Do it like men."

Waterman's defamers were not content to label the escaped captain a brute; they had to make him out a despicable coward, to boot. Therefore, tales were invented which had him being cowed and thrashed by both his first and second officer. In some of the chapter and verse, Second Mater Alexander Coghill surpassed his superiors in brutality and raffishness. He was said to have whipped *both* Waterman and Douglas with his fists in one encounter and to have buried alive (at sea) a sailor he had kicked off the waterfront footropes, sewing him up in his blanket as he groaned. Small wonder that Coghill was arraigned along with Waterman and Douglas on murder charges.

THE first testimony in the round-robin of trials arising out of the *Challenge* case came from the blaspheming lips of George Hill, seaman. He testified that one day in a gale his watch was aloft about to take in the mizzen topsail on the second mate's orders when the chief mate also sang out a command to lay out on the yard and pick up the sail. The

yours for 1/30th the cost of diamonds!

authentic
Capra Gems
"more dazzling than diamonds"

. . . hand-cut, hand-polished, hand-selected

Get full facts, FREE, on the most amazing discovery by modern science — CAPRA GEMS. A miracle of science described in recent issues of Saturday Evening Post and Reader's Digest. They're more dazzling than diamonds, yet cost much less. CAPRA GEMS' refractive quality is actually higher than diamonds! Brilliantly beautiful, dazzling CAPRA GEMS are hand cut, hand polished and hand selected . . . priced within the reach of all who love fine gems. A 1-carat diamond stone costs you approximately $1000. A comparable choice selected, 1-carat CAPRA GEM is yours for $27, federal tax included . . . and can be bought on small easy payments.

GET THE FACTS NOW . . . Valuable illustrated booklet shows a wide selection of men's and women's rings. Gives full details, including prices and settings . . . shows all CAPRA GEMS actual size. Limited supply, so send today without delay. No charge, no obligation. Get all the facts on CAPRA GEMS . . . more dazzling than diamonds.

Send No Money! Mail Today

CAPRA GEMS CO. Dept. A-107
P.O. 5145, Phila. 41, Penna.

Name ....

Address ....

City.................. Zone........ State........

IT'S EASY . . .
MAKE MONEY IN PHOTOGRAPHY

If you are over 17—good pay and fascinating work await you in photography! Start making money quickly in spare-time—step into your own studio or exciting career job. LEARN-BY-DOING method trains you at home! Write TODAY for FREE catalog. Co-ed. Also Resident Training. 47th Year. Approved for Veterans.

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Dept. 77, 10 West 33 Street, New York 1, New York

47th YEAR

SAVE $9.00

NORELCO Men's Electric Shaver. Latest model, brand new and fully guaranteed. Complete with case, cord and cleaning brush. Regularly retails at $24.95. Our price $15.95 postage paid. All orders filled within 24 hours. Your money back if you are not fully satisfied. Send check or money order to:

J. BROOKS, Dept. 637, Box 212, St. Louis 3, Mo.

75 POWER TELESCOPE 25X-45X-75X $3.98

New 3 in one telescopes, 3 variable 25X-45X 75X magnification, Brass bound, 25 power for ultra bright images 45 & 75 power for long range. Guaranteed to bring distant stars, moons, objects, sports 75 times closer. Most powerful scope sold anywhere near this amazing low price. American made, 5 sections. Opens 36″ closes 1 ft; contains 4 ground & polished lenses. Also powerful compound microscope. Directions included. Mass production enables us to offer telescope at $3.98 postpaid complete money back guarantee. Get yours now.

CRITERION CO.
Dept. EAB-29
331 Church St.
Hartford 1, Conn.

★ ★ EARLY AMERICAN PRINTS in FULL COLOR

ADD BEAUTY AND CHARM TO YOUR HOME

These thrilling authentic reproductions are ready to frame for your den, study, living room, etc. All different, all beautifully accurate in every detail. Size 8½″ x 5½″, they're reg. $3.50 each set. Order now at our LOW, SPECIAL PRICE.

Any complete set of 8 PRINTS Only $1.00 ppd Sorry No C.O.D.

Choose Any One or More of These Three Sets
A. AUTOMOBILES B. FIRE ENGINES
C. LOCOMOTIVES

RUSH COUPON NOW

QUALITY BAZAAR
Box 683, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17

Enclose $...... ( ) Check, ( ) M.O. you pay postage. Please send me: ( ) A, ( ) B, ( ) C,
(Check numbers desired)

NAME..

ADDRESS..

CITY.............................STATE..........

COMPLETE New FALSE PLATE IN 24 HOURS FROM YOUR OLD

NOW LOW AS . . $15.95

Brand new process transforms your old, broken, cracked or loose plates into new lightweight plastic plates.

NO IMPRESSION NEEDED

Let us help you enjoy life again. You will marvel at this revolutionary new method. Using your own old plates, we will remake them completely in only 24 hours. Missing teeth are carefully matched and replaced. Work is done on an absolute MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

SEND NO MONEY —Just rush your name and address to us for full FREE DETAILS. If your teeth are loose, we'll tell you how to tighten them before duplication. Act now. Quit suffering!

Tru-Grip Dental Labs. 7th Fl., 127 N. Dearborn St. Dept. CC Chicago 2, Ill.

mate then asked "second" in rather blunt manner why he did not keep the dirty wretches on the yard. Without waiting for a reply, Douglas suggested that if Second Mate Coghill did not keep the men on the yard he would come up personally and kick him off. A moment later, a man fell off the yard into the sea. Coghill cried out that they would all be knocked off if the yard were not trimmed. He then kicked a seaman named Stevens. The latter did not fall as a result of the kick but, a moment later the sail came over the yard and carried Stevens and another man off. Both were killed.

Hill volunteered that the kick could not have caused the fall since he was between the men when it was delivered and, second, he was positive that it was the leech (the rope on the edge of the sail) which had caught Stevens and swept him off the yard. Seaman Andrew Nicholl and Thomas Johnson could add little to Hill's testimony and the court discharged the second mate from the accusation of murder but held him on bail for assault and unjustifiable treatment of the deceased.

An affidavit from Mate Douglas led to the arraignment of seamen Downey, Frederick Birkenshaw and Ralph Smith on charges of mutiny. First witness in this case was a passenger on the *Challenge* named Bradhurst. He testified that he saw Dougles being beaten by some twenty-odd sailors, one of whom was Downey, on the day of the mutiny. He did not see the knifing itself. Bradhurst stated that Waterman was going to put mutinous men in irons below decks but they threatened to iron him and the mate if he tried to punish them. Bradhurst also witnessed the discovery of Birkenshaw hiding in the forecastle under some coils of rope a month after the scuffle. It had been supposed that he had jumped overboard when Waterman broke up the attack on the mate. The most electrifying testimony to come from Bradhurst was the statement that Birkenshaw had told the captain that the second mate was in on the plot and had offered to supply the mutineers with irons for Waterman and Douglas. Passenger Richard Moore substantiated this testimony.

The U. S. District Court was abuzz with excitement when James Douglas himself was called to the witness stand. The burly, 200-pound bucko spoke right out, without equivocation, "I was standing on deck seeing the chests overhauled when I was seized from behind and thrown down. While I was falling, I received a wound; there were several kicking me. I rose and Smith had hold of me with both hands around my neck. I struck him twice but he still retained his hold. I called on the men for assistance and reached out and got a stick. The man ran off. The captain came up and told Smith to let me go and then seized him and broke his hold. I then started in search of Birkenshaw, learning that he was the man who first seized me. I ordered the second mate to search. He appeared very dilatory; could not find Birkenshaw. When I got aft some of the prisoners were tied. Smith said the mutiny had been in contemplation for a month."

When Coghill was called as a witness in the testimony he vehemently denied that he had offered to supply irons to the plotters. Nor had he any knowledge of the mutiny until the third mate awoke him to say that there was a "row on deck." He hurried topside, where he saw men tied in the rigging on both the lee and weather side of the ship. Douglas grabbed him by the arm and said, "Mr. Coghill, I want you to look for that man and be damned quick about it." When Coghill asked, "What man?" Douglas shouted at him, "That 'Fred' in your watch."

COGHILL searched the ship but found no trace of Birkenshaw. When he reported this to Douglas, the latter commented, "This (attack) is a made up thing among them." Pulling out a dirk, he said to the second officer, "I advise you to carry something of this kind with you." Coghill replied that he was sure he could take care of himself with just his fists. Douglas only growled, "Damn their souls, I am damned glad the row has occurred. I can lick them as much as I like and they can't do anything with me when I get to California."

On November 11 Douglas' apipilication for bail was refused by Commissioner Jones. The same day, James McCartney, the seaman who's affidavit had caused the chief mate's arrest and confinement, died in the Marine Hospital. Coghill was discharged from the murder accusation but held on bail for two charges of assault and battery and eventually committed on a charge of mutiny as well.

Hardly had one trial ended than another was launched. U. S. Commissioner John A. Monroe next examined Douglas on the charge of murder of a sailor named Papaw. Seaman Charles C. Weldon testified that the old man had died on the *Challenge* as they were sounding the Horn. Papaw had no shoes or socks and when ordered on deck his feet froze and he could hardly move. Weldon's testimony accused Waterman of beating the old Italian with a belaying pin the day before his death because he had been a little to slow in letting go a line. The next day Douglas found him hidden below and questioned him on deck, although Papaw could hardly speak a word of English. The mate tried to beat the answers out of him by striking him five or six times with his fists. Papaw ran below but Douglas followed and held him up while he pounded him in the face and ribs for fully two minutes while Weldon stood by, helpless. When the mate left. Weldon aided the Italian into his bunk where he lay groaning and dazed, his eyes so swollen he could not see. Weldon then went on deck and an hour later a shipmate came up to report that Papaw was dead. George Hall backed up Weldon's story though his facts did not jibe exactly with those of the prior witness. He had seen the beating from aloft and claimed that Douglas wielded a large stick until the blood ran freely on the deck from the prostrate form of Papaw. According to Hall, Waterman brought some wine and water to Papaw but he died.

HALL and a buddy named Jerry had sewed Papaw up in his blanket for burial over the side. "Let's overhaul him," Jerry had suggested, so they opened his shirt to find his chest and left side all black and blue. His head was bloody and his hair matted with gore. Though he had only one shoe on, the old man was warmly dressed in thick pants and two flannel shirts.

On the 11th, Captain Waterman surrendered to the authorities, waived an examination and was committed to trial on four different warrants—three for assault and one for murder. Before he reached the stand, Coghill and Birkenshaw pleaded not guilty to mutiny. Waterman pleaded not guilty to his indictment and the difficult job of choosing a jury began. Many veniremen were excused for bias but twelve men were finally found to serve.

The marathon trials continued on through November, fed by a dozen indictments of Waterman, Douglas, Coghill and Birkenshaw. The testimony was amended and rehashed. Passengers W. W. Burdick and William Maston were followed by seaman John Leggett who told Judge Ogden Hoffman that he saw Waterman beat Birkenshaw, while on his knees, with a stick. However, under close questioning, Leggett admitted that the death toll on the *Challenge* was not all due to brutality—"The health of the crew during the passage was bad; we had ten deaths."

A French crewman, Nisrop, was questioned through an interpreter, then U. S. Attorneys Benham and Barbour jousted with defense counsels McLane, Hamilton and Austin. The latters' argument was that the ship was in a mutinous condition which justified the acts charged *if* committed. The judge's charge warned the jury not to pass on Waterman's general conduct but only the case in question. They retired at 11:30 a.m. and at 2 a.m. the next morning they had reached a verdict. At 9 a.m. they came in to report no agreement or hope of one. They were discharged. Waterman had not time for even a smile of relief. A new jury was empanelled to try him for the cruel punishment of Tons Miti, alias Ions Smiti, alias John Smith. Many jurors were rejected but a panel was finally organized. Andrew Nicholl and Thomas Johnson testified that they saw Waterman beat the sickly Smith with a stick as he holystoned the deck. The District Attorney hoped to question Smiti but there was no interpreter in San Francisco who could translate for him—he was a Finn. The D. A. therefore rested his case. A passenger, in testifying for the defense, stated that Smith was struck with only a small rope. The jury's verdict found Waterman guilty of assault on "John Smith."

Waterman and Douglas were next tried for beating a seaman named George Lessing but known as "The Dancing Master" because he jumped about so gingerly when flogged. George Hall had heard the captain say, "I think we'll baptize him." He saw Waterman and Douglas throw the lad into the lee scuppers, which were awash. While the boy tried to keep his head above the water, the captain and mate jumped him. Lessing died shortly after the ducking, doubtless helped along by a massive dose of castor oil given him by a zealous but misguided passenger named Maston. Despite the "short but impressive" charge of the judge, the jury was unable to agree in night-long deliberation.

The next case caused a stir in court as Waterman was called as a witness in the trial of Douglas of inflicting cruel and unusual punishment on Ion Smiti. The captain described the Finn. "He shipped as an ordinary seaman. He was lazy, dirty, indolent, always skulking . . . I ordered the mate to give him a rope's end and I think he deserved it. I once ordered him to stand on the hatch and see other persons work, and asked him what he would rather do. He replied that it did not make any difference to him. The defendant was not the only one who skulked; nearly the whole crew did it. I think it was the worst crew I've ever seen. I have been to sea for the last thirty years. There were not more than ten Americans in the crew. They would fight among themselves, cut, gouge, bite and kept up a continual row . . ." He mentioned that he had seen the crew drive the malingering Finn on deck and, another time, had seen them sling him on a rope. Smiti always complained of pains in his legs and of other ills, but, noted Waterman, "He appeared to walk well when going to the galley for his tea." Douglas was found guilty on only one of the four counts of the indictment.

The court turned more of its attention to the mutiny as the New Year began. George Smith testified the crew was beaten with belaying pins, straps, billets of wood, heavers, fists and ropes. (He had been beaten personally by Waterman with a belaying pin and a searing mallet.) Leggett, Johnson, Weldon and White had similar testimony, but Charles Flanders summed it up best; "I was beat with a club myself. I did not disobey orders; the first intimation I had was a crack on the head . . . All the crew were beat except the Dagoes; everybody aboard was beat except Jerry."

This damaging testimony against Waterman and Douglas was weakened by that of Charles Pearson, a veteran of forty years at sea who had served on a frigate with Decatur. He had been beaten but admitted: "We had a miserable crew on board the *Challenge;* not more than eight or ten good men. Most of them were miserable trash."

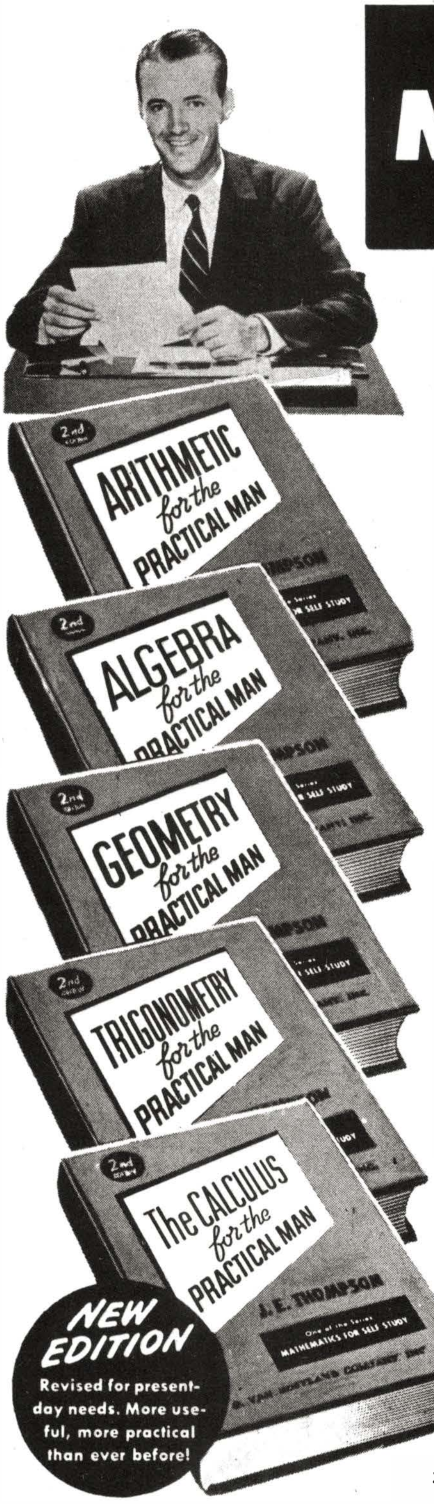
Coghill was tried and convicted of brutality toward John Brown. Waterman and Douglas were brought to trial for beating Alexander Nicholl, but "the principal witness called for the prosecution being so drunk as to be unable to testify, and the U. S. District Attorney being satisfied that there was not sufficient facts to justify a prosecution of the case, entered a *nolle prosequi.* Perhaps the court as well as the public was beginning to tire of the attacks on the *Challenge's* master and mate. In any case, a *nolle prosequi* was entered in the case of assault upon Charles Pearson and Thomas Cleaver and, finally, "on the motion of the U. S. District Attorney a *nolle prosequi* was entered against both defendants for all indictments, save in the case of James Douglas for the murder of one, Papaw. Captain Waterman was discharged on his own recognizance." Douglas was shortly released on his own recognizance and the two were free men.

The master and mate of the *Challenge* were never to tread her decks again. Captain Jon Land took the clipper out in 1852 after paying $200 advance money to each man who would sail on the "hell ship." He found them so mutinous he had to put into Hong Kong and get help from the Royal Marines. The *Challenge* visited San Francisco a few more times as a degraded coolie clipper, enjoyed another mutiny, and was lost in 1876.

Douglas was a frightened man after the trials. He dropped out of sight perhaps giving up the sea as a profession for one which would insure him longevity. Waterman, though acquitted of practically all of the brutality charges made against him, was a marked man. He gave up blue water sailing and spent his time doing salvage, buying vessels and wrecks, and serving as U. S. Inspector of Hulls for San Francisco. By 1885 E. A. Wheeler found him "about the most popular man on the city front." ■

This Practical Self-Study Course will give you

A COMPLETE MASTERY OF MATHEMATICS EASILY, QUICKLY


2nd edition
ARITHMETIC for the PRACTICAL MAN
ALGEBRA for the PRACTICAL MAN
GEOMETRY for the PRACTICAL MAN
TRIGONOMETRY for the PRACTICAL MAN
The CALCULUS for the PRACTICAL MAN
J. E. THOMPSON
One of the Series MATHEMATICS FOR SELF STUDY
D. VAN NOSTRAND COMPANY INC
NEW EDITION
Revised for present-day needs. More useful, more practical than ever before!

5 VOLUMES
1,598 Pages
Illustrated

Learn Mathematics . . . get a BETTER JOB!

Now you, too, can learn mathematics and get the basic training for a better job . . . the kind of training that is quickly recognized today and gladly paid for.

Just look at the "help wanted" ads in any big-time newspaper—look at the hundreds of wonderful opportunities for men who know mathematics: superintendents and foremen, technicians and laboratory workers, designers, draftsmen, mathematicians and engineers. Look at the huge companies—page after page of them—that are advertising for help *every day in the year!* They all need trained men, men who know mathematics, to help them keep up with the ever-increasing demands in aviation, electronics, nuclear science, automation, jets and missiles.

Now you can learn mathematics—the foundation of all technical work—quickly, easily, inexpensively and right in your own home. A very simple and interesting course in book form has been prepared for you by an expert who has devoted a lifetime to teaching practical men the fundamentals of this important subject. Every minute you spend on this complete, practical course in mathematics will pay you big dividends.

MATHEMATICS For Self Study

By J. E. Thompson, B.S. in E.E., A.M., Dept. of Mathematics, Pratt Institute

A COMPLETE COURSE AND REFERENCE LIBRARY

You start right from the beginning with a review of arithmetic that gives the special short cuts and trick problems that save countless hours of time. Then, step by step, you go into higher mathematics and learn how simple it all can be when an expert explains it to you.

Get This Training in Only Ten Minutes a Day

You can gain all the benefits of a mathematical training in just a few months if you will devote only ten minutes each day to these easy, practical lessons.

An Expert Gives You His Simplified Methods

Prof. Thompson, the author of these books, is an expert at teaching *practical* Mathematics. He presents each problem in the clearest, simplest way. He gives you the kind of information you need for *success!*

Here are but a few of the hundreds of subjects simplified and explained in this complete self-study course in mathematics:

ARITHMETIC: Starting with a quick review of principles, this book gives you the special calculation methods used in business and industry that every practical man should know. Above all else it shows you how to attain speed and accuracy with fractions and decimals, ratio and proportion, etc. Fundamentals in all computations in engineering—in both plant and field—and the essential methods for rapid calculation are made clear and simple.

ALGEBRA: This volume makes algebra a live interesting subject. The author starts with simple problems that can be solved by arithmetic and then shows you how to apply algebraic methods. Among other subjects, it teaches you all about logarithms—the method of computation that engineers use to save time. It also shows you how to solve problems which are involved in business and industrial work relating to machines, engines, ships, autos, planes, etc.

GEOMETRY: This book gives you the practical, common-sense method for solving all problems in both plane and solid geometry—problems ranging from the simplest distance problems to the geometry of spheres which have applications ranging all the way from the atom to the earth itself.

TRIGONOMETRY: Practically every problem in machine work, land surveying, mechanics, astronomy and navigation is solved by methods of trigonometry, and this interesting volume makes the methods of solving them clear and easy. These methods are explained simply with actual examples of calculations of height and distance as applied to meteorology, the position of a ship at sea, the construction of buildings, bridges and dams, the cutting of gears, etc.

CALCULUS: This branch of mathematics deals with rate problems and is essential in computation involving objects moving with varying rates of speed. It also enables you to find the most efficient design for any kind of mechanism, engine, or moving vehicle.

MAIL THIS COUPON

D. Van Nostrand Company, Inc. AMG-9-57
120 Alexander Street, Princeton, New Jersey

Send me MATHEMATICS FOR SELF STUDY in 5 volumes. Within 10 days I will either return the books or send you $1.85 as first payment and $2.00 per month for four months until the total price of $9.85, plus a few cents' postage, is paid.

(If you send $9.85 with this coupon, we will pay the postage. Same return privilege, refund guaranteed.)

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City________________Zone_____State________

In Canada: Order from D. Van Nostrand Company Ltd.
25 Hollinger Road, Toronto, Canada

SEND NO MONEY

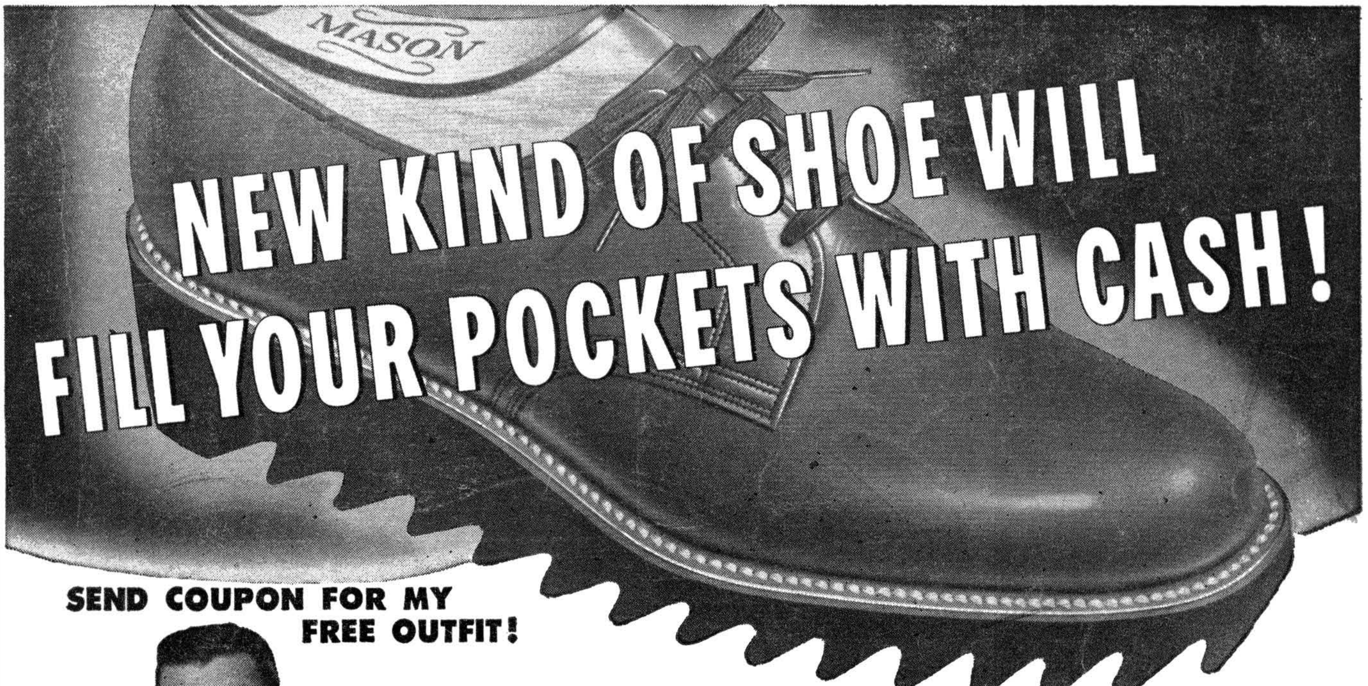
Send no money now, not a penny! The coupon at left will bring you the complete course in book form for 10 days free trial. Unless you are convinced that this course is exactly what you need and want you may return the books and owe nothing; or you may keep them by sending us the small down payment of $1.85, balance in four monthly payments of $2.00 each. Take advantage of this opportunity. Mail the coupon NOW!

Thousands of Jobs

Are Waiting for Trained Men

INDUSTRY is working at top capacity to meet the needs of our gigantic industrial program. Trained mechanics and technicians are in urgent demand, and in practically ALL OF THESE JOBS a knowledge of mathematics is required.

Remember, mathematics is the foundation of all technical work. Give yourself this basic preparation now by this quick, convenient, inexpensive method.


MASON
NEW KIND OF SHOE WILL
FILL YOUR POCKETS WITH CASH!

SEND COUPON FOR MY FREE OUTFIT!

Make Money! Just 8 Easy Orders a Day Bring You Up to $960 a Month!

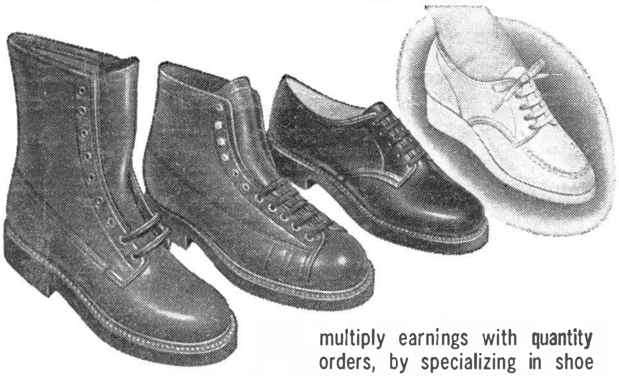
From the moment you step into Mason's revolutionary new Ripple Sole shoes, things start to happen. People stop you on the street . . . want to know where **they** can buy this amazingly different kind of shoe. And there are plenty of good reasons why you'll sell Mason Ripple Sole Shoes on sight. First, they **are** so different. No one has ever seen anything like 'em! These are the shoes that give shock-reducing gliding action . . . **forward thrust . . .** to every step you take. More comfortable, because they feature Mason's famous Air Cushion innersoles. Everyone wants 'em!

But Ripple Sole shoes are only one of many exciting new features in the powerful Selling Outfit I'll send you FREE! Using this outfit in the way I'll show you, you can earn as much as **$960 EXTRA monthly on just 8 easy orders a day**! I'll set you up in a "Shoe Store Business" you can run from home. You'll have no expenses. You'll never have to invest one cent. Yet you keep 100% of the profit! No wonder James Kelly of Ohio made $93.55 selling Mason Nationally-Advertised shoes—in a single evening! No wonder C. Tuttle averages $80 a week! It's easy, with our way of selling shoes. You need no experience. We carry the stock. We ship the shoes. All you do is show the styles, take orders! You get cash, prizes, bonuses!

210 Fast-Selling Styles To Send Your Profits Soaring!

It's easy for you to make money fast, with so many new ideas like the Ripple Sole, amazing Shu-lok laceless shoe—plus dozens of time-tested, popularity-proven staple items like water-shedding Sylflex shoes, sturdy, comfortable, long-wearing work shoes, steel-toe safety shoes, others! Mason shoes sell fast! They're nationally Advertised . . . bear the Good Housekeeping Guarantee Seal! Sell to friends, neighbors, folks where you work. Top men make up to $10 an hour—from their very first hour!

WORKERS WANT MASON ON-THE-JOB SHOES! NOW THEY CAN BUY THEM FROM YOU!



YOUR SURE SOURCE OF EXTRA INCOME!

Wherever you go, working people are eager prospects for famous Mason Air Cushion extra-comfort on-the-job shoes. That's why so many Mason Shoe Counselors multiply earnings with quantity orders, by specializing in shoe needs of policemen, postmen, factory workers, nurses, waitresses, service station men! We furnish sales aids . . . show you how to get the orders. Don't delay—mail coupon for **your** FREE Starting Outfit **today!**

Best "Shoe Store Business" in Town!

You feature foamy-soft Air Cushion innersoles . . . sturdy steel shanks . . . Nylon stitching . . . special work soles of Neoprene, Cork, Cushion Neoprene Crepe. Customers "repeat" time after time—profits pour in as long as you care to earn cash! And Mason Shoes are never sold by stores—so folks must buy from YOU. You run the best "shoe store business" in town, because you draw on a selection of over a quarter million pairs of top quality shoes in sizes from 2 to 15 . . . widths all the way from extra-narrow AAAA to extra-wide EEEE! No need to substitute . . . your customers get the size and width they need, in the style they want!

Here's How You Can START IMMEDIATELY!

Send no money—now or later. Simply fill out and mail the coupon below, and we'll rush you FREE Starting Business Outfit worth up to $960 EXTRA MONTHLY CASH PROFIT to you! You'll get Kit featuring 210 quick-selling dress, sport, work shoe styles for men and women . . . foolproof Measuring Equipment . . . How-To-Make-BIG-MONEY Booklet . . . EVERYTHING you need to start making loads of extra cash from your first hour. Act today, because Mason's amazing Ripple Sole Shoe is new—exciting—in big demand! Rush coupon Now!

MASON SHOE MFG., CO.
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin (Since 1904)
Dept. 692

RUSH MY FREE OUTFIT!

Mr. Ned Mason, **Dept. 692**
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

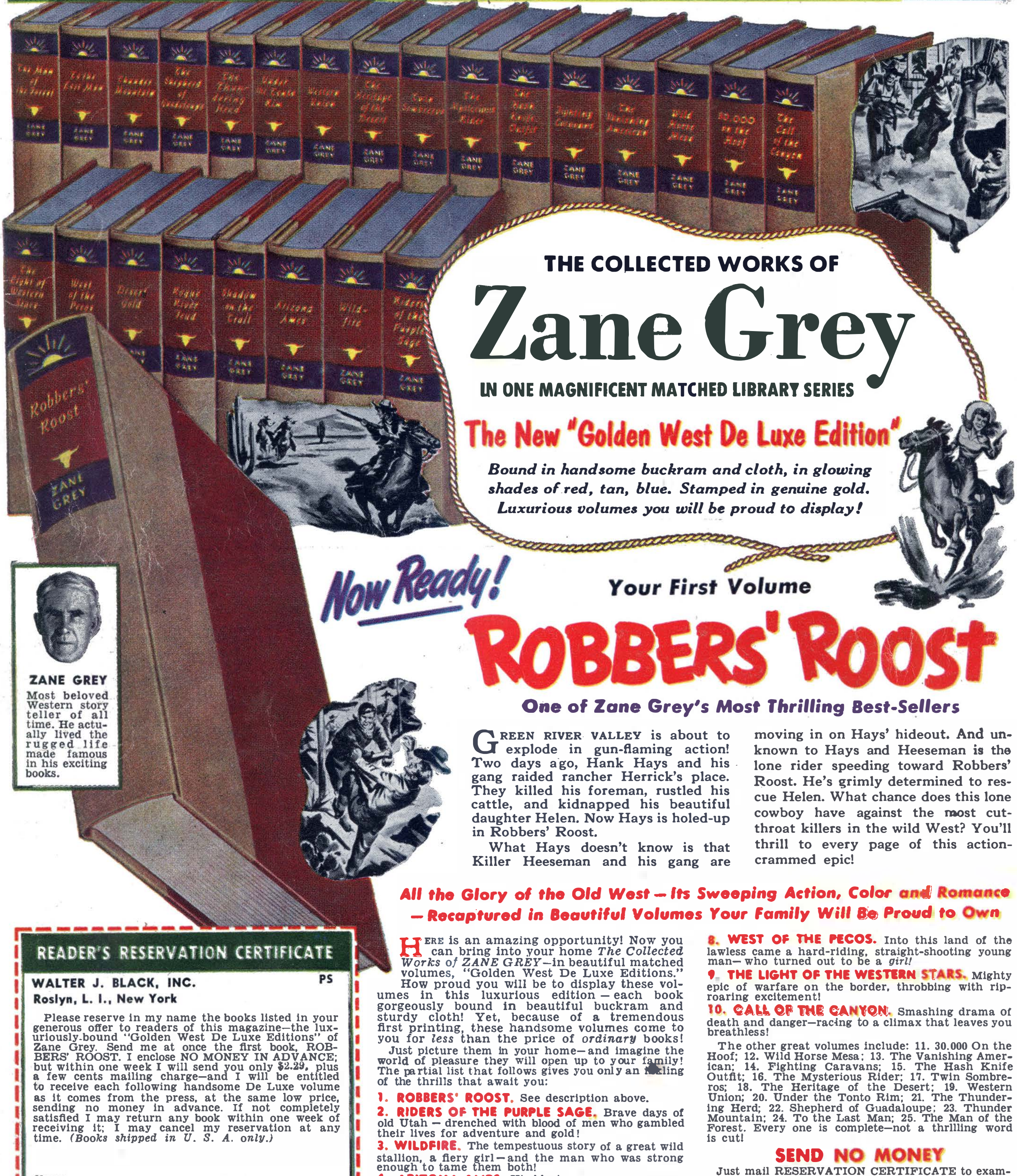
You bet I want to earn as much as $960 EXTRA MONTHLY CASH by showing your new Ripple Sole Shoe and 209 other proven moneymakers! Rush EVERYTHING I need—FREE and postpaid—to start making extra cash at once!

Name..

Address...

Town.......................................State...............

AMAZING OFFER TO READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE



THE COLLECTED WORKS OF

Zane Grey

IN ONE MAGNIFICENT MATCHED LIBRARY SERIES

The New "Golden West De Luxe Edition"

Bound in handsome buckram and cloth, in glowing shades of red, tan, blue. Stamped in genuine gold. Luxurious volumes you will be proud to display!

ZANE GREY
Most beloved Western story teller of all time. He actually lived the rugged life made famous in his exciting books.

Now Ready!

Your First Volume

ROBBERS' ROOST

One of Zane Grey's Most Thrilling Best-Sellers

GREEN RIVER VALLEY is about to explode in gun-flaming action! Two days ago, Hank Hays and his gang raided rancher Herrick's place. They killed his foreman, rustled his cattle, and kidnapped his beautiful daughter Helen. Now Hays is holed-up in Robbers' Roost.

What Hays doesn't know is that Killer Heeseman and his gang are moving in on Hays' hideout. And unknown to Hays and Heeseman is the lone rider speeding toward Robbers' Roost. He's grimly determined to rescue Helen. What chance does this lone cowboy have against the most cutthroat killers in the wild West? You'll thrill to every page of this action-crammed epic!

All the Glory of the Old West — Its Sweeping Action, Color and Romance — Recaptured in Beautiful Volumes Your Family Will Be Proud to Own

HERE is an amazing opportunity! Now you can bring into your home *The Collected Works of ZANE GREY*—in beautiful matched volumes, "Golden West De Luxe Editions."

How proud you will be to display these volumes in this luxurious edition — each book gorgeously bound in beautiful buckram and sturdy cloth! Yet, because of a tremendous first printing, these handsome volumes come to you for *less* than the price of *ordinary* books!

Just picture them in your home—and imagine the world of pleasure they will open up to your family! The partial list that follows gives you only an feeling of the thrills that await you:

1. ROBBERS' ROOST. See description above.

2. RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE. Brave days of old Utah — drenched with blood of men who gambled their lives for adventure and gold!

3. WILDFIRE. The tempestuous story of a great wild stallion, a fiery girl—and the man who was strong enough to tame them both!

4. ARIZONA AMES. His blazing six-shooter spread terror among the toughest badmen!

5. SHADOW ON THE TRAIL. Quick-shooting Wade Holden fights with rawhide-tough rustlers.

6. ROGUE RIVER FEUD. Violence and death on Rogue River, where men stopped at nothing to win the high stakes of the rich salmon runs.

7. DESERT GOLD. Spine-tingling adventures of men and women crazed by the lure of riches.

8. WEST OF THE PECOS. Into this land of the lawless came a hard-riding, straight-shooting young man— who turned out to be a *girl!*

9. THE LIGHT OF THE WESTERN STARS. Mighty epic of warfare on the border, throbbing with rip-roaring excitement!

10. CALL OF THE CANYON. Smashing drama of death and danger—racing to a climax that leaves you breathless!

The other great volumes include: 11. 30.000 On the Hoof; 12. Wild Horse Mesa; 13. The Vanishing American; 14. Fighting Caravans; 15. The Hash Knife Outfit; 16. The Mysterious Rider; 17. Twin Sombreros; 18. The Heritage of the Desert; 19. Western Union; 20. Under the Tonto Rim; 21. The Thundering Herd; 22. Shepherd of Guadaloupe; 23. Thunder Mountain; 24. To the Last Man; 25. The Man of the Forest. Every one is complete—not a thrllling word is cut!

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail RESERVATION CERTIFICATE to examine first volume, ROBBERS' ROOST. With it wlll come reader's invoice for $2.29 as full payment, plus few cents mailing charge, and instructions on how to get your other beautiful volumes. There are no other charges. No "fee," no "deposit" in advance. First come, first served. Send Reservation Certificate NOW! If not fully satisfied you may return any book; you may cancel reservation at any time.

WALTER J. BLACK, INC., Roslyn, L.I., New York

READER'S RESERVATION CERTIFICATE

WALTER J. BLACK, INC. PS
Roslyn, L. I., New York

Please reserve in my name the books listed in your generous offer to readers of this magazine—the luxuriously-bound "Golden West De Luxe Editions" of Zane Grey. Send me at once the first book, ROBBERS' ROOST. I enclose NO MONEY IN ADVANCE; but within one week I will send you only $2.29, plus a few cents mailing charge—and I will be entitled to receive each following handsome De Luxe volume as it comes from the press, at the same low price, sending no money in advance. If not completely satisfied I may return any book within one week of receiving it; I may cancel my reservation at any time. *(Books shipped in U. S. A. only.)*

Name..
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address..

City..................................*State*..................